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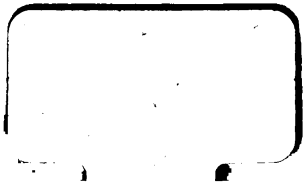
Memoir of Mrs. Elizabeth B. Dwight

Harrison Gray Otis Dwight



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AN
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Dwight

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Engraved by A.Sealey from a Miniature by Wm H.Miller

Yours very affectionately
E. B. Dwight

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MEMOIR

OF

MRS. ELIZABETH B. DWIGHT.

WITH AN ACCOUNT

OF

HER LAST SICKNESS.

NEW-YORK:
M. W. DODD,
BRICK CHURCH CHAPEL,
Corner of Park-row and Spruce-street.
1840.

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MEMOIR

OF

MRS. ELIZABETH B. DWIGHT,

INCLUDING AN ACCOUNT

OF THE

PLAGUE OF 1837.

BY REV. H. G. O. DWIGHT,
Missionary to Constantinople.

WITH A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF

MRS. JUDITH S. GRANT,

MISSIONARY TO PERSIA.

NEW-YORK:
M. W. DODD,
BRICK CHURCH CHAPEL,
Corner of Park-row and Spruce-street.
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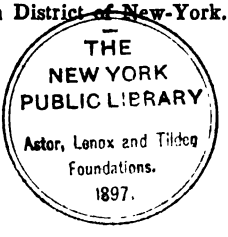

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INTRODUCTION.

In the erection of Solomon's temple "there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building." The materials had all been prepared in the distant mountains of Lebanon, and at the appointed time the "great stones, costly stones, and hewed stones" were laid in their places—the timbers were fitted together—and without noise or confusion the temple arose in its majestic beauty, and stood a monument of architectural skill, an illustration of the riches and power of the king, and the acknowledged residence of Jehovah.

Without pretending to affirm that every thing connected with the temple at Jerusalem is typical of the spiritual temple erecting under the Christian dispensation, I cannot but feel that there is a striking similarity in the *manner* of their erection. The busy crowd at Jerusalem, and the ten thousands of the various tribes scattered through Palestine heard not the sound of the hammer and the axe that were ringing in the forests of Lebanon; and in the erection of the temple in Jerusalem there was very little in the stillness and formality of laying stone upon stone to rouse the attention, or excite the interest of the

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inhabitants of the Holy City. Now it needs no argument to prove that thousands in Christendom are in the same state of ignorance and indifference in relation to the building of the spiritual temple. How many there are who seem not to be aware of the toil endured in the distant wilderness of heathenism; who do not know that the stone is preparing in the quarry for the glorious spiritual edifice; that at the present moment the walls are going up, and that the topmost stone is soon to be brought forth with "shoutings of grace, grace unto it!" Indeed, the silent, quiet, unobtrusive manner in which the temple of holiness is erecting in our world is a matter of prophetic record. Of our Redeemer it was said by Isaiah, "He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street." Respecting his kingdom, he himself declared, "the kingdom of God cometh not with observation."

If it were not for these declarations of the Bible we should wonder that the great work of Christian missions attracted comparatively so little attention from the nominal Christian world. We should consider it one of the strangest phenomena of the present age that the wise, and learned, and even those most distinguished for their political sagacity and influence, should remain insensible to the mighty power which the church has set in operation, and which will not only change the face of society, but as certainly revolutionize the nations as the effect follows its appropriate cause. But "the kingdom of God cometh not

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with observation." Thus it happens, that while all India is moved to its foundations by the power of Christian missions; while the Society Islands have been raised up from the lowest point of heathenism to the very heights of Christian knowledge, of pure morality, and evangelical piety; while the Sandwich Islands are joining her sisters of the South in erecting temples to Jesus, and crowding them by thousands to offer their penitential prayers and grateful praises; while in every quarter of the globe and in almost every nation under heaven the spiritual artificers are actively engaged in preparing the "lively stones" and erecting the "spiritual house;" the world, busy with their own affairs, remain in ignorance, or if they speak of the kingdom of Christ, it is in the language of the scoffers of the last days, "where is the promise of his coming?"

But still there are some who "hear the joyful sound." There is a class who know that the "polished stones" are ready for the spiritual edifice, and who think and feel and act in regard to this great work as did those who were most deeply interested in the enterprise of Solomon. To drop the figure, there are those who identify themselves with the missionary enterprise, being impressed with a profound sense of its moral dignity, and regarding it as a cause most intimately connected with the best interests both temporal and spiritual of their fellow men. They are not enthusiasts, or vain dreamers, or zealots, or bigots. They are sober believers in the promises of God. They

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are Christian philosophers. If they feel deeply, and are "in labours abundant" for the pagan world, there is a sufficient reason. They are affected by the real character of the heathen as described by the apostle Paul in the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, and by their dreary prospects as candidates for immortality; by the command of the Great Head of the church rendering it obligatory on all his followers to preach the gospel to every creature; by the recorded results of faithful labour in all past time, and the animating prospect of success afforded by the promises of the Redeemer; by the influence which comes rolling back in tides of mercy upon the church at home, when actively engaged in imparting blessings to distant nations; and by those glories which will follow the universal diffusion of the gospel. It is in view of such motives that the missionary feeling is enkindled in their bosoms. Their eyes are open upon the movements of Divine Providence. They quickly catch the sound of his footsteps. While an unbelieving world are insensible to the great events occurring in the kingdom of grace, they are not only interested but excited; not only convinced that the spiritual temple shall be perfected, but see it rising in its fair proportions before their eyes. They feel that Jehovah is about consecrating it for his own special residence, and that it will soon be enveloped in the cloud of his glory.

By such the present volume will be sincerely and gratefully welcomed. It introduces them into the midst of one

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band of those who have gone out to prepare the "lively stones." It brings before their mind the nature and degree of the trials and joys which are common to these labours. It opens before them "scenes" of most thrilling interest, and well calculated to excite the best feelings of the heart.

These "scenes" are laid in the city of Constantinople, the great centre of Mohammedan power and influence. The time is one of uncommon gloom; one of those dreadful periods when the plague rages without obstruction, and the doomed Mussulman yields in sullenness to his inevitable fate. It is at such a time that the dreaded disease enters the missionary family; a beloved child sinks beneath its power, and the mother, after a most painful and protracted sickness, follows her loved one to the tomb.

During this melancholy period of sickness and death, and the necessary quarantine that followed, a daily correspondence of a most interesting character is carried on between the afflicted husband and father and his missionary brethren in Constantinople. There are also numerous letters of condolence sent from the different missionary stations in Turkey.

It is not necessary for the writer to express his views at large of the character of this correspondence. He cannot help feeling, however, that the friends of missions will be grateful for its publication. It breathes a sweet and

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heavenly spirit of devotion; brings us into the very presence of our Lord; opens to our view the scenes of eternity, and leaves us "quite on the verge of heaven." It will also enlist our deep and tender sympathies in behalf of those beloved brethren who are toiling among the heathen. We see the *hearts* of these self-denying men of God. Their letters were written not with the most remote idea of their being exposed to the public gaze; but with the single and benevolent motive of comforting each other when in danger of being "swallowed up with overmuch sorrow." They introduce us into their own private circle, and lay open their bosoms to our inspection. They show us that missionaries are indeed men, but Christian men, who have made eminent attainments in piety, and who are better fitted than most men to stand between the living and the dead, and stay the plague of sin in our world. And, if the writer does not greatly mistake, the Christian will rise from the perusal of this part of the book impressed with a new sense of the excellence of his religion; with new attachment to missionaries and the cause of missions, and with stronger motives for reposing afresh his confidence in God.

There is one circumstance in the conduct of the missionaries on this occasion which may be misunderstood, or not properly appreciated. I refer to the fact that the afflicted brother was left alone during the whole period of his trial. By some persons such conduct may be called

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neglect, a selfish regard to their own comforts, and an improper fear of death. Such a charge, I am sure, will not be brought by any who are acquainted with these men, or who remember that for the last ten years they have habitually exposed themselves to this dreadful disease, in order to benefit the souls of that people. The fact is this. It required more Christian principle to stay away from a friend in those circumstances, than to rush into his presence and die with him. It was on their part a *sacrifice of feeling to principle*—the same principle that first sundered the ties that bound them to their native land, tore them from the embrace of their friends, and which sustains them amid all their trials and discouragements as missionaries of the cross. To this principle the bereaved brother not only bowed without a murmur, but with decided approbation. It was the good of the mission—the success of that great cause to which they had devoted their lives and their hearts—which governed their action at this time. *Like Thomas, their hearts would say, "Let us go and die with him!" But like the Saviour, when told that Lazarus whom he loved was sick, they abode for some days still in the same place where they were for the* GLORY OF GOD!

This correspondence forms a very happy introduction to some brief memoirs of Mrs. H. G. O. Dwight, whose sickness and death occasioned it.

It is not the purpose of the writer to draw any com-

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parison between this intelligent and interesting lady and her sisters labouring in the same cause. He has no doubt that all will agree with him in the opinion that Mrs. Dwight was no ordinary woman. Her mind was certainly one of the first order, clear, sprightly, and vigorous. How replete with simple and judicious instructions are her letters to her nieces! How graphic and eloquent are her descriptions of the customs of the Turks, and Greeks and Armenians! Indeed, whatever her pen touches rises up before us in all the freshness and strength and truth of the reality. How deep was the fountain of her maternal love, and in what an ever-living stream it poured itself forth! How decided and heavenly was that piety which led her to bear reproach cheerfully; induced her to consecrate her life to personal labour among the heathen; led her to form and sustain schools for poor and ignorant children, though at the sacrifice of her health; rendered her contented, though far from her friends and native land; and which finally gave her a holy peace of mind when sinking beneath the power of the disease that terminated her life!

But every reader of this volume will of course form his own conclusions in regard to its merits and the character of the individuals there introduced. The object of the writer will be accomplished if the book is read by the friends of missions. Having enjoyed the privilege of reading the manuscript, he has recommended its publication; believing that it might be a very efficient instrument in ex-

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citing a still deeper interest in the cause of missions, and of hastening the triumph of our Redeemer throughout this sinful world.

The following lines, occasioned by the death of Mrs. Dwight, were composed by Miss Mary Osgood, of Andover, Mass., and are so beautiful in themselves, and so well adapted to promote the great objects of this volume, that we venture to insert them, though we have not consulted the fair authoress on the subject:

Not in the home of other years,
Beneath the cottage tree;
Not where New England zephyrs breathe,
Thy resting place may be.

Not where the purple violet blooms,
Beside the crystal stream,
Where thy young feet were wont to stray
In childhood's sunny dream.

But far beyond the ocean's wave
Thy lonely grave is made;
Nor marble urn, nor sculptur'd stone
May mark where thou art laid.

And many an eye was dimm'd with tears,
And hearts with grief were riven,
When joyously,—triumphantly,—
Thy spirit soared to heaven.

Yet not for thee, thou blessed one,
'Tis not for thee we weep;
We would not call thee back again,
Nor break thy dreamless sleep.

But low and sad a voice is heard
From Thracia's distant strand,
And mournfully the notes of wo
Burst from thy orphan band.

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And he—whose home is desolate
Upon that distant shore—
Oh! let him weep;—thy voice of love
May sound for him no more.

And o'er the far Atlantic wave,
In thy own childhood's home,
A widow'd mother weeps for thee—
For thee, her cherish'd one.

And gentle sisters mourn thee gone—
Their brightest and their best;
And let them weep—tears are for earth—
But thou—O thou art blest.

And many a bright resplendent gem
To deck thy crown is given,
And sweeter sounds than mortals know
Burst from thy harp in heaven.

We weep for those whom blinded zeal
Has led so far astray;
For those thy gentle love would win
From error's devious way.

But not for thee, to whom a robe
Of spotless white is given;
Thy toilsome pilgrimage is o'er,
And thou art safe in heaven.

Rest, loved one, rest,—it were not meet
That thou shouldst linger here;—
Go sing the song of seraphim,—
Go to a brighter sphere.

Short was thy pilgrimage on earth
And tears to thee were given:
Go sing the song of seraphim,
And tune thy harp in heaven.

Washington City, May, 1839.

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LETTERS DURING THE PLAGUE.

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LETTERS DURING THE PLAGUE.

TO MR. WILLIAM J. BUCK, NEW-YORK.

Constantinople, Dec. 1, 1837.

My dear Brother,—

The story of my recent afflictions is already known to you. Sorrow, like a flood, has rolled over me, but I have not been destroyed nor even *cast down* by it, for the Lord has held me up. It has left desolation, however, behind. My once happy family is broken and scattered. Two are in heaven!—and those of us who remain in this world, have separate dwelling places;—two are in Broosa, and two of us in Constantinople.

In turning my mind back to the period when this breach was made, and the scenes accompanying it, I cannot say as some would, 'it appears all like a dream.' On the contrary, it appears, comparatively, like the only reality of my whole life. What is real except eternity, and the things pertaining to it? And if mere worldly enjoyments, and worldly anticipations and hopes are not dreams, then I have learned a wrong lesson in the school of experience.

I know well how anxious you will be to hear every particular of these events to which I have alluded. You will, also, desire to know what were my feelings while those solemn scenes were passing. You will wish to know, not only in general, but also in particular, to what extent I found the Christian hope available in the hour of trial. Nothing can be more pleasant to my own feelings,

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than to gratify this wish. I have a strong desire to speak to you of the abounding grace of God, vouchsafed to me through Jesus Christ. I have, at times, felt, that duty bid me proclaim it to the whole world, that all who are *in any trouble*, may have confidence in Him who is faithful, *and be comforted with the same comfort wherewith I have been comforted of God.*

As I was situated at the distance of twelve miles from the capital, where the other members of our mission resided; and as they could not approach me on account of the contagious nature of the plague, notes passed between us, as often, usually, as twice in the day. This was not merely in answer to the dictates of a very reasonable feeling, but a matter of necessity, as I was obliged to look to the city for physicians, and almost every thing else that was needed. I have thought I could not do better than to send you a copy of these original notes. They will have this peculiar interest about them, that they were written at the very time the events were transpiring, so that they will make you more fully a participator in those scenes, than any description written subsequently could possibly do.

I may almost literally say, I have altered nothing in these notes. I have, of course, omitted, as a general thing, whatever related to mere business, or the procuring of articles needed from time to time. The symptoms of the disease, from day to day, are pretty fully described. This was necessary for the guidance of the physician, who you must recollect was twelve miles distant. He came but twice to my house, and only once entered the room of his suffering patient, and even then, carefully stood at a distance. Such is the terror inspired by what was once called, in Europe, the *black disease.*

But more of this hereafter.

Adieu, H. G. O. DWIGHT.

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My dear Brother,—

As introductory to the following notes, a brief account of the plague, and of the manner in which it is here regarded by the people at large, will not be inappropriate.

You are aware that I was not bred to the medical profession; and although some portion of my reading has been in the books of that art, yet my opinions certainly have not the weight of one who has been thoroughly schooled on the subject. On the other side, truth allows me to say, that if I have not been schooled by books and lectures, I have been schooled by experience—to some extent at least. It is now almost eight years since I first came to Turkey—where the plague is never a stranger. No season passes by, and I may say no month and probably no week, without some cases of it in the capital. It is, as it appears to me, a very violent and a very malignant typhus fever. It usually runs its course in three days, though sometimes in much less time, and terminates either in the *effusion* of the brain or in the mortification of some vital part. It is accompanied by carbuncles, which appear in any part of the body, or buboes, which is a swelling on the glands, or by purple spots. Sometimes all these come together, and sometimes it is characterized by only one kind. The vital energy of the system seems to be almost destroyed at once, and the fever rages with terrific fury. The disease, however, appears frequently under very anomalous forms. Sometimes no carbuncles or buboes or spots make their appearance, or at least not until the very point of death. This is considered the very worst form of the disease. Sometimes the buboes come with little or no fever, and the individual pursues his daily business without the slightest interruption. Sometimes the bubo comes first, and passes away;—the patient is well for a day or two,

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or a week, and then comes the fever without any bubo, and carries him off. If he passes safely through the fever stage, he may soon be walking about again, and then perhaps some more buboes may make their appearance and suppurate. Whenever, in this disease, the buboes suppurate, it is considered a favourable symptom. Persons sometimes recover, however, when no suppuration takes place. There are many other varieties, which I need not here specify. I need scarcely say that no specific has yet been found for the plague. Usually the patient is submitted to no medical treatment whatever, beyond the mere application of poultices to the buboes. This is the practice of the natives of the country; and as to the regularly bred European physicians, they never visit a plague-patient knowingly. I speak now of Constantinople. An Armenian bishop has recently introduced a remedy for this disease, which, according to report, is wonderfully successful. It is called the bean of St. Ignatius, and comes from India. It is exceedingly bitter, and is applied both externally and internally. We wait for further proofs of its virtues.

The general belief among the Europeans here is, that the plague is powerfully contagious, and that it is taken only by actual contact with an infected person or thing. This opinion has also gained ground to some considerable extent among the native Christians. When this disease prevails, the shops in Pera are not shut, but barred so as to prevent people from entering, and purchases must be made at the door, without touching the goods.

In the streets every body has a stick, and great care is taken not to rub against another, and every bit of paper and cloth and string is most sedulously avoided. O that these people were as much afraid of moral pollution as they are of the contagion of the plague!

Whenever the disease appears in any family, the sick

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are immediately deserted by all their friends. If they are poor they are carried to the plague-hospital, and if rich some *plague-proof** nurse is hired to attend them at their own houses. But Oh, what confusion and destruction of property follows, inevitably, a visitation of this dreaded disease in a family! Beds, clothes, &c., used by the sick, are burned, or thrown into the sea, or buried. Articles not immediately exposed to the contagion, are thoroughly washed. Not a rag is spared. Curtains, carpets, sofas, coverings, beds and bedding, the wool and hair of mattresses, clothing, every thing goes into the water. Every wardrobe, and closet, and bureau, and trunk is thoroughly overhauled, so as not to leave a thread to which even suspicion may attach itself. All this may appear superfluous labour to one at a distance, and I confess I was in the habit of regarding it so myself to a considerable extent, until the disease came into my own house. I found then in practice, that I could, with certainty, draw no lines of demarcation between articles that had been exposed to contagion, and those that had not. How many things had in various ways, directly and indirectly, come in contact with the sick, before we ascertained the nature of the disease, and of course before we took any precaution, I knew not. As I had no means of determining *what* was infected, I found that my only safe rule was to take it for granted that *every thing* was infected, and I proceeded to wash and fumigate accordingly. Fumigation with chlorine, I regarded as a very safe means of disin-

* Certain individuals are considered *plague-proof*, and attend the sick without fear. They have usually had the disease themselves. This, however, does not in reality secure one from taking it again, as many cases are known, of persons having it two, three, or more times, and dying of it at last. Last year, a Greek priest who had exposed himself in the plague-hospital for forty years, took the disease and died.

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fecting articles of clothing, where it can be applied without injury to the colour, though it is little known here.

Forty days after the last exposure to plague, are always required here by custom for quarantine; during which time the individual or family must shut themselves out from society, and remain either in their own house or go out to a tent in the field.

I have said that the Europeans generally, in this place, believe the plague to be communicated by actual contact only, and if this be avoided they feel perfectly secure from an attack of the disease. I have no intention of introducing here a discussion of the subject. My opinion, however, is, that it is communicated both by contagion and infection, and more readily by the latter than the former. Whatever the *virus* of the disease is, I believe it may gain a far more ready access to the circulatory system, by respiration through the lungs, than by absorption through the skin. There can be no doubt that the pestilential matter is often retained for a long time in clothes, and afterwards communicated by them, perhaps by touch, though it certainly may be by inhaling the bad air from those clothes. The bare possibility that the disease may be communicated by contact, is sufficient to justify every precaution, however, and I would practise myself, and recommend to others a rigid care on this point, until it can be shown positively that the disease is *never* propagated in this way. Whichever may be the right side of this question, it is evident, that a predisposition of the constitution is necessary in order that the disease should be taken. Nobody was ever more exposed to the contagion and infection of the plague than I was. For two nights I slept in the same bed with my sick wife, and attended to all her wants. Once I made an application of leeches, when her blood, full of fever and poison, was in contact with my fingers

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for some time, and I was over her bed, nursing her continually. I carried my dear sick boy in my arms, felt of his carbuncles, and, in short, handled him continually until his decease, and the next day I placed his stiffened remains in the coffin and buried him with my own hands! I attended my suffering wife for twelve days, administering to her medicines and nourishing drinks, changing her clothes daily, nursing her as in any other disease, and at night, when I slept at all, it was in the tainted air of the sick room very near her bed. It is true, that after the first two days of the disease, when I ascertained its nature, I took precautions, such as ventilating and fumigating the room, washing my hands often in vinegar and chlorine water, and changing and fumigating my clothes daily. But still who will say that my exposure to the plague was not as great as it well could be! Whatever the exposure of my wife and child was, when they took the disease, mine was, to all human appearance, a thousand times greater, and yet I was never in better health in all my life, than during that very period of exposure! Why did not the poison enter my veins? You will say, and I say, and I trust with some little feeling of gratitude too, that I owe my preservation to God. But I have no reason to believe that he wrought a miracle in my favour. There was wanting a predisposition in my constitution to receive the poison of the disease. I might relate many cases of similar exposure and similar escape. In fact, during a time of severe plague in Constantinople, how many thousands are daily exposed to contact and infection, without the least care or precaution, who never take the disease!

That there is such a thing as a *plague-atmosphere*, I have no doubt. There are four principal reasons, which satisfy me on this point: 1. When the disease is imported to other countries where there is a different atmos-

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phere, it is generally attended with lighter symptoms, and does not spread. 2. In Turkey there is a very marked difference in the symptoms during the different parts of a season of the plague. Those attacked at and soon after the commencement of the disease, have it in its most aggravated form, and a very large portion of them die. At the middle of a period of the disease, a large number are attacked, but it proves fatal in a smaller proportion of cases. Near the close, almost all who are attacked recover. 3. The disease exists in Constantinople always. Probably scarcely a week passes without some cases, certainly not a month. And yet the greater part of the time it is not epidemic. It is like isolated cases of cholera in America, when there is no cholera atmosphere. 4. Those who have had the plague and recovered are often affected with pains in the limbs, and swelling of the glands, whenever the plague is approaching, and this when they are ignorant of the fact of its approach. Some remarkable cases of this have come to my knowledge.

I might enlarge greatly upon these reasons, but I have little space, and you will be able to understand their bearings without much assistance from me.

The prevalence or violence of the plague is not sensibly affected by any of the ordinary changes of temperature; and I see not to what other causes we can assign the above named phenomena, except to the prevalence or absence of the plague-atmosphere.

Yours truly, H. G. O. DWIGHT.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—

I have never been able to trace, with entire satisfaction, the manner in which the plague was introduced into my family. How sweet is the privilege in all such cases, of feeling—whether we can perceive the second causes or

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not—that the providential care of our kind Heavenly Father is ever exercised over us, and that no disease and no death comes without his bidding. "The very hairs of your head are all numbered," said our Saviour to his disciples, when he would have them rest with implicit confidence in the providence of God, and it is noticeable that this assurance was given immediately after he had forewarned them that they should soon be called to suffer all sorts of persecutions and deaths!

Although I do not know exactly by what channel the infection came into my house, yet I will state some conjectures on the subject, which you may receive for what they are worth:—

A short time previous, a child died of the plague in a neighbouring house. The child was sick four days, and was actually dead and buried, I think, before we knew that its disease was the plague. Of course no precautions were taken by any of the inmates of our house, and our children and domestics were very much exposed to contact with the infected family. A dog from that family was also in the habit of coming into the yard of our house, and our little John was accustomed to play with him. So much for the exposure to contagion.

Another supposition has appeared rather more probable to me, arising from the fact, which I have recently ascertained, that the plague has shown itself in that particular neighbourhood where we lived, every year for several years past. It is quite separate from the village of San Stefano, and the plague has appeared there while the village has been free from it. This suggested to my mind the inquiry whether there be not some local cause; and on thinking, I remembered that the village burying-ground lies very near, on a ridge of land, over which there is an almost constant wind, in summer, blowing directly upon the few houses of that particular neighbourhood.

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The ground is very stony, so that the earth does not pack down tight over the bodies buried there, and you are aware, perhaps, that graves are never dug in this country more than two feet deep. Now it is an old attested fact, that putrid fevers are often occasioned by animal effluvia, and I have seen a person who, at the very time of the appearance of the plague among us, was sickened by the exhalations from some of these graves in that very burying-ground. I will add nothing more on this topic, except, that when I consider the immense burying-grounds around Constantinople, and the very inadequate depth of the graves, I am constrained to inquire, whether the conjecture I have made in regard to San Stefano, may not admit of a more general and extended application.

My dear wife and third son were both attacked by the plague, on the same day. They were the feeblest of the family, and were mostly confined to the house. By whatever means the disease was communicated to them, it seems evident that both took it from the same original virus, and that they did not communicate it to one another.

Mr. Schauffler's family and mine were then living happily together in one united household. Counting the children and domestics, we numbered fifteen souls—all of whom were particularly exposed to the contagion. As soon as we ascertained the nature of the disease, our family was of course broken up. Mr. and Mrs. Schauffler took our sweet little Charles, then four months old, and his nurse, and removed to Pera.

Commodore Porter very kindly furnished us with a tent, to which I removed my other two boys, with Madam Deutsch, a pious German inmate of Mr. Schauffler's family. I was left alone to take care of Mrs. Dwight, (for John was already dead,) assisted by Theresa, a very faithful German servant, and a true child of God. Her husband remained below in the kitchen to cook for us all.

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I cannot but remember with tearful gratitude the good mercy of the Lord in providing for me so faithful an assistant, in this time of distress. Had she been a domestic of the country she would have fled on the very first appearance of the disease. As it was, she remained by me to the very last, often mingling her prayers and her tears with mine. She is poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith and good works, and full of the joyful hope of a glorious immortality. The last thing that I can forget, when all memory fails, will be the single-hearted kindness and the persevering faithfulness of Theresa. The Lord grant her a rich reward in heaven! I have done what I could for her in this world, but should like to do more.

I shall now give you the series of notes I promised. You will learn from them that our God is a faithful God. O, his grace to me is amazing, far beyond all that I could have anticipated! The notes are arranged in the order of their dates, and occasionally I have inserted also the replies received from my dear brethren and sisters in Pera, thinking that you will be interested to read these also. You may wonder how so many notes came to be written at such a time. You must remember, that from the time our family was broken up, when the remains of my dear departed child was lying in one room, and my poor sick wife in the other, until some days after her decease, I was left alone, and never saw a brother's face, or heard his voice. This circumstance led us to express by note, what we would have said to one another, by word of mouth, could we have been present with each other day by day. The fact that we had a regular messenger twice a day, for necessary purposes, as I have stated, facilitated epistolary correspondence.

I remain yours truly,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

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NOTES WRITTEN DURING A SEASON OF THE PLAGUE IN THE FAMILY OF H. G. O. DWIGHT.

San Stefano, Wednesday afternoon, June 28, 1837.

DEAR SISTER GOODELL,—

I know you will be anxious to hear how we are to-day, after Mrs. Dwight was ill enough to send up for a doctor, because she does not so soon do that, and it was done without any suggestion from us.

She is really sick, but poor John proves to be much the worst of the two. We had not the least idea that he was so ill, till Mr. Dwight went in after dinner, and found him rattling in his throat, his eyes sunken, and his legs drawn up by cramp. Mr. Dwight called husband in, and seemed fearful to alarm me, but I instantly saw that there was something special the matter, and asked what it was, and on being told that John was worse, went to see him. It was evident that he was in a most dangerous state, and I thought him dying. I then hastened to prepare a bed in another room that the scene might not prove too much for Mrs. D., and Mr. D. carried him out; we then got a warm bath with all possible haste, and his father put him in. He was a little revived by it; but Mr. D. thought best to call the barber, and husband went for one, who came and bled him in the foot. You may well suppose we have been in no small confusion for a short time, the thing coming so suddenly upon us, and the case being of the most urgent kind, as we had little doubt that the child was actually dying. Now he is quiet, but with sunken eyes, and death-like paleness upon his face.

Yesterday he was as well as usual, but ate less at tea. In the evening Mr. D. told me he was feverish, and he must give him calomel. I know you will pray for us.

Mrs. D. took cold Monday evening, and yesterday morning came to breakfast with a large shawl on, although

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it was very hot, and had chills. Soon after she went to bed, had a bottle of hot water put to her feet, and tried to sweat, and at last got warm, then hot, and at noon had a burning fever, with pains all over. These continued and she was also sick at her stomach. Dr. Egbert took tea here and prescribed for her, but she had a bad night, vomiting much. To-day she has a very red face and has still much pain.

Six o'clock, P. M.—Ah! Sister Goodell, we have been kneeling beside the bed of poor little John, and commending his spirit to God who gave it, and for half an hour have been watching to see him breathe his last. He has had spasms, but they did not last long; now he is motionless; no pulse perceptible. We do not know what to think of the disease. The fear that it may be plague causes us to be a little careful, and not touch him. His father alone *handles* him, but we have chlorine in the room, and a plenty of air, and we are constantly about him. Oh, this is most sudden and surprising! Husband and I have often said, of late, that John cannot live long, but nobody else seemed to think much about it. For him it is most happy that he goes now. If he is never to *hear*, what good can he *do* in the world, or what benefit *receive* here? O, how much better that he should go where all his powers can be employed in praise for ever; where he can learn things heavenly and divine without any interruption! But it is a solemn thing to have the king of terrors come into our midst.

Half-past six.—Husband has been to the Commodore's and got some ether. Mr. Porter and Henry have come to look at the dying child. May the Lord give them to feel that they too must die, and that it is a solemn thing to appear before their God. Mrs. Brown is not well and has been in bed all the day. Mrs. Dwight has more fever and restlessness and sickness at the stomach. We long to see the doctor come; but our help is not in man, but in the living

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God. May Mrs. D. be spared, in mercy, to care for these three sons who are well.

Oh, how this scene brings back those days when our sweet boys went home! Dear brother and sister Goodell, may you too be ready when your turn comes, and may those dear children not be called unprepared. O Lord, in great mercy take these *little* ones, who have not yet committed actual transgression, and give to the older ones repentance before thou call them away! Oh do tell Eliza and Abigail, William and Constantine, that they too must be ready, for death may soon call for some of them.

Half-past ten.—John is yet alive. Mrs. D. very much spent with the leeches. Tired, I now leave them to go to bed. May the good Shepherd watch over us all this night. It is almost eleven o'clock.

Thursday morning, seven o'clock.—John a little better, takes some notice of things, and eats a little arrow-root. Mrs. D. as before, nothing better.

MARY R. SCHAUFFLER.

San Stefano, Thursday morning, June 29.

MY DEAR BROTHER GOODELL,—

I have only time to say, hastily, that John appears this morning somewhat relieved, though his hold on life is still extremely feeble. The Lord, who has always done all things well with us, knows what is best to do in regard to him and us at this time. You and your family will not forget that this is *his day*, and *perhaps* it may be the *last* day we shall have to pray for him.

Mrs. Dwight is no better, and no doctor has yet come. If Dr. Millingen has not yet been found, I presume you will ere this have sent down some other doctor.

Yours in great haste,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

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San Stefano, Thursday morning, 29th, half-past ten.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER GOODELL,—

As I am sure you feel a lively interest in our progress from day to day, I again improve a minute or two to write you.

John has a small sore upon his bowels from yesterday morning. This morning it is larger, and one still smaller appears near it. Mrs. Dwight has some small pimples upon one of her limbs, and still a dreadful fever and sickness at the stomach.

But we wait in silence to see what the Lord will do for us. There is is no *possibility* of keeping quarantine with the sick, and our Germans are not afraid, but the nurse is very much alarmed. I have enough to do to keep her quiet. We do not intimate a fear to her that it may be the plague, but she wishes not to go near the sick, and I tell her she may keep herself and the baby as much away as she pleases. I begged our German brethren to smoke themselves, and the few things they took from here, well with chlorine, before having any thing to do with you in the city. While we are in any doubt on the subject, I think we certainly ought to take all the precautions we can to avoid bringing others into the same danger with ourselves. Husband and myself are perfectly quiet about results, because we *feel* that all is in the hands of our faithful God, who always doeth all things well. I do not know what Mr. D. thinks.

Half-past two, P. M.—Well, dear brother and sister, we have now our fears greatly increased, by Dr. Millingen's suggesting that these two cases are strongly suspicious cases of plague.

Twenty minutes past eleven.—My dear friends, the work is now finished in the case of little John. Half an hour ago he breathed his last. Theresa came to my door and said that he was gone. I got up and

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found it was true. The disease was quite plainly plague! The biles had become *black*. How rapid! Just about forty-eight hours since it was discovered that he was sick, and he is dead! Poor sister Dwight no better, but quite discouraged. Who will go next out of a family of fifteen, and one visiter, who can tell?

Adieu,

MARY R. SCHAUFFLER.

Pera, Thursday, June 29.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—

Your letters throw us into deep distress. We had already prayed for little John, and that not once nor twice. We had already remembered it was *his* day, —but we were not prepared to hear that it might be his *last day*. After reading your letters amidst many tears from all except the two youngest, we kneeled down and prayed for John once more, as also for our dear Sister Dwight, and for you all. The Lord be near you in this time of need!

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What more can we do but pray for you! May God comfort and support you, my brother, and prepare you for his holy will! And may he be very merciful to your wife and child, and to all your family, and to us all!

We have had two prayer-meetings to-day on your account. O may the Saviour be nigh you, whether you have any other helpers or not; and may he be very nigh you, whether death comes or not!

Your truly sympathizing brother,

WM. GOODELL.

San Stefano, Thursday afternoon, June 29.

MY DEAR BROTHER GOODELL,—

The Doctor will tell you our case. If the Lord has sent the plague among us, we have this to console us—

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that it is from a friend and not from an enemy. You can scarcely imagine the perplexity in which I am placed. Our nurse and servant ready to run away, Mrs. Dwight and John sick, and three other children exposed, besides our dear brother and sister Schauffler and family. What we are to do I know not. It is very certain that those in health must be separated from the sick, except those of us who remain for nurses—and yet, where are we to go? The doctor advises that we get tents, but Mrs. Schauffler cannot live in a tent. I have thought of having Mr. and Mrs. Schauffler, and our nurse and children who are well, go to our house in Pera.

I wish, also, that you would try to find the *French* doctor who visited Mrs. Dwight some time ago, and who has recently returned to Pera. He was said to be successful in many cases of plague when here before, and as our own doctor is professedly unable to do any thing, I do not know what I can do better than to send for him. Tell him it is a suspected case of plague, and I want him *immediately*. Tell him my house is that of *Kara Mustapha*, so that he can easily find it. If he *cannot* come, do get the Armenian *Abraham*, from the European plague-hospital, to come down quick. My dear brother, you know our need of spiritual mercies and blessings at this time. *Do not cease* to remember us in your prayers—I *know* you will not. The Lord only knows what is in store for us, and I pray that we may all be prepared for his holy will. May he keep our minds calm and collected, and fixed on Christ by a living faith.

Yours truly,

H. G. O. Dwight.

San Stefano, Friday morning, June 30.

My dear Brother Goodell,—

Your kind note by the Armenian doctor, has opened

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the flood-gates of my heart afresh. You have indeed prayed the last time for our little John. In an hour his body will be buried in a corner of Commodore Porter's garden. The Commodore himself proposed this, and we could not object—although we should never have requested it. The grave will be six feet deep, so that there will be no fears from effluvia.

When I closed the eyes of my dear John White, I felt to praise the Lord for his mercy, rather than complain—but my heart is full. Mrs. Dwight plainly has the plague, but the doctor says of a milder type than that of John. The Lord only knows whether she is to live, or to depart to be with Jesus. It is sweet to commit all our interests to the hands of our Saviour. I feel this to be peculiarly the case with me now. Which of us may be taken next, we know not. We thank you for your prayers, and are assured that you will continue them for us.

Yours truly,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

San Stefano, Friday noon, June 30.

MY DEAR BROTHER GOODELL,—

Mrs. Dwight remains to this hour much the same.—She is very feeble, and her fever, sickness of stomach, and diarrhœa continue. I think however her fever is less to day than yesterday. Until it is entirely gone, however, no dependence can be placed upon any slight remissions that may take place.

John's fever, which rose to 172 pulsations the minute, remitted a good deal on the day of his death, i. e. yesterday. But it was nature sinking under the tremendous action of the system.

Mrs. D. is calm, though able to think but little. I very much fear a delirium. The Armenian doctor pronounced it a mild type of the plague—judging from the

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buboes that have appeared. I am considerably encouraged by her present appearance—though if a delirium comes on, I shall have but little hope. The Lord, who has brought this scourge upon us, knows how far it is necessary it should go, and when it is time to say to the destroyer, '*It is enough.*' I feel that we who remain well, should endeavour to cultivate the feelings of Paul when he said "I am in a strait betwixt two," &c.

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Dear brother, we thank you much for your sympathy and your prayers. May the Lord in heaven hear! Pray *especially* that we may have hearts to acquiesce wholly in his holy will, whatever it may be.

Yours ever,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

P. S. Four o'clock.—I have just received yours by the messenger. I wrote you by the Armenian doctor this morning. Mrs. Dwight vomited a good deal after taking the first dose of the doctor's medicine, but since the second dose she has been tolerably quiet. She cannot *utter* distinctly nor *hear* very well. There is also a little wildness of mind, but generally she has the command of her reason perfectly. I fear delirium, and yet I have a good deal of hope, that she may recover. How blessed are the consolations of the gospel at such an hour as this! O my brother, this sick room is a Bethel to my soul. "Like as a father pitieth his children, even so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

Pera, Friday evening, June 30.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—

We grieve, that we can do so little for you in this time of need, except to bear you on our hearts at the

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throne of grace, and this we do constantly. May He, who was with Daniel in the den, and the three children in the furnace, be with you, preserve you from the pestilence, and comfort and sustain your heart! And may our dear sister be spared! Especially may her peace be like a river! and living or dying, may she be the Lord's!

Yesterday and to-day have been solemn days with us and with our children. O that the impression may be lasting! The four eldest have, I hope, had their hearts a little softened, and they have been to make confession of their sins to God, and to ask pardon and forgiveness in the name of Christ.

We rejoice much that your house is a *Bethel* to you. He hath said, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' And though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His tender mercies.

* * * * The Lord be nigh to sustain you!

Your brother,

WM. GOODELL.

Pera, Saturday morning, July 1.

DEAR BROTHER DWIGHT,—

* * * * * *

Who knows but our dear sister will yet live and labour, when some of us, now apparently well, have long been mouldering in the dust! O that we may hear good concerning you! But whatever may happen to any of us, let but the light of God's countenance shine upon our souls, and we will, through divine grace, be content. "Good is the will of the Lord," and though he slay us, yet will we put our trust in him.

Dear brother, this is the time to try our souls,—and where is that Saviour now, whom we preached to others! Where those consolations, all-sufficient in distress and

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death, of which we so often spake in the sacred desk, to immortal souls pressing forward to eternity?

Ah! if we could not even now testify, that what we then said and boasted of Jesus' love, and tender, faithful, particular care and providence over his children is true, never should I dare to open my mouth again to my fellow men. But I trust, if we survive, this sore trial will enable us to bear witness with still more power and clearness, from the fresh stores of our experience, to the preciousness of the all-transcending love of Jesus. And if we should not survive, I hope it will swell the notes of our praise in heaven, and fit us the better to taste the sweetness of that "perfect peace" which will belong for ever to the blessed in heaven.

If dear sister D. yet lives, and can receive "love" from us, O give it to her! We remember you always, and often sigh, involuntarily even, that God may magnify, to your bodies and souls, the riches of his grace in Christ Jesus. As yet we are all well.

Yours very affectionately,

WM. G. SCHAUFFLER.

San Stefano, Saturday morning, July 1.

MY DEAR BROTHER GOODELL,—

Mrs. Dwight passed a very comfortable night, and this morning has very little if any fever. She is, however, exceedingly weak in body and mind, and I am waiting to see whether her present quiet state is the exhaustion of nature just before the bodily powers cease to operate, or a favourable turn of the disease. Praised be the Lord she is still alive, but I cannot tell but that before this day closes, or is half finished, I may be left a widower, with three motherless children! *One* is not, for the Lord has taken him! Last Monday we were all able to

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sit down together at table, in usual health, without any thought that any one of us was so soon to be called away. Now one is in the grave, and another is balancing between life and death, and the Lord only knows how many of us may be in eternity before the close of another week. My dear brother and sister Goodell, *be ye also ready! Eliza, Abigail, William, Constantine, Isabella, Mary, be ye also ready!* John White was taken away very suddenly, within forty-eight hours from the time he was attacked! You may have still less warning. When death comes, he never asks, "are you ready to go?" but he sternly summons his victims to the eternal world. O that all the children would *now* go to Christ, and give to him their hearts! Mr. Schauffler has probably told you of the difficulty we had in getting a grave for poor little John's body. The Commodore had one dug in his garden, but we were not permitted by the villagers to carry the body there. We at length got another dug near the public burying-ground. It was dug by our two Jews, but they were unwilling to carry the body to the grave. Alexandrowitch, however, was willing to assist, and so I placed the body in its little coffin, and we two together carried it out and buried it.

Our tent was not ready until evening, but the two children went there immediately with Mrs. Deutsch and the girl and the two Jews. Alexandrowitch and his wife Theresa stay with me in the house.

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A quarter before seven A. M. Mrs. Dwight began to talk wildly and incoherently. She soon, however, came to herself again, but I can hardly understand her when she speaks, and am obliged to ask her to repeat several times. She says this morning that she sees things double.

The children and the rest of us, all well.

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Nine o'clock.—Your note just received, and all the things you mention, but none from Mr. Schauffler. Mrs. D. is in possession of her mind, and remains quiet. Her fever is gone. It may be, by a little strengthening medicine, with the blessing of God, she can be raised. I wish the doctor was here. * * * * * *

You need not feel troubled because you cannot help us now. So far, we get along exceedingly well. If either of *us* get sick, I do not know what we shall do; but the Lord will find out a way for us.

May all your dear children seek *now* and *find* the salvation of their souls.

Yours in tender love,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

San Stefano, Saturday noon, July 1.

DEAR BROTHER GOODELL,—

The doctor was here an hour ago, and left some medicine for Mrs. Dwight. He says he thinks she will recover. I have my hopes and fears raised by turns. Her buboes are now encircled by a black ring, and the black is covering the bubo. He says this is of no consequence, but to me it indicates the beginning of mortification. John died in less than an hour after this black ring appeared. His disease, however, was every way more violent and rapid in its work than Mrs. Dwight's.

Since the doctor went away she has not appeared so well. Her hands and feet have been rather cold all day. She has now become very stupid—sleeps most of the time, and hardly has full possession of any of her senses when she wakes. Her mind wanders. In short, I fear the next note I write you, will contain the sad intelligence ——— But I hope in God! Though my heart bleeds, I know that he who wounds can heal. In the midst of sickness and in death I will praise him, "*for his mercy endureth for ever.*"

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Except Mrs. Dwight, we are so far all well. It is a great comfort to me to know that you do not cease to remember me in your prayers. Another case of plague has occurred in this village. A female relative of Hohannes Agha, the superintendent of the powder works, was attacked last night, and to-day the family have all fled and left the patient with somebody to take care of her. I have felt very much, since this disease came into my own family, for the poor miserable people of this country, who have no true religion. How perfectly wretched must they be, when the pestilence comes upon them! The consolation of trusting in Christ, and deriving grace from him according to their need, they do not possess. They have no God, no Holy Spirit, no blessed Bible to go to, in the hour of their extremity. Indeed they have nothing but "a *certain fearful* looking for of judgment and of fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversary." How highly privileged are we above them!

Five o'clock.—Thank you for your kind note and the things.—Mrs. D. remains the same.

Yours in Christian love,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

San Stefano, Saturday afternoon, July 1.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER SCHAUFFLER,—

I want very much to hear from you, how you all are; and how is the little one and his nurse? I have just been talking with my dear wife about heaven, where I am persuaded she is going soon:—

"Jerusalem, my happy home, name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end in joy and peace in thee?"

Heaven is indeed a happy place! We think there are many delightful spots on earth, but they are all nothing to heaven. In heaven there is a concentration of all that is good and lovely and holy in the whole universe;

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whereas every place on earth, however delightful it may be in some respects, is always connected with troubles and sorrows, and so it must always be, while we have wicked hearts, and are living among wicked men. We shall have neither of these in heaven.—Mrs. D. is extremely feeble in mind as well as body, and her thoughts are scattered and she sometimes talks incoherently. She is in a kind of stupor, sleeping most of the time; and I fear her symptoms are unfavourable to her recovery, but very favourable to her being soon released from the cares, perplexities and sorrows of this life, and removed to a scene of ineffable splendour and glory! If this shall be the case, I know that your hearts will bleed with mine; for flesh and blood must feel and weep; but we will not weep for her, nor complain of our loss.

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Yours in haste,
H. G. O. DWIGHT.

San Stefano, Saturday, 6 P. M., July 1.

MY DEAR BROTHER SCHAUFFLER,—

I promised the doctor to write to you to-morrow morning, informing him of Mrs. D.'s state, but as I understand, from brother Goodell's note, he will send a boat down this afternoon; and as there is some change in Mrs. D.'s symptoms, I write now, hoping to send by return of the boat to-day. I gave Mrs. D. the powder the doctor ordered immediately after he left. Her feet and hands, as I then told him, were cold; now they are warm, and she has a little accession of fever; the pulse beating 100 per minute. After the doctor went away she became more stupid, and could not easily be roused, and cannot now pursue connected thoughts. Since the return of fever, however, she lies awake, though before she slept almost all the time. She has still no pain anywhere, as

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she says. Sometimes she opens her eyes, as though she were straining them to the utmost, to get them wide open, and then she usually looks cross-eyed.

I should like the doctor to get this notice so as to send down the medicine by the morning courier, if possible.

Sabbath morning, half-past five.—No boatman made his appearance yesterday, so that I shall send this by the messenger. Mrs. D. has had some fever all night, and she has wholly lost her mind. She usually lies perfectly still and silent, though occasionally she talks for some time; drawling out her words, and speaking them so indistinctly, that she cannot be understood. She gives no signs of pain, but occasional uneasiness, turning back and forth in the bed, lying usually upon one side.

I have examined her carbuncles this morning, and they appear both exactly alike; the whole surface dark, (nearly black,) and the skin around the sore red for the distance of nearly an inch; that is, there is a zone of red skin around each carbuncle, of an inch in width. I opened one of these sores yesterday, and nothing came out but a little water. Her tongue this morning is thickly covered with a white fur, and she has a difficulty in swallowing. Her breathing has been rather short during the night. Nothing has passed her bowels since yesterday morning.

Nine o'clock.—She appears revived a little. It is evident that my fears yesterday about mortification having commenced, were groundless. She took just now several spoonfulls of arrow-root, very thin, and given in a very small quantity at a time; more than two drops, or so, she cannot take without choking. Her hands and feet are warm and moist; pulse rather full, but only 88 per minute. I asked her just now how she felt, and she replied, but very indistinctly, "pretty well."

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O, how good is the Lord! I find I can praise him even in this (to people of the world) *dismal*, sick-chamber, and plague chamber! I have now nothing else to do but attend upon my sick wife and pray. I find little, very little indeed, that is satisfactory, in a review of my past life, and if I were required to come to God recommended by my own merits, I know I must for ever stay away. But O! it is a satisfaction to look to God *through the merits* of *Christ*, and to come *as we are*, miserable and undone sinners, and throw ourselves wholly on his mercy. The number and magnitude of our sins can form no objection to our coming, for the chief of sinners is welcome, and there is mercy enough for all; only we must come with all our sins crucified, our hearts broken and humbled, and desiring him henceforth to have no fellowship with the flesh. My brother, these are solemn and I trust profitable times. I think I can already say that the deep affliction that has been sent upon me is a signal mercy from heaven! I feel now, that whether I live in this world or go out of it, I *must* have a heavenly spirit. May God of his infinite mercy grant such a spirit to us all.

Praised be the Lord, we are all well, except my dear wife. I hope you are all well also.

In love to all, Yours truly,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

Pera, Sabbath morning, July 2.

MY DEAR BROTHER DWIGHT,—

Although the doctor speaks favourably, yet your note last evening dashed almost every hope to the ground; and in all our prayers we felt that we were making our last ones for our beloved sister. Should she be yet remaining, and rational, you can, if you think proper, assure her of our affection and prayers, and of the readiness of

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all her brethren and sisters to do all in their power for the surviving children.

But it is, perhaps, better that her thoughts be filled with Christ, than that they should be diverted to any worldly concerns. It is a great grief to us, that we cannot be with you in this time of extremity, my dear brother. May you have much, very much of the presence of Christ! And may he preserve you from the contagion, to which you are exposed! And may he give us all grace to profit by these terrible, though *fatherly* corrections!

* * * * * * * * * *

Truly God is nigh, and heaven is nigh; and may our souls be filled with the love and peace of heaven! Especially may this be the case with our dear sister, should she be anywhere this side of eternity!

Your brother,

WM. GOODELL.

San Stefano, Sabbath morning, July 2.

MY DEAR BROTHER GOODELL,—

I thought last night, at ten o'clock, when I laid down to get a little rest, that my dear wife would open her eyes this morning in heaven; but she is still here. The hope of her recovery, however, is less and less. She has lost her reason entirely, and the power of utterance, and can hardly swallow as much water as would wet her tongue. Her breathing is rather short and audible, but she seems not to suffer from pain. My opinion is that she will not survive this day, and Oh! if it shall be so, my dear brother Goodell, what can I do without my dear wife, and with three motherless children! But, perhaps, *I* may be called to join her soon. What then will become of the children? But, although my heart is wrung with anguish, I will not suffer these questions to trouble me, for I know that the Lord will provide. "When my

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father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

We are not born to live here always; why then should we think it strange that we are called to die, as though some strange thing had happened to us? This world is not good enough to be the eternal dwelling-place of immortal spirits. If then we have the hope of eternal life in Christ, why hesitate? Why dread to exchange this world for a better one? Death is terrible to the Christian, only in its power over the body; its cruel sceptre does not reach to the soul, and even its power over the body will be destroyed at the resurrection. May we all "have part in the first resurrection; over such the *second* death hath no power."

* * * * * * * * * *

I cannot tell you, my dear brother, how much I should rejoice to have you with me at this hour, were this consistent with your duty to your family, to the church and to God, which it plainly is not. But do not imagine that I am lonely, or dejected. Christ, the blessed Saviour, I trust I can say, is with me, and he comforts and sustains me.

Yours truly,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

San Stefano, Sabbath, July 2.

MY DEAR BROTHER SCHAUFFLER,—

My dear wife lies in the same state of stupor as before. Theresa has just now discovered a new bubo in the region of the right groin. It is very large, and must have made its appearance since my dear wife lost the use of her mind and speech, as she knew nothing about it when I could talk with her. She did indeed complain of a swelling near that spot, but said afterwards that it had disappeared, and nothing more was thought

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or said of it. It is as large as my fist, and is reddish on the surface, but no appearance of suppuration. Her pulse is at 100.

Eight o'clock.—Mrs. D. is now sleeping more naturally than since she was taken sick. Her pulse still 100. Skin moist. She can swallow better within two hours past, than in the morning. She has taken within that time, three saucers each two-thirds full of arrow-root.

I cannot express to you the overflowings of my heart when reading your kind offers and those of Mrs. Schauffler in regard to my children. What arrangements would be made in reference to them, in case we should both be called away and they survive, I don't know. I shall try to commit some of my thoughts and wishes in reference to this and some other subjects to paper, so that it may remain if I am removed.

Quarter past three, Monday morning.—The messenger has just come to get the last word. No change in Mrs. D.; the pulse is 92. She is sleeping, and her breathing a little more laboured.

The Lord is good, my brother, and will do good, and it is better to trust in him than in princes.

Love to all. Yours,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

San Stefano, Sabbath afternoon, July 2.

DEAR BROTHER GOODELL,—

The plague is a horrible disease. I had no idea before how horrible it is, and yet it is of no account compared with the horror of our Saviour's sufferings on the cross.

Who of us would not rather die of the plague than be crucified? But our Saviour's agonies were different, and far more intense than the common pains of crucifix-

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ion. In looking upon my poor suffering wife this afternoon, I was led to inquire, why is a child of God made the victim of such a scourge as the plague? when I found satisfaction from the above consideration. "He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities." Mrs. D. the same.

Yours,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

San Stefano, half-past 12, Sabbath, July 2.

MY DEAR BROTHER SCHAUFFLER,—

I cannot read one of the kind sympathizing notes that come from Pera, without wetting it with my tears; so much affection and kindness do they breathe forth, and so much do I need the tender sympathy of my friends. Many thanks for your note by the boat, and for the things. I believe we do not need the man you mention now; we are getting along very well so far; but if any of the rest of us should be seized with the disease, we certainly must have more help. I do not feel that it is right for us to expose more people to the terrible disease, than are absolutely necessary.

Commodore Porter and all his house are very kind. They come often to see us and to offer their services. More than all we have a friend in heaven, seated on the highest throne in the universe, with unbounded resources at his command, who condescends to visit us, and administer consolation and support. The attentions of *such* a friend, at *such* a time, are more valuable than can be expressed. May he visit us all more and more frequently, which he certainly will do, if we earnestly invite him, and give him a hearty welcome whenever he does come.

One o'clock.—Mrs D. essentially the same as when I wrote you this morning. The rest of us all well. I had

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a good talk to-day with Theresa in Turkish, about the Sabbath of heaven. She says she wants to go there; she does not wish to stay in this world. When she was lying sick in the hospital, of the plague, she was afraid to die because she did not know what would become of her after death, but now she has no fear at all to depart, for she feels that she shall go to be with Christ.

Yours truly,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

Pera, Monday, July 3.

DEAR BROTHER DWIGHT,—

We all feel for you, and often in our supplications weep in view of the situation of our dear sister and yourself and children. This morning, at family prayers, we read in course this verse: "Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless, not my will *but thine be done.*" Thus we pray for our dear sister. May the Lord strengthen you more and more to suffer his will! How comforting to think, that God knows your state, and that he will do what is best with you and yours. Gladly would we come to your assistance, were it best. If there is any thing I can do for you, let me know it.

* * * * * * * * * *

I pray the Lord to sustain and comfort you *this night.* Dear sister Dwight! perhaps it is a mercy to her, that she is so insensible. Whether living or dying, we trust she is the Lord's. Should he take her *home to-night*, may he be with her spirit and with *yours* also.

But who can tell your anguish! I will rather hope we may hear our sister is more comfortable. I would send her my tender love and my sympathy, were she able to receive it. You will accept both for yourself, from

Your sister,

A. P. GOODELL.

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San Stefano, Monday, half-past eleven A. M., July 2.

My dear Brother Goodell,—

The family who live in our neighbourhood, and who had the plague before us, and who now occupy a small tent not a great way off from ours, buried another child this morning of the same disease. It is now fifteen days since the former died, and all were well until three or four days ago.

The mother also has it. Last night must have been a horrible one for them in that little tent; for in the course of the night this child died, and the mother, with the plague upon her, gave birth to an infant! having gone only six months, I am told. The infant is alive, but must of course die.

Two more buboes of a large size are forming on Mrs. Dwight. Although this circumstance may not of itself be unfavourable, yet I cannot believe that one of so delicate a frame as my poor wife was when she was attacked, and now so much more so, can go through the process of suppuration; and besides one of them is on the side of her neck, and even now, almost prevents her from swallowing, and is becoming worse. But I will not forget the Lord can do every thing; and if I know myself, I desire only to be cordially submissive to his holy will. "Though he slay me," my wife, and all my little ones, I will "trust in him," "for his mercy endureth for ever!"

One o'clock.—The doctor has just been here. He left some medicines, but I fear they will be of little use.

* * * * * * *

Yours in the patience of the Gospel,

H. G. O. Dwight.

San Stefano, Monday, July 3.

Dear Brother Schauffler,—

* * * Mrs. D. still the same, except that

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another large bubo is forming on the neck. The doctor has been here and left some medicines; but I fear they will be of but little use. It is a great grief to me in my present situation, that I cannot converse freely with my dear wife about Christ, and his all-sufficient merits. In general she is in such a stupor, that it is difficult to rouse her sufficiently to give her even a drop of water or a little arrow-root. To-day I saw that she was a little more awakened than usual, and I had a precious little season with her, although it was short, and she could not speak. She understood me, however, and at my request made signs with her hand, either affirmative or negative. In this way I gathered from her that she is very happy in her mind, and that Christ appears very near to her now and very precious. She appeared to have listened throughout to a prayer I made, for when I arose she was still listening. I then got the Bible to read to her some comforting passages from God's word, but she had relapsed into her former stupor.

Yours in Christian love,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

San Stefano, Tuesday morning, nine o'clock, July 4.

MY DEAR BROTHER GOODELL,—

The messenger has just arrived. I paid for his expenses here the night he staid. I mention this that you may not pay again.

Mrs. Dwight is still on this side the grave; there is no material change. Her feet are rather cold this morning and her fever gone down. Whether this is a favourable turn of the disease, or the premonition of death, I am not able to determine. I have, I trust, resigned her cheerfully into the hands of the Lord. I feel that she is one of his own children, and I know he has very tender feelings towards

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his children, and will do nothing but what will terminate in their good. One of the most terrible things connected with this disease, is, that it separates one from his friends at the very time when he most needs their sympathies and kindly offices. As to the question, whether friends ought to keep aloof at such a time, I have no doubt. No more should be exposed than are *absolutely necessary* to take care of the sick. But this is hard, both for the sick and for the friends who wish to be present with them, and doubtless often more hard for the latter than the former, for the sick are often insensible.

I take every precaution, that I am able to preserve myself, and yet I see that I am exposed in many ways. The best prophylactic that my experience has made me acquainted with, is *a calm and childlike confidence in God.* I try to feel, and trust that I do in some measure feel, that whether living or dying I am *Christ's;* and therefore to me it matters nothing, whether he, whose I am and whom I serve, wishes to employ me here in this world, or to remove me to another, save that the latter will be infinite gain to me, for I shall be near to him and shall be *like him,*—and this, so far as I know, is all my desire. Whether living or dying, I desire henceforth to be *like him.*

Pray tell Mr. Schauffler, for the doctor, what I have said about Mrs. Dwight's symptoms this morning. Her pulse is 88; her buboes the same as yesterday, no larger, and no more appearance of suppuration.

I will try to write Mrs. Goodell this afternoon in answer to her kind note. James seems somewhat affected. In answer to my inquiries, he said, that he prayed many times yesterday. Pray for him and for all my children.

Yours truly,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

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Pera, Tuesday evening, July 4.

VERY DEAR BROTHER DWIGHT,—

Your lines to brother Goodell this morning were a balm to my soul. The calm, firm hope you enjoy, both for yourself and our dear suffering sister, *to be the Lord's for ever*, and that he will treat you as his own children, come what may, and that in dying soon, you will be an infinite gainer—all this has filled my heart with gratitude and joy. It is clear Jesus has taken up his abode in your sick-room; and where he is, there is, *at least*, the *foretaste* of heaven and the earnest of a better life. That we still entertain hopes of our dear sister, you can easily imagine, nor are we hoping without some ground.

* * * * * * *

Dear brother, "in the midst of life we are in death." It occurred to me these days, that there is in reality no change in our situation as to the uncertainty of our mortal lives. We are every moment exposed to death, and so we were before; and so are, and *must be*, all men, high and low. After all, the whole burden lies in the great question, What relation do we sustain to Christ? If it is well here, the greatest fear of death has lost its edge. If it is ill here, no kind and degree of earthly safety and peace entitles us to so much as one quiet moment. You find it in your heart to commit yourself, wife, and children, for life and death, time and eternity, into the Lord's hands. Blessed are you,—neither earth nor hell has so much as one *real* danger, or obstacle to roll into your way to heaven. My dear wife and myself abstract ourselves from our business to have at least one little prayer meeting a day, besides our morning and evening devotions, to pray for ourselves, for you and yours in particular, and for all our friends far and near, and for the cause of Christ here and everywhere. They are precious seasons to us.

We intend to make our quarantine time as much a

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preparation for heaven as we can. We know not but one or both may be called away before it is closed; and if we survive we shall have occasion for all the heavenly mindedness we can ever gather up from the stores of Christ's merits and divine mercy.

O what a blessing to know Christ! He is a rock! If he give us but one ray of light from his blessed countenance, we are blessed, and richer than kings. O may his face shine upon us always, until we shall see him as he is! May our present trials especially draw us very near to him. Indeed, if such solemn calls could fail to bring us close up to the mercy seat into the dust, our hearts would be harder than the nether millstone.

I must bid you good night. *Good* night! O yes, good night, even in the chamber of sickness and perhaps of death, if Christ the chief among ten thousand be there. May he bless you and our dear suffering sister out of his unwasting fulness most abundantly, and may he be merciful to us all, old and young, this night and always.

And now may the God of peace grant us peace alway, by all means, to the glory of his great name, and to the comfort and salvation of our souls, through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom be glory for ever. Amen.

Yours most affectionately,

WM. G. SCHAUFFLER.

San Stefano, Tuesday, July 4.

MY DEAR SISTER GOODELL,—

It affects me very much to read your kind notes from Pera. I bless God that he has granted me this, among all his other mercies, that I have Christian friends so near who can enter so deeply into my present trying circumstances, and who can and do pray for me and mine.

As to my dear, dear wife, I have given her up to the Lord, and I don't expect him to give her back to me—he

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will permit me to weep, however. This our Saviour did before us, and what he did we may do and not sin. But we must weep with the same spirit. "Not my will but *thine* be done, O Lord." It is a bitter cup to drink, but he drank one far more bitter. I suppose it is impossible for any of you to imagine exactly how you would feel, were you placed in circumstances like mine at present, and yet no doubt the Lord would give you grace *according to your day*, as I feel that he has given me. The anticipation of such a situation as I am now in, might have overcome me; but in the midst of the reality, I feel that I have support and comfort that the world can neither give nor take away.

The language of Paul is mine: I am "troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; cast down, but not destroyed." "Though the outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction which is but *for a moment* worketh for us a *far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory:* while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen, are *temporal*, but the things which are not seen are *eternal*."

As to my exposure to the plague, nobody could be more exposed than I have been and am; and if I do not get the disease, it will be because God in his sovereign pleasure does not see fit that I should have it. Whatever may be his will I hope will be my will, and especially if it be his will that I should depart now and be with Christ, I think it is far better. As to my children, if they become fatherless and motherless, I know the Lord will take them up.

Oh, if I had now to go about to establish a righteousness of my own in order to secure heaven, I should sink down in utter despair; but to accept of Christ's righteous-

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ness is easy. Self-justification he does not require of those who come to him, but self-renunciation; perfection he does not require, but a simple reliance on Christ's perfect merits. Sacrifices and penances he does not require; but a brokenness of heart on account of sin. May these be granted unto me, by the infinite mercy of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord!

Love to all. May all the children give their hearts to Christ *now*.

Yours in Christian love,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

Pera, Wednesday morning, July 5.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—

I do not know that I can do any good by coming down; still, as I need not be particularly exposed, I have thought of coming down to-morrow to see you for a while. You have the privilege and honour of attending upon one, who belongs to Christ, and who is about to stand in his blessed presence, and be for ever comforted by him, *himself*. As you feel that she belongs more to him than to you, so you may feel that you are serving and exposing yourself, more for his sake than your own. He considers it all done to *himself*.

I have since spoken to brother Schauffler about going down to-morrow, and he thinks I had better not go, unless you have something you would like to say to me, or feel *yourself* that it is desirable on any account to see me. All your friends here feel very anxious about you, and some of them often call to inquire. O that those afflictions may be sanctified to others as well as to ourselves. * * * * * *

The Lord will do all things well.

Your brother,

WM. GOODELL.

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San Stefano, Wednesday, nine A. M., July, 5.

DEAR BROTHER GOODELL,—

Contrary to all my expectations Mrs. D. still continues with us, but appears essentially the same as during some days past. She takes scarcely any nourishment, not being able to swallow except with great difficulty. She lies mostly in a sleeping state. O that the Lord would still raise her up if it be his holy will; "nevertheless not my will but *thine* be done."

* * * * * * *

Do not cease praying for us, my dear brother; and pray *especially* that we may be prepared for all the will of God concerning us.

Yours in Christian love,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

San Stefano, Wednesday, half-past one, P. M., July 5.

MY DEAR BROTHER GOODELL,—

How extraordinary is that expression of Paul: "Who hath *abolished* death and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel!"

So far as the Christian is concerned, then, death is abolished; that is, his dominion is broken! His terrific power is gone! All that was dark and frightful, and mysterious and awful in the grave has passed away, being abolished by the power of Christ, who instead thereof has made known "life and immortality through the gospel." How different is our situation from that of the poor heathen! nay, how different from that of thousands of nominal Christians around us, who through fear of death *are all their lifetime subject to bondage!* Different, I say, because, although *we may* sometimes be in bondage to this fear, yet we *need* not be; we *know* better; we know Christ has abolished the power of death so far as we are concerned, provided we are his. What room, then, for fear?

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I know it is one thing to make all this appear plain to the eye of reason, and another and a very different thing to be ourselves really unshackled from the fear of death, through the power of the gospel of Christ. This, however, is our privilege, and it is a great pity if, by our unbelief and sin, we do not possess ourselves of it and enjoy it.

In regard to my dear wife—poor sufferer!—I think every morning that she cannot live until evening, and every evening that she cannot live until morning, and yet the Lord preserves her! How long it is his holy will that she shall suffer in this world, no one can tell, but it seems to me almost certain, that she must be carried off by her present disease. She has a bubo on each groin, and one on the side of her neck, besides the first two that made their appearance. To-day she seems to be in much pain, and she does not sleep so much as before. I have adopted the plan you suggested, with her, of repeating some precious promise whenever she seemed able to hear it, but I am not certain that she understands fully all that is said to her—I think not.

Four o'clock.—Your kind note has just reached me. I think you had better not come down. I should like much to see you, but it is all a matter of feeling, and not at all of necessity; and for this alone, you ought not to expose yourself. May God, of his infinite mercy, make these trials the means of saving the souls of some of our friends!

Yours truly,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

Pera, Wednesday evening, July 5.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—

Your notes were read this evening with the usual tender solicitude. * * * * *

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We have just commended you and yours to our Heavenly Father, and laid you all down at the feet of Christ. O what a blessing to be permitted to do so!

* * * * * * *

Dear brother, my heart is full when I think of you. What shall I say? My soul goes up to heaven in supplication, and my eyes moisten, and my bosom heaves.—O that the time of healing mercy might now, even to-day, visit you, the cloud be scattered, and the sun shine again! But the Lord knows the best time. When the lesson he wants to teach us is learned somewhat, then help will come.

And now, dear brother, accept our tenderest love, and our best prayerful wishes. Jesus Christ, the Physician of body and soul, be with you; and let your room be a Golgotha, and the present and delightful view of his dying love sweeten every moment of affliction, and quiet into childlike submission every emotion of human nature.

O, dear brother, you are remembered by us. Remember sometimes,

Your affectionate,

WM. G. SCHAUFFLER.

San Stefano, Thursday, half-past eight, A. M., July 6.

DEAR BROTHER SCHAUFFLER,—

As usual, I will give you the symptoms of Mrs. Dwight for the doctor:

She suffers still a good deal of pain in the region of the stomach, swallows next to nothing, pulse 84, feet cold, and hands warm. The bubo on the neck appears to be passing away, and the skin over it now appears like the other skin very nearly. The last bubo formed on the left groin is also small. The one on the right

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groin, covered with a darkish skin which extends over towards the hip—not the least appearance of suppuration. Mrs. D. seems to have, in a measure, lost the control over the lower jaw. Frequently it will quiver like that of a person in an ague-fit, only it seems very loose at the joints, and sometimes hangs down, though but for a short time.

I think it remarkable that one of so slender a frame, should continue so long under the desperate ravages of such a disease. This also is from the Lord! You say very truly in your note of yesterday, that we are always exposed to death, as truly as we are now. But, my dear brother, we need actually to see death looking in at our doors and windows, and staring us in the face, as at present, in order to feel the truth as we ought. I am fully sensible, for one, that I have been altogether too little affected by this truth, and so the Lord has come to impress it upon me in this awful manner.

Ten o'clock.—Mrs. D's feet are very cold. Who can tell what this day may bring forth? Your kind good note just come.—I am sorry I have to put you off with such a poor return for it. You may be sure I do not forget you in prayer, as I know you do not me.

Yours in love,

H. G. O. Dwight.

Pera, Thursday morning, July 6.

My Dear Brother,—

We send the messenger rather later than usual this morning. Though we continue to pray for the restoration of our dear sister Dwight, yet we are continually expecting to hear of her quiet dismission. We know not what to pray for as we ought, yet we can say, "not my will, but thine be done,"—and this, I think, expresses our very

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feelings. It is as safe going to heaven by the plague, as it would be by chariots of fire with horses of fire. Christ our blessed Lord says, "I will come and receive you unto myself." "*I* will come," "*I*." And surely it must be safe going with him in his carriage, of whatever kind that may be.

* * * * * * *

He that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass about.

In haste, Your brother,

WM. GOODELL.

San Stefano, Thursday, July 6.

MY DEAR BROTHER GOODELL,—

Our sister is still with us, though her feet are now quite cold, and I think the Lord is going to take her to himself this day. He can raise her up, however, and while a breath of life remains there is hope. It is indeed a blessed thought that the Saviour himself is coming to take her, and no one else.

How strange! that a being of such infinite purity and loveliness, should have so much care of us, who are at the best so exceedingly unlovely and impure in his sight! I will not detain the messenger to write more at this time. May this visitation of God be blessed to each member of our mission.

Yours truly,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

San Stefano, Thursday, July 6.

MY DEAR BROTHER SCHAUFFLER,—

I have been led by the heavy hand of the Lord, which is now upon me, to take many reviews of my past life. I find I have been living much for myself, and very little for Christ.

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I have consulted much my own ease and comfort, and little his glory and the salvation of souls. I have been satisfied too much with my professional character, and have not felt enough my individual need of hungering and thirsting after righteousness every day. I find, too, that I have been far more under the influence of this world, in various ways that I now clearly see, than I have felt the *powers of the world to come.* I therefore need this chastisement from the Lord.. It came upon me like a thunderbolt. It is what I was not at all looking for. But it is sent in mercy.

I wonder, above measure, that the Lord is so good to me now; that even now, behind his "frowning providence he *shows* a smiling face!" I wonder that Christ is so ready to offer himself as my Saviour and Intercessor and the Holy Spirit as my Comforter. But as it is, so in fact it always has been, ever since Christ came into the world. He has been far more ready to hear, than we have been to pray; more ready to bestow, than we have been to ask. How strange that he continues so, for so long a time, under all our slights and neglects! Without him now I should indeed be a most wretched man. But I trust he has given me some little foretaste of heavenly communion with him;—and O, if this be the shadow only, what will the real substance be!

I feel that I would much rather go out of the world now, than go back *to the world* again, as I have been in it heretofore. And if the Lord does see fit to spare me a while longer in this world, I pray that he may give me grace to live *every day* for eternity, and not for time. May we all live thus—and so we shall show that we are not *citizens of the world*, but truly pilgrims and strangers here, who are seeking a better country! How few of us are now, this *very moment*, ready to die! and yet we should be ready, every day, while about our usual avoca-

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tions, just as much as we feel we ought to be when death is taking one and another from our very side! And I hope and pray, that whoever of us may survive the present season of visible peril, may never think, that because we do not see death looking at us, therefore he is not near, nor that because the plague has departed from our doors, therefore we may cease watching. We who are Christians know, that such a state of *watching for the coming of the Son of man every day*, is not a state of tormenting anxiety, but a state of cheerful hope;—not one of dark and gloomy forebodings, but of joyful and glorious expectations; not one which unfits us to act, but one which presents the most powerful and exciting of all motives to action.

Five o'clock, P. M.—About two hours ago Mrs. Dwight began to froth at the mouth, and her hands were growing cold. Her feet had been quite cold all day, and I began to think that she was in reality now going. But it seems that her time has not yet come. Her head has been very hot this afternoon, and her eyes exceedingly red, every thing else as when I wrote you this morning. She has been very restless, however, to-day, rolling herself about the bed, and throwing the clothes all off, as fast as they are put on her. She cannot bear a single sheet over her. She appears not to understand what I say to her.

Yours truly,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

San Stefano, Thursday, four P. M., July 6.

DEAR BROTHER GOODELL,—

The Lord is pleased still to keep my dear wife in this world. I thought an hour ago that she was dying, but it seems that it was not so. The Lord knows his own time, and his time is always the best.

I wish you would send me some camphor-gum, a piece

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as large as a good sized walnut will be sufficient. Will you also send me one of those beans? If any more of us are taken sick I think I shall try it, and you know I ought to have it in season. This is a disease that does not always linger along as in Mrs. Dwight's case. Sometimes it finishes its work in a very short time. John White, you know, was sick only forty-eight hours, and others have been carried off in still less time.

I am exceedingly sorry my dear brother to take up so much of your time, and trouble you so much with my commissions. I hope, however, you will not lose your reward even in this life. If I am not permitted to do as much for you in return, I hope you will derive such spiritual blessings from the peculiar providence that renders these services necessary, as will infinitely more than compensate for all your labours. This world is a world of trouble, but that is a world of rest; a holy, glorious rest! It is worth living for; it is worth being troubled for! It is worth dying for!

If we were on our way to America and near there, we should doubtless be very much animated and delighted with the prospect of seeing our friends there, and having sweet intercourse with them. But I think that some of us are much nearer heaven than we are America. Shall we not then bless God, and take courage? Shall not our hearts burn with holy rapture at the prospect of soon sitting down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets and apostles—and above all with Christ himself in the kingdom of God?

Yours truly,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

Pera, Friday morning, July 7.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—

We bless the Lord that he does not cast you away

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from his presence, nor take from you his Holy Spirit; but that on the contrary he gives you peace, comfort and support, and enables you to drink to the last drop the cup which he has put into your hands. And, my dear brother, this cup contains not a single drop more than is necessary. It is all exactly measured by that same benevolent Saviour who giveth us the cup of salvation. And the cup which he has prepared for us, shall we not drink it?—O that we may all profit by these dispensations! O that all the survivors, whoever they may be, may be more humble, heavenly and spiritual all the rest of their lives! God is either mending us, or ending us; that is certain.

Your mail has come; praised be the Lord for his goodness. Our dear sister is still the subject of our prayers; and we believe, that for her to live will be Christ, and to die *gain;* and that whether living or dying, she will be the Lord's.

* * * * * * *

I think Providence now calls upon you to regard your own life and health, and to take special pains to preserve them. We entertain some hope of the restoration of our dear sister, and we feel, that for her to abide in the flesh will be more needful, not for you and the children merely, but for us all. We feel assured, however, that the Lord will do all things well.

Your brother in Christ,

WM. GOODELL.

San Stefano, Friday morning, nine o'clock, July 7.

MY DEAR BROTHER SCHAUFFLER,—

Contrary to all our expectations, Mrs. Dwight continues. Her feet have been cold constantly since yesterday;—now one is a little warm, the other very cold, her hands and head hot and feverish. She can absolutely swallow nothing, so that the medicine is, of course, not

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taken. Her restlessness continued through the night, by turns. This morning she is rather more quiet. The Lord's will is the best will, and the Lord's time the best time. * * * * * * * *

My dear brother, I find every thing in the blessed book of God to meet my case exactly under these trying circumstances. I had heard of this before, by *the hearing* of the ear, but now mine eye sees it. I rejoice, *with joy unspeakable and full of glory.*

I pray you to thank Mr. E. very much for his kindness in troubling himself so much to get a woman for me. Love to all.

Yours truly,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

San Stefano, Friday morning, July 7.

MY DEAR SISTER GOODELL,—

I thank you for your second kind sympathizing note! "*The Lord hath done it,*" should reconcile us to any adverses that may come upon us. When our wills are sweetly swallowed up in his will, we shall not be greatly troubled by bereavements and afflictions; but endeavour to derive from them the spiritual improvement intended by him who sends them. There is doubtless a great deal of truth in the remark of Philip, which is in substance that chastisements are sent upon *Christians chiefly for the sin of grieving the Holy Spirit.* They will not suffer God to sanctify their hearts in his own gracious way, but grieve away the Spirit sent for this purpose, and he is forced, then, to take the severe method of chastisement.—Oh, how sadly have I grieved the Holy Spirit! This sin appears to me more exceedingly heinous than it ever did before, and I wonder, above measure, that the Holy Spirit is willing, after he has been so much abused, to come to my heart, and open to me my sins, and

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lead me to Christ, and help my infirmities in prayer! May he evermore dwell there, and never find any thing more to grieve or offend him!

My dear sister, to you as well as to each member of our mission, I would say, *Be careful to give the Holy Spirit a hearty welcome, every day, to your hearts.* Admit him; cherish and love him; treat him as your best friend; avoid every thing that is in any measure offensive to him; and he will do every thing for you that is necessary to fit you for the service of Christ here and in heaven!

It is evident from the surprise with which such a visitation as the present takes us, that we are not every day *living with our lives in our hands*, as we should be. Death appears now very near to us; but he is always near, and there are a hundred ways by which we may be called away every day, more suddenly than by the plague. It is only when we have the Holy Spirit in our hearts, making a gracious application of the promises of the blessed Saviour, and enabling us to live by faith on him, that we can look to the future with a calm and joyous hope, ready to live, or to die, according to the good pleasure of the Lord.

* * * * * * * * *

The Armenian woman is, so far, a great relief to me. She has taken upon herself some authority, and forbidden me to go into the room where my sick wife lies. She says she came down here to take care of her, and I may come as far as the door, but no farther. I have not fully obeyed her though, but as it is not necessary now that I should be in the room, I enter it as little as possible. This I consider my duty, while I am near enough to see that my poor suffering wife has not one comfort the less for it.

Love to all the children. When *will* they come to Christ? O, let them not forget John White, so suddenly

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removed!—Older ones will not fare so well in the other world, unless they turn from every sin and give the Lord their hearts.

Half-past nine.—Mrs. Dwight still with us.

Yours truly,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

Pera, Friday, July 7.

DEAR BROTHER DWIGHT,—

What shall I say or how write to you? My heart is full. I am distressed for you. I think of you, as being now *the last night* with your beloved wife. I think of your lonely, desolate state, without a near friend to weep and sympathize with you, and I try to pray the Lord to *stay by you*, and grant you all that divine support which you so peculiarly need. We know that it is divine grace alone, that can sustain you in this trying hour. We commend you to God, and we pray, that as your trials increase, so may your faith and confidence in Jesus increase. And O! in these hallowed moments, will you not pray that *we also* may be benefited *greatly*, and that our precious children may be awakened and converted? Your dear ones, too, may Heaven bless them. We pray the Lord to spare them and their dear father. We pray you to take every possible care of yourself.

And now, for this night I must leave you, but do not think that any of us forget you. With many tears have I thus written.

Yours,

A. P. GOODELL.

Pera, Friday forenoon, July 7.

DEAR BROTHER DWIGHT,—

You and your dear wife and children are *continually* in my mind day, and I may say night too, for I dream of you very often. I have not expressed to you in writing

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the feelings of my heart, for my husband has generally written so much, and generally said what I could have wished, better than I could have done for myself.

Sometimes I am ready to exclaim, "O Lord, how long?" But I know he will send deliverance in the *best* time; till then may you be sustained under the almost overwhelming load of care and labour that falls to your lot. I sometimes feel as though we had done wrong in leaving you thus to watch and toil alone. If we have, forgive us, and may the Lord forgive us also. I am not very well, but trust it is nothing serious. I can ill endure a draught of air at any time, and we have felt it needful to keep the house open.

Dear brother, what tribute of grateful praise shall we render to the Lord, for the sweet consolations of his grace, which are able to sustain us in these days of sore trial! Come life or death, *he* will not forsake us, and we believe that we have an inheritance above, "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." O what a happy time when we all get there!

Believe me your affectionate sister in Christ,

MARY R. SCHAUFFLER.

San Stefano, Friday afternoon, July 7.

MY DEAR BROTHER GOODELL,—

Can you lend me Philip's Eternity Realized? If you are reading it now, however, in order to bring those unseen things more before your own mind just at this present time, do not send it to me.

I have, as you may imagine, a great many things to remind me of eternity, and it does not require much effort for me now to keep my mind fixed on these subjects. I like, however, next to the Bible, to read the thoughts of good men, of such a range of experience as Philip.

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As to Mrs. Dwight, I think I can say I feel now *no anxiety* as to the result. It gives me unspeakable satisfaction to reflect, that she is in the hands of an infinitely good and holy and wise God.—He knows better than all others, what is good for her, for me, for our children, and for the church; and let his holy will be done. I have almost ceased praying any other prayer in reference to her recovery, than '*Thy will be done.*' I do pray continually, however, that she may have the Holy Spirit with her—that Jesus may be near and precious to her soul—and that she may be enabled to commit *her all* cheerfully to him.

I have made arrangements to keep as much as possible out of the way of contagion. If the poison is not already in my system, however, it will be strange.

I asked Mr. Schauffler to thank Mr. E. for me, and I would also beg of you to do the same. He is certainly very kind.

Mrs. D. (four o'clock P. M.) has now a very hot fever pervading her whole body and limbs—and yet she lies perfectly still, and seems not to be in any pain. She cannot swallow the least thing. Appearances are certainly very much against her recovery at present. O Lord, prepare her and me for the event, whatever it may be!

Half-past four.—My dear wife is, to all appearance, drawing very near to her end. You had better send the man down *very early* to-morrow morning. Let him leave the city by three o'clock, and then, if we need porters or any thing else, we can let you know seasonably. My heart is full. Tell brother and sister Schauffler I cannot write them this afternoon in answer to their very kind notes.

Yours truly,

H. G. O. Dwight.

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Pera, Friday, July 7.

My dear Brother,—

I send you Philip's *Eternity Realized.* I have read with much more than ordinary delight and profit the writings of this excellent man. Your last intelligence, just received, has not actually taken us by surprise; and though, for the sake of our dear sister, we ought to rejoice, yea, and *do* rejoice, yet for ourselves we mourn and *ought* to mourn. She was a dear precious sister to us all; but dearer, far dearer to her Saviour.

We feel, that whatever prayers more we have to offer for her, we must do it now, *now;*—though perhaps we are even now too late.

The Lord sustain and comfort your own heart, and give to all of us grace to profit by these dispensations!

Your sympathizing brother,

Wm. Goodell.

San Stefano, Saturday morning, July 8.

TO THE DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS AT PERA.

My dear Brothers and Sisters in the Lord,—

You will probably hear with surprise, that my dear wife is still alive. She is going, however, to a better world, although the spirit "lingers long!" At a little distance, within sight of the window where I am now sitting, a man is digging the grave where her earthly remains will soon be placed, and you will see her no more, until you open your eyes in eternity. *The Lord* has done it; what shall *we* say? I do feel that it is infinitely best that the will of the Lord should be done, with me and mine; though, to have all the tender ties of our union here on the earth thus broken asunder, and to be left alone with three motherless children, is hard for flesh and blood to bear. The Lord permits me to weep, but I pray that he may never suffer me to put forth one murmuring

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or complaining thought of him. The exchange of worlds is to her, I doubt not, infinite gain, and although I lose a dear, dear wife, and you a beloved sister, yet may God, of his infinite mercy, grant that even this may be gain to us. May it bring eternity close before our minds! May it lead us to regard our life in this world in reality as a pilgrimage! May it lead us to closer communion with God; to more spiritual and heavenly mindedness, to such a holy living as shall prepare us for a happy dying. It is in vain that we are carried away with rapture when we think of the splendour and glory of heaven, if we do not live with the spirit of heaven in our hearts, and if that spirit does not pervade our actions. It is in vain that we say in the apparent fullness of our hearts, "Whom have I in heaven but thee!" if our daily lives and conversation do not add their testimony to the other part of the declaration; "and there *is none* ON EARTH, that I desire beside thee." I feel that this providence of God is first and chiefly designed as a chastisement to me, for having lived at such a distance from the Saviour, and for having so often grieved the Holy Spirit. And I beg that you will especially pray, that the Lord would sanctify me through this affliction, and enable me ever more to walk with him. I may be called soon to follow my dear wife. O, may we be reunited in heaven!—I think that this providence is, secondly, designed for a warning and a chastisement to us *as a mission*. It is time now, brethren and sisters, for each one to search his own heart, and see whether there be not some secret sin indulged, some unholy desire, or some unchristian temper, with which the Holy Spirit is grieved and offended, or whether there is not a want of spiritual life and of fervent prayer, a weakness of faith, a languor of zeal, a worldliness of mind among us, which render chastisement necessary to bring us back to our duty. If there be such an obstacle to the work of the

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Spirit in the sanctification of our souls, and to the prosperity of the kingdom of Christ in this place—we may expect the Lord to chastise us, until it is removed.

And now, brethren,—"knowing the time, it is high time to awake out of sleep, for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." If we are not called away by the plague, we shall certainly be by some other disease. If we do not die to-day we may to-morrow, and at all events we shall die soon. O, may we live from day to day, as dying creatures! May we so live as that this world shall always keep its proper place, and all our affections be centered in heaven! If we are Christ's, we shall soon go away *to be for ever with him.* O, that we might have him with us as much as possible in this world!

One o'clock, P. M.—She has this moment expired! Her sanctified spirit has gone to the *bosom of her God and Saviour*—but we are left to mourn! I have kept the messenger thus long expecting every moment this event.

The Commodore will send one of his Turkish attendants to the Seven Towers for porters. The grave is dug and the coffin ordered, and I suppose finished.

Brethren and sisters, pray for me, pray for my dear surviving children. It is a heavy stroke; but THE LORD has done it, *and his mercy endureth for ever.*

Yours in the Gospel,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

Pera, Saturday morning, July 8.

BELOVED BROTHER,—

* * * *

I know not what to say. I fear we shall lose our good sister for a while, though still I hope we shall detain her, and then again I think, we are all going thither, and what matters it who arrives first, who last. Is it not all one,

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and will not the meeting be equally sweet in either case, if we may but all pursue and obtain the crown, and be gathered at last around the throne of him who loved us and gave himself to die for us, and to whom be glory for ever and ever? Amen.

I know not, my dear brother, what to say more. What can a poor blind sinner add to the consolations of the Holy Spirit, and to the soothing accents of Jesus' heavenly voice, when he says, "Fear not, it is I!" And we are confident you enjoy all this. We asked the Lord Jesus, last evening, to be very sensibly present in your sick-room during the night. And we doubt not he condescended to visit you, and our dear sister, and if she could no longer hear your voice, we trust she heard *his*. And if *your* affectionate hand smoothing her pillow was no longer perceived by her, *he* could put underneath her the arm of his changeless and all-sufficient love and tenderness, and no doubt she will have felt that to her unutterable comfort.

A few lines more when the messenger shall have returned from you.

Evening.—A Sabbath in heaven! O, what a fullness of comfort and joy for a weary soul! A Sabbath in heaven and in company of a dear little one, just sent ahead, as it were, to announce her coming, and to prepare the infant choir for the welcome hymn! "Nor eye hath seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered in man's heart," what God hath prepared for those who love him. This we trust our beloved departed sister now sees and hears. Thanks to God for his unspeakable gift to his children! May we all meet there and bless his name with perfect tongues and hearts, till eternity shall be no more!

* * * * * * * * * * *

May the Lord in his great and tender mercy preserve

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your life and health, and keep your heart in perfect peace for his great name's sake.

Yours very truly,

WM. G. SCHAUFFLER.

Pera, Saturday afternoon, July 8.

DEAR BROTHER DWIGHT,—

At our last female prayer meeting, our dear departed friend read the hymn beginning with,

"Descend from heaven, Immortal Dove,"—

You will find it in the hymn books which you daily use. She spoke with pleasure of the hymn, respecting the fifth verse. But we little knew how soon she was to "mount to dwell above, and stand and bow among them there, and sing and love." Happy, happy privilege hers!

"We a little longer wait,
But *how* little none can know."

We weep with you, dear brother, we mourn with you, not that she is gone to be so infinitely blessed, but that we are for a season separated from her pleasant company, and that her dear family can no more enjoy the benefit of her care, her counsels, her prayers and her society.

But the *Lord* has *done* it, and does he not do all things well? O yes! and to his tender faithful care we earnestly commend you, and your dear children.

I cannot speak comfort to your hearts, but he *can* and *will*, for he does not leave his beloved children alone in the time of their greatest necessity. May you be *abundantly sustained*, and "comforted as one whom his mother comforteth."

Be assured, dear brother, it will henceforth be my pleasure, while the Lord spares my life, to do all that lies

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in my power for the comfort and happiness of yourself, and your motherless children.

Sweet Charley is very well, and very dear to us; and grows large and interesting every day. May the Lord spare him to do great good in the world!

How soon Mrs. Dwight has joined her dear little John! and there are our dear William and James.

Well, we shall soon all arrive, for the journey seems shorter and shorter. And what tribute of praise shall we bring to that dear, precious Saviour, who has purchased such heavenly joys for us, and our beloved friends!

Oh! we want other than immortal tongues to sound his high praise abroad!—Those who have put off these clayey tabernacles, can do it already, but we can only lisp out some few words of grateful praise, and wait a little till we too can "mount and join their song."

Praying that the dear Saviour may be *very* near you, I remain your sincerely affectionate, and sympathizing sister in Christ,

MARY R. SCHAUFFLER.

Pera, Saturday, July 8.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—

The scenes of the last few days have swept by us like a tempest, and we can hardly realize the breach that has been made in our happy circle and your beloved family. The circumstances have been such, as to forbid us to approach you, to help you, to pray with you, or even to show the usual kindness to the dead by assisting to perform for them the last sad rites. But, though we have not wept and prayed *with* you, we have wept and prayed *for* you. And, blessed be God! the *Saviour* has been nigh, *very* nigh you, though *we* have not. He has not cast you away from his presence, nor hidden his face

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from you even for a moment; and though he has caused grief, yet, according to his faithful promise, he has had compassion, according to the multitude of his tender mercies.

At the moment I received the news of our sister's release, I was reading those sweet words of our blessed Lord to his sorrowing disciples:—"*And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.*"—— Yes, blessed Saviour; thou dost not leave us comfortless; thou dost come to us. Thou dost not leave us to go alone through the dark valley, and find our way as we can into thy everlasting kingdom; but thou dost thyself come for us, to take us to thine own glorious palace, to sit down with thee on thy throne!

O my brother, how safe it is to go with Christ, let him come for us in whatever carriage he may! It is all the same, whether it be by plague, by cannibals, or in a chariot of fire with horses of fire. "*All are yours.*" "Or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; *all*, ALL *are yours.*"

But your beloved partner, the mother of your children, our own precious sister, is gone! On her account we have no cause to weep, but abundant cause to rejoice. But for our own loss we *may* weep, and *ought* to weep. We cannot yet realize, that we shall see her face no more; that we shall hear her voice no more; that we shall witness no more her patient endurance of pain and suffering; and that we shall sing with her, and pray with her, and converse with her, and come to the Lord's table with her, no more. Oh! this world is a dream! *Here* all is *shadow*. *There* all is substance; all *reality!* Surely we should feel "the powers of the world to come" far more than the influence of any thing seen and temporal. May the Lord comfort your heart, my dear brother, and

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sanctify these dispensations to you and to us all! And may he who preserved Daniel in the lions' den, and the three children in the furnace, preserve you from the contagion of that dreadful disease, to which you have been so much exposed. He *has* delivered you, and we trust he will *yet* deliver you, and spare you to your family and to the church.

We shall be happy to fall in with any arrangements you may hereafter wish to make in regard to your surviving children; and to supply, so far as we can, the loss they have sustained in their mother. This however will be a subject for after consideration. Let me beseech you now to use all possible means for your own safety.

Mrs. Goodell and the children unite in love and sympathy. We had understood by Mustapha, that your dear wife was dead, and we had a meeting at one o'clock, P. M., (the very time she actually did die,) to thank the Lord for all his goodness and mercy to her, and to pray for you and your little ones, and for ourselves, that the dispensation might be greatly sanctified.

I proposed coming down this morning immediately after breakfast, in order to perform the usual services of the grave, but Mr. Schauffler advised the contrary.

Your brother in Christ,

WM. GOODELL.

San Stefano, Sabbath morning, July 9.

MY DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN CHRIST,—

By the mercy and loving kindness of our God, we are all alive this morning, and in good health, and our cup is overflowing with mercies. When I arose this morning my heart was filled with comfort, on looking at the multitude of blessings the Lord is still granting me, although he has removed from me my dearest and most precious earthly friend. First of all, my soul said, Thou hast

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taken away my wife; but hast given me THYSELF! The place that was occupied by her in my affections is now filled by the ever blessed Trinity. The Father says he will be my God; the Holy Spirit says he will be my Sanctifier and Comforter; and Christ the Son says, he will be my Intercessor and Redeemer! What more can the heart of man ask or desire! As to my dear wife, I feel fully at ease in regard to her. She is safe—she is where she will *ever be, with the Lord*—and I pray that her being in heaven, may be another motive for me to live with my affections there. I feel that "the Lord will not cast (me) off for ever: but though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion *according to the multitude of his mercies:* for he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men." On surveying the comforts that remain to me this morning, I did not forget that I have, in you all, dear sympathizing friends, whose hearts bleed with mine, and whose prayers ascend with mine to God the inspirer and hearer of prayer.

O that we might all be able to say heartily and truly, "*The Lord* is my portion—therefore will I hope in him!" And while this affliction is fresh upon us, instead of complaining, let us *search* and *try our ways*—and turn again to the Lord. Let us lift up *our hearts*, with our hands, unto God in the heavens."

The promises of God are peculiarly precious to me now; and it does seem, sometimes, as if the Holy Spirit singled out particular words of comfort from the written word, and made a sweet and timely application of them to my mind. Of such is the following: "Wait *on the Lord;* be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart; wait, I say, on the Lord." This has come to my mind with such a sweet and consoling application, that it seems to me I can never cease to *wait on the Lord.* But alas! I know my wicked heart too well to suppose,

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that without his special and constant grace I shall continue to seek him. O may he give us all grace, and never more leave us to wander from him!

I am now living alone in a tent furnished me by Commodore Porter. He and all his family are kind, *very* kind. May the Lord bring salvation to his house! Yesterday he hoisted his flag at half-mast, as soon as he heard of Mrs. Dwight's departure, and has done the same again to-day.

Ten o'clock.—Your notes have just come, and I began to read them, but was obliged to desist. They opened all the flood-gates afresh. I must wait until I can command my feelings better. The Lord be with you and bless you all!

I shall endeavour to write to Mrs. Dwight's mother and sister, by post.——I buried her yesterday, as there could be no advantage and only hazard in keeping the body longer.

Yours in Christ,

H. G. O. Dwight.

Pera, Sunday evening, July 9.

Dear Brother Dwight,—

Your note written this morning has truly refreshed and encouraged my heart, and made me feel as though no tribulation would be too great for us while God was so gracious and so near to our souls, as he appears in his tender mercy to be to you. Truly it is enough if God is ours. Where Jesus dwells, there is perfect bliss. The presence of the Holy Spirit can make "solid darkness" shine resplendent with the glories of the third heaven. Blessed be God, the Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, that the treasures of heaven are ours, and that they are thus *given* to us "without money and without price." O let us remain in his blessed service! He

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never forsakes those who trust in him. Neither fires, nor floods, nor plagues; neither height, nor depth, nor any other creature can separate them from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Our sister has spent a Sabbath in heaven! What a Sabbath it must have been! Nor is *her* Sabbath now closed again, like ours; *her* sun never goes down; her Sabbath never closes. My wife and myself have talked and prayed and sung together to-day of all these things, and have spent a very pleasant, and I hope profitable Sabbath together in our solitary corner. The Lord bring us all to his kingdom, in his own good time, when we shall meet our dear ones all, and bless redeeming love for our free and unmerited salvation for ever and ever.

* * * * * * * * * *

Yours truly, in Christ our Lord,

W. G. SCHAUFFLER.

San Stefano, Sabbath evening, July 9.

MY DEAR SISTER SCHAUFFLER,—

Your sweet, kind note, though short, I could hardly finish reading, after two or three attempts. I need not tell you how truly valuable is Christian sympathy at such an hour. You too have had every thing tender in your heart laid open by affliction, and you know where you have found consolation. Who could have predicted two weeks ago, that at this time such a breach would have been made in our then united happy family! Well, no matter; an addition has been made to the glorious happy family above, and soon, perhaps very soon, by the infinite mercy of God in Christ, we shall all be re-united in heaven! Not one of Christ's children will be forgotten or lost. I do think that times of affliction are

"Moments rich in blessings,"

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and, apparently, the more severe the trial, the more large and liberal are the mercies of God! It is indeed worth all the pain of standing in the furnace awhile, provided we can get the mass of earthly dross that clings to us burned off, and we come out like pure gold seven times tried; and this we may by the grace of God.

I feel a peculiar desire and almost persuasion, that this fiery trial, with which the Lord has visited us, and perhaps intends still to visit us, may be the means of awaking up a spirit of special and earnest prayer among the surviving members of this mission, and of the outpouring of the Spirit upon the people and the salvation of souls. I have felt to day an unusual freedom and enlargement in prayer for all classes of people here, Mohammedans, Jews, Armenians, Greeks and Franks, that the Lord would send his blessed Spirit among them, and lead many to repentance and salvation through Christ. I feel that our English and German congregations should now be a special subject of our prayers and efforts. The instrument of prayer we can use now—those of us who are in quarantine—even though we can do little else. I am very glad that you and your dear husband have prayer-meetings so often.

It seems to me that praying is the chief and appropriate business of quarantine, and particularly of such a quarantine, where we have at least some expectation that some of us may *take pratique* in heaven! Surely, none of us would wish to be engaged in better business, as preparatory to heaven, than praying!

My dear sister, I am more grateful than I can tell you, for your repeated assurances of interest in my poor motherless children. You have already one of them, and if you want them all, we shall not quarrel about it, though I fear the burden would be greater than your kind feelings now will allow you to believe. The Lord direct and

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govern me and mine. If he intends to keep us yet awhile in this world, he will doubtless provide for us.

Yours most sincerely,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

San Stefano, Monday evening, July 10.

MY DEAR BROTHER GOODELL,—

The Lord in his great mercy still preserves us. How little, alas! do we commonly think of the daily mercies we receive at his hand. Because they have been coming to us in a constant stream all our lives long, we feel entitled to them, complain if any of them are ever interrupted in their course to us, and almost never thank God for the enjoyment of them! All this is wrong. If we had been starving three days how thankful should we be if God would send us a crumb of bread! But ought we not to be a great deal more thankful, that he gives us daily an *abundant supply* of bread, and other good things, to keep us from starving? If we were very sick of a burning fever, or of the plague, how thankful should we be if God would take away our pains and restore us to health! But ought we not to be still more thankful, that he *preserves* us from disease, and gives us nothing but health?

I feel, my dear brother, that, as a mission, we are called upon very solemnly to profit by the peculiar afflictive providence with which God has so unexpectedly visited us. It is something new for God to send this scourge among missionaries. "And if it (judgment) first begin at us, what shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel?"

There is a design in it. I can see abundant reasons why it should come upon *me*. It has waked me up as it were out of a dream. I do not dare to make myself any promises for the future. I well know that the influence of such a solemn visitation is often felt only for a short

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time. I know, too, the waywardness and deceitfulness of my own heart. But whether my time on the earth is to be lengthened out or not, I pray that God may never leave me to myself, but that, by his Holy Spirit, he may lead me to feel and act here, continually, as one who is seeking a better country. And I pray too, that there may be a more steady and direct reference to *eternity* in all our labours and efforts as missionaries. It is always necessary for us to lay plans for the prosecution of our missionary work. May we also lay plans every day for eternity! May we ever have our minds so filled with the thoughts of eternity, that no disease, however sudden or dreadful, shall take us by surprise, and that death, whenever it comes and in whatever shape, may be a welcome messenger.

* * * * * * * *

I send you a letter for Mr. Anderson, enclosing one to my mother and sister, which I beg you will seal and forward by the Vienna post to-morrow.

Yours, with love to all,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

San Stefano, Tuesday morning, July 11.

MY DEAR BROTHER SCHAUFFLER,—

God is still good and gracious! His compassion fails not! His mercy is from everlasting to everlasting! O, how poor and wretched should I now be without him! How poor should we all be, even were we possessed of this whole world, without him!

> "Give what thou wilt, without thee we are poor,
> And with thee rich, *take what thou wilt away!*"

We are now keeping quarantine—you and I, I mean, and our families. In such a time every rag and every bit of paper is looked at with suspicion, and never touched

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unless *we know* it is clean. May we always keep a similar quarantine against that great moral pestilence, sin—only let it be, if possible, still more thorough and rigid. Let us be suspicious of ourselves and every thing about us, lest we be in some way compromised by sin; "hating even the garment spotted by the flesh." It seems as though Jude had some idea of such a quarantine. James, also, has told us what to do in our present circumstances. —"Is any afflicted? *let him pray.*" I bless God, my dear brother, that he puts it into your heart, and that of your dear wife, to pray especially at this time. Let us pray *in faith*, however, without wavering. If you or brother Goodell had promised to send me something today which I had requested, I should have *no doubt at all* but that you would send it, if you were able. How much more reason have we to receive the precious promises of God without the shadow of a doubt—knowing, for a certainty, that he is both able and willing to perform!

Yours truly,

H. G. O. Dwight.

San Stefano, Tuesday evening, July 11.

Dear Brother Goodell,—

It would be too much to believe that God takes so much thought and care of such miserable beings as we are, had he not so often told us that this is the case.

Who would ever imagine that when we are in trouble, God the Father would extend over us the arm of his protecting providence, that God the Son would plead and plead again and again in our behalf, and that God the Holy Ghost would help all our infirmities, comfort us and lead us in the way of peace and truth! And especially when by our sins we have merited infinitely more than all the chastisements we receive! It really requires a great stretch of faith to believe that God is so exceedingly in-

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terested in such uninteresting objects as we are—but yet so it is—we know it, for we have *felt* it, as well as read it in his word. And if we are truly his children, when we are tried and afflicted, he is just so much interested in us, individually, and ready to do as much to comfort us and lead us to profit by the trial, as though we were alone in trouble, and no other Christians needed the like help from above. No earthly trial could have come upon me more severe than the one that has befallen me. To have my dear wife, the mother of my children, taken from me and from them, and under such circumstances too, is really a bitter cup; nor does it become any the less bitter, now that a little time has passed, and I am enabled to contemplate with a calm mind the nature and extent of my bereavement. But I needed it; and perhaps I need still more. The Lord has thus visited me, *because he loves me.* If he had not loved me, he would have given me up to worldly affections, to be overcome and destroyed by them. If he had not loved me he would now leave me to despair, to curse him and perish; or, at least, to harden my heart against him under this severe chastisement. It was certainly love to my wife, that removed her from these "scenes of noise, and strife," and sin, to a world of perfect holiness and peace; and it is love to me, if, as I hope and pray, by this same dispensation he raises my grovelling affections from the earth, and permits me to be satisfied with nothing but heaven. Do not cease to pray, my dear brother, that this may be the case. If the Lord shall spare my life awhile longer, I fear the contamination of the world. I want to live here, always, as one whose home is in heaven. And this I know I cannot, and shall not, without large supplies of his grace.

Wednesday morning.—Your kind note is just received. I need not assure you, that I shall be exceeding glad to see you whenever you can make it convenient to come.

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Theresa is better to-day. The rest all well. I have commenced writing a letter to your dear children, but it is not ready to go to-day. Love to all.

Yours truly,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

San Stefano, Saturday, July 15.

MY DEAR BROTHER GOODELL,—

One week in heaven! What scenes of surpassing wonder and glory, must be presented to the redeemed spirit, during the *first week* in heaven! How is all previous knowledge forgotten! It vanisheth away as though it had never been; and O how rapidly does the soul advance in such a school, in pure, divine, heavenly knowledge! How much is learned of God, conversing with him face to face! How much of Christ, seeing him 'as he is!' How much of the Holy Spirit, when types, and shadows, and parables and similitudes are all perfectly and for ever removed! How much is learned of *holiness*, where all are holy, and where the infinitely holy God is! How much is learned of *love*, in the visible presence of him, the perfection of whose character is love, and who is surrounded by myriads and myriads of angels and redeemed spirits, whose hearts are burning flames of love towards him and towards one another! What a glorious society! Angels that excel in strength, praising God continually! Souls redeemed from hell, ascribing "*blessing, and honour, and glory to him who hath washed them in his own blood!*" It is good to be there! No wonder that Paul had a desire to depart and be with Christ. It is hard for a soul that has been lifted up to the *third heavens*, as he was, and has seen those *unspeakable things*, to come back again to earth, or even to suffer his thoughts to dwell for a moment on the poor, miserable things of this lower world. How, then, ought we to bless God with all our hearts, for *any*

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means he makes use of to fit us for so holy and glorious a residence! This renders afflictions easy, very easy to be borne. The good and gracious Lord is fitting us thereby *for heaven!* I think I can say sometimes, 'I want, O, *I want* to be there!' My prevailing desire is, however, to be just where God wants to have me. If he chooses to keep me longer in this world, I desire cheerfully to submit to labour and suffer as long as he sees fit to use my poor services for the upbuilding of his kingdom here.

I don't know whether I shall have an opportunity of sending this note up to-day; but if you do receive it in season, I beg, that if you have service to-morrow, you will make special mention of my case, and of that part of my family left in this world, in your prayers; first giving thanks to God for his great mercies to us, as a family, in preserving so many of us from the horrible pestilence; and especially in granting us so richly the comforts of his presence and the consolations of the gospel, under our afflictions. Secondly, praying that he would still preserve us, if it be his holy will; but especially, that these trials which he is pleased to send upon us may be more and more sanctified to me and my dear surviving children, and that we may be prepared for life or death, according to his pleasure. And thirdly, that these afflictive dispensations may be blessed abundantly to this mission—to all our friends here, and to the people at large. Do not forget the mother and two sisters of my dear departed wife in America and all our other relatives there.

Yours truly,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

San Stefano, Sabbath evening, July 16.

MY DEAR BROTHER SCHAUFFLER,—

* * * *

I find more and more reason to bless God for his

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chastening rod. It is all in tender love, not in wrath—I feel it to be so. One of the most satisfactory evidences of this, to my own mind is, that he has been so bountiful with his grace to me, and has so turned away the current of my affections from this world and drawn them forth towards him. I pray that he may take *all* my heart, and not leave any portion of it for this world to occupy.—Not that I see nothing in this world to be loved, but that I wish to have every thing in full and complete subordination to him.

The Lord permits me to pass many pleasant hours here in this tent alone, so near the graves of my dear wife and child! O may I always live in this world, as those who dwell in tents; that is as a mere traveller, as one who has here no *abiding place*; but who seeks one to come, and as one who dwells near the grave and may lie down in it any moment. Not a night passes but that I dream of my dear wife, and of little John very often. I see her sick; frequently Mrs. Schauffler is with her; sometimes she is just in the agonies of death; sometimes she is going about the house with her debilitated gait, complaining of severe pains; sometimes she seems to have just been attacked with plague. It always seems a perfect reality, and I go through again with all the anxieties of the reality, as though it had all come upon me for the first time; so completely are the scenes that I have actually passed through gone from the mind, at these times. I awake from these dreams and wonder for a moment where my dear wife is.—The sad truth comes over me afresh and I look to God for comfort—nor have I ever yet looked in vain; blessed be his holy name.

* * * * * * * * *

Yours truly,

H. G. O. Dwight.

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San Stefano, Wednesday, July 19.

My dear Brother Goodell,—

* * * *

Do you know the name of that English traveller at Mr. Cartwright's who has the plague? I suppose you feel now, that the plague has come very near to you. I think you ought to take special precautions:

1. Have a good fumigation of chlorine kept up throughout your house.
2. Keep servants and children close in doors.
3. Eat no unhealthy food (this is a good rule always).
4. *Put your whole trust and confidence in God.*

I am sure he will then never leave nor forsake you. To *us*, this is a pestilence that walketh in darkness, but to God it is far different. It is all open day with him. The plague can go nowhere but where he sends it; and wherever he pleases it will go; notwithstanding all our fumigations and purifications. What if it should please him to make breaches in all our families by causing this noisome disease to enter, should we ascribe it to his anger? Should we grow fretful and impatient? Or should we not rather say with Eliphaz the Temanite, (who though apocryphal on some points, certainly spoke the truth when he said,) "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth; therefore despise not the chastening of the Almighty. For he maketh sore and he bindeth up; he woundeth, and his hands make whole. He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee."

Let us be ready, my brother, always ready. With the Holy Spirit in our hearts, and the Lord Jesus by our side, taking hold of our hand, we will fear no evil. Then death, come in whatever shape it may, will always be welcome, and never dreaded.

I think, dear brother, when we get to heaven and talk

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together there about the wonders of redeeming grace and love, hardly a word will be said by any of us in reference to these few days of affliction and suffering here.

May we, and all our children, be gathered together there at last, through infinite mercy in Jesus Christ.

Yours truly,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

San Stefano, Thursday, July 20.

MY DEAR BROTHER SCHAUFFLER,—

By the mercy of the Lord we are all still preserved, and our cup is running over with blessings. But the greatest of all our blessings is, that he does not turn away his face from us. *You* can say the same, I think, and dear sister Schauffler. And now, dear brother and sister, let us resolve, if the Lord spares our lives awhile longer, and gives us grace, that we will help each other on in our heavenly course more than we have done before. How much of heaven we may have here on earth, if we are willing! And are we not willing? Self must be denied; the world must be crucified to us and we to the world; sin, in every form and shape, must be disowned, abominated, and excluded. Prayer must be our breath. "Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm, fulfil a task so hard?" *By thy grace* he can, and thy grace is pledged over and over again to them that fear thee and trust in thee.

We have been long enough in the school of Christ to know the extent of our powers and his readiness to afford us all the help we need in our absolute imbecility.

We know too what hinders and what promotes a life of piety; what grieves, and what cherishes and secures the Holy Spirit. May the good Lord enable us to walk in the narrow path of self-denial—but which is all along strewed with beautiful flowers and precious fruits—and

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which will surely conduct us to a most glorious, holy, and happy place!

* * * * * * *

With much love to Mrs. Schauffler, and many kisses to little Charley, I remain,

Your brother,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

San Stefano, Friday evening, July 21.

MY DEAR BROTHER GOODELL,—

I send you three letters, all open, which I beg you will seal and forward as directed. I shall be glad to have a consultation with you and Mr. Schauffler before long, if the Lord spares us, in regard to the disposal of my children. If it be the pleasure of the Lord that I shall continue well I may perhaps come up to Pera some time next week, and spend a few hours. I want very much to see you all together again. I want to see Mrs. Goodell and Mrs. Schauffler, and the children. But perhaps the Lord has determined that I am not to be gratified in this respect. I think I can say, with truth, I want to have *my* will wholly swallowed up and lost in *his* will. I try every day to have my mind in a suitable frame for dying, for I know that this is the most suitable frame for *living*. How very wrong are the notions of some people on this subject! They think that to live as though we were going to die every day, must be terribly gloomy, whereas I know of nothing more cheerful and happy than the daily, constant anticipation of heaven! It sweetens the temper and softens every feeling of the heart. It removes gloominess and despondency, and brings into vigorous action all the powers of the body and soul. This is what made Paul such a happy man. He was *dying daily*, and yet I suppose that very few more cheerful men have ever lived; and certainly none was ever more busy and active than he.

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A gloomy and morose waiting for heaven is not the thing, neither is a passive and lazy waiting for heaven; though these two are generally connected, and neither of them accords with the spirit of the gospel.

After all, dear brother, how little do we know of heaven! Even Baxter must long ago have felt to say, "How poor and foolish were all my thoughts about the everlasting rest of the saints!" I was then a *child*, and *I spake as a child*, but O, how little did I know, and how little have I told of the reality!"

We ought to bless God, however, that he has revealed so much of heaven to us, and see that we make good use of it. He has given us as much knowledge on this subject as we children can bear, and of course more would not be good for us.

May we and all ours be gathered together at last in that holy blessed world, and multitudes from the people around us! Love to all, from

Your brother in the Lord,
H. G. O. DWIGHT.

Pera, Saturday, July 22.

VERY DEAR BROTHER,—

I was much pleased to receive your note. We read it immediately after our morning devotion, after having thanked the Lord for his preserving kindness to you and to yours, and asked for those things which we may need to live for his glory and to inherit his blessed kingdom. You propose that we should hereafter help each other on in heavenly-mindedness; and who would not be glad to enter into so blessed an engagement? We need to be in the Spirit, whether we live or die, whether we labour or rest, whether we rejoice or suffer. Neither is there any real enjoyment in prosperity, nor any comfort in affliction, unless the Spirit of the Lord sweeten the one and the

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other, and sanctify them to the heart. We need *one thing;* we need to be *full of Christ.* O, what a blessedness it is to be full of joy, and full of holiness, and full of heaven!

* * * * * * *

The plague increases rapidly in Pera, and appears to be very fatal where it strikes. May we be ready every moment! * * * * * *

And now may the Lord be with you! May *Jesus himself* draw near, and walk with us by the way! Nearness to him is all we need. May we have a blessed, profitable Sabbath, if we are permitted to behold its light! Remember us; we do the same for you. Our prayer meetings after dinner are kept up, and we hope to continue them till we shall be called to the great meeting for praise and thanksgiving in heaven, which will never cease.

Yours truly in the love of Christ,

W. G. SCHAUFFLER.

San Stefano, Sabbath evening, July 23.

DEAR BROTHER SCHAUFFLER,—

Your letter of yesterday greatly refreshed my heart. Why should we not be *full of Christ* every day? He is ready to be in us continually *as a well of water springing up to everlasting life.* It does seem as though most Christians do not begin to enjoy the full benefit of their religion until they begin to die. We are content to make our way through this world with a half-doubting hope, and with a wavering faith; just keeping our heads above water, as it were; and it is, in general, only at the very last, that we get advanced so far as to see our way *clear* to the heavenly world, through the atoning sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ.

It is indeed a poor compliment to our religion, that it does not enable us to *overcome the world* until the moment comes when we are to be *taken out of the world;* and

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that we cling to every thing else but Christ, until we are so completely stripped of other things, as to have nothing but him left to cling to. But so it is, to a very lamentable extent. *An abuse of creature-comforts*, my dear brother, is the bane of our piety. We love these for their own sake, when we ought to love them only so far as they help forward the life of God in the soul, and for no other reason. And how absorbed is the mind, oftentimes, in those earthly enjoyments which are in themselves lawful, and thus, while we are blind to our sin, *because* they are conditionally lawful, an abominable idolatry is fastened upon us—God is provoked, Christ is dishonoured, and the Holy Spirit departs from us. God has given me a severe reproof for this sin. Blessed be his name, he has given me also self-loathing on account of it, and a sweet sense of his pardoning mercy through Christ, and I think I may also say *a desire* to feed henceforth on heavenly instead of earthly food, and to keep the world in its proper place. But Oh I know my weakness, now more than ever I did, and I am afraid to make myself a single promise for the future.

> "Thy grace must all the work perform,
> And give the free reward."

O how sweet it is to lie down at night, feeling a full and perfect assurance in committing the keeping of our souls to Christ, and that whether we awake in this world or in the other, *nothing shall separate us from his love!* And to awake in the morning with a prospect of spending a little time longer in this world, feeling that in all the labours, temptations, afflictions and sorrow incident to our state here, *he will never leave us nor forsake us!* Blessed assurance! Blessed Saviour, who has condescended to address such words of comfort to our hearts!

Yours truly,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

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San Stefano, Tuesday morning, July 25.

MY DEAR BROTHER GOODELL,—

Your kind note and that of dear Mrs. Goodell was received this morning. I will endeavour to write her at another time. Your very kind offer to take little Charley, —what shall I say of it? My heart is deeply affected by it, and by all your other kindness, as well as that of my other dear friends. You have a house full of children of your own, and how can you think of taking another? I know dear Mrs. Goodell loves babies very much, however, and this reconciles me somewhat to the plan you propose, for I think, while it will add to her burdens, it will also add to her comforts. I know, also, that dear Mrs. Schauffler has so kind a heart, that she is ready to go far beyond her strength to do a kindness to another. We will talk about this, however, when I see you all together, if the Lord permits me to come up. One thing you must consider, Charley and I go together, you must not think of separating us; that is, if James and William go to Broosa.

My dear brother, the Lord shows me every day more and more, how *rich* he is *unto all who call upon him.* While in temporal things he has given me a bitter cup to drink, he gives me with the other hand a cup of spiritual blessings, *running over!* I am lost when I contemplate his surprising grace to me, who had gone so far from him! I sometimes fear to live, lest my poor foolish heart should be turned aside from the Lord. But he who has done so much for me can do still more. He who has supported me in *death*, as it were, can support me in *life*, if he wishes me to stay here awhile longer.

Let us remember, dear brother, the words of our Saviour, "They are not of *the world* even as *I* am not of the world." This world has no right to us; we do not belong to it. We are *in* it, but not *of* it. We are no

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more *of* it, than our Saviour was. When he was on the earth, he did not take one step nor lift one finger to procure or enjoy a single earthly gratification *on its own account.* His meat was to do the will of the Father, and to glorify him.

Let us think of this, when we are following after creature-comforts for the mere gratification of the creature. If shame can reach us in heaven, I think it will be for this, that we have been so greedy for the mere gratification of sense, when heavenly food was offered to us every day! How much of God and of Christ and heaven may we enjoy while in this world! It is the enjoyment of our eternal home, by anticipation while we live here, for a few days in this foreign and desert country doing and suffering our Master's will! But we must not let the fancied pleasures and gratifications of this state of pilgrimage turn aside our hearts. "THEY *are not of this world, even as I am not of this world!*"

I think, if the Lord will, I shall write a sermon from this text. I have already one sermon partly finished from the text, "Who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel."

Yours, with love to all,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

San Stefano, Tuesday evening, July 25.

MY DEAR SISTER GOODELL,—

I thank you much for your kind note, and for the deep interest you take in me and mine. I knew it all before, but under the heavy trials that have come upon me, I find my heart peculiarly tender and susceptible when addressed in the language of kindness and sympathy. I cannot read any of your kind notes without weeping. You say you "look on me as sorrowing and *very lonely.*" Sorrowing I am, and yet *always rejoicing!* But you

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must not think of me as being lonely. I am alone, it is true, in my tent, but I have not thought of such a thing as being *lonely* since I have been shut up here. Perhaps I should be so, if I had not my two boys near at hand. This is a great comfort to me, and I have often rejoiced that the present arrangement was made, and that they did not go up to Pera with Mrs. Schauffler, as I at first proposed.

My dear wife, it is true, has been removed from me, but I feel sure she is in a *good place;* far better than if she was still groaning and suffering with me here; and I do not wish her back. I sometimes fancy she is permitted to be present with me now, and to interest herself in my concerns;—but however this may be, *I know* the blessed Saviour is present always, and surely this is good society. "It is not solitude to be alone," with such an almighty Friend always at hand, who is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," and who has always words of comfort to speak to our hearts, and his hands full of blessings which he is ready to bestow! We have but to *ask*, and O, how it should humble us that we are so backward to "*open our mouths wide*," when we have so many assurances that they shall be filled with good things!

My dear sister, I feel that I have been greatly blessed of God, as you say, but it is all *amazing grace* to me. It humbles and fills me with shame to think that he has been so condescending and so good to me, who have wandered so far from him. Oh, may he still humble me more and more! I think, sometimes, that I shall by and by have some 'thorn in the flesh,' some 'messenger of Satan to buffet me,' lest I should be exalted above measure, "through the abundance of revelations."

But Oh, at our best estate, how much have we to humble us! How much sin clings to us and mingles in our holiest duties, and how many clogs hang about us, and prevent us from soaring upward, whither our spirits

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would sometimes go! In our best frames, put us in heaven and how loathsome should we appear there in the presence of infinite goodness and perfect holiness! I beg of you, dear sister, don't make any calculations upon any good that I may be enabled to do you, if the Lord shall permit me to return to your circle again. We will always try to do one another good, as we have opportunity, but let us not depend upon another, but each one go immediately and directly to *the fountain* for himself. With much love to the children, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

P. S. If the Lord will I hope to see you on Thursday next.

San Stefano, Saturday evening, July 29.

MY DEAR BROTHER SCHAUFFLER,—

I am glad A—— has got so much good from the trying scenes he has witnessed in our house. I think you will find that Madam D—— also has been benefited.

* * * * * * * * * * *

You ask about my feelings *in the house.* I did find that an effect was produced on my feelings last evening, on coming again into the house where my dear wife and child breathed their last, to sleep. I was a little sad, but, my dear brother, I found the Lord here, as well as in the tent. Blessed be his name, he always gives me instant relief, when I call upon him. This evening I am very happy in my solitude. How can it be otherwise? I have only to open my mouth and he fills it. Did you ever hear of a Christian who was always living in the sunshine, and never had any hours of darkness? This has been my case ever since the Lord first lifted upon me the light of his countenance in the sick-room of my dear wife. He has never turned his face away from me. Shall I

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boast of this? No, I cannot. It is not in my heart to do it, I see so clearly that it is all of his abounding grace, and not from any thing in me. Nor do I imagine that my case is a new one. The Lord has been gracious to thousands before; it is new to *me*, however, and wonderful. This in fact is the greatest mystery I see connected with my affliction, that the Lord should condescend to make it such a blessing to me. I do not suppose that he intends to let me walk in this sunshine always, unless he will soon take me to heaven. But I pray that if he spare me, however much he may hide his face from me, he may never leave me to go into sin. I see sin enough every day, but I think I can say it is perfectly abominable in my sight; may I loathe it more and more! With love to Mrs. S. and Madam D.,

Yours,

H. G. O. Dwight.

San Stefano, Saturday evening, July 29.

My dear Brother Goodell,—

I shall invite the Commodore as well as Mrs. Brown to go up to Pera, to be at the service a week from to-morrow. I don't know whether he will go, but I should think it probable if he is well.

I hope the Holy Spirit will greatly assist you in preparing your sermon. Let it be full of Christ and heaven,—but I need not say this to you.

I hope you will in some way take pains to inform the people, that a sermon will be preached in reference to these visitations, so that more may come.

If I can communicate any *facts* in regard to my dear wife that will assist you, I am quite ready to do it; but I would rather you would say what you think necessary to be said, *from what you know of her*, than from any thing I

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might say. She was to me a dear and most affectionate wife, and to the children a most devoted mother. This you know, and all knew who were intimate in my family.

* * * * * * * * * *

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints! How much care and pains the Lord takes with such miserable wretches as we are to prepare us for his holy kingdom! Wonderful, boundless love and mercy! Why does he not leave us to go on in our own chosen way to perish; and create somewhere a new race of holy men to occupy the mansions in heaven, prepared for *us?* Ah! then the lovely character of Christ our Redeemer, and the Holy Spirit our Sanctifier, would not be so developed! *Great*, indeed, *is the mystery of godliness!* The work of redemption is full of mystery from beginning to end. Mysterious love! Mysterious condescension and humiliation! Mysterious patience! Mysterious long-suffering and forbearance! Mysterious providence!

My brother, do not cease to pray for me and for my children.

Yours truly, with much love to Mrs. G.,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

Sabbath evening.—Our friend, the Armenian Bishop, came to see me to-day, to express his sympathies, with a train of Armenians, among whom was B. A. of Smyrna. My constant prayer is, Lord, bless the Armenians, the Greeks, the Jews, the Turks and the Franks!

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LETTERS TO MR. DWIGHT.

My dear Brother Buck,—

From the many kind and sympathizing letters I have received in reference to my recent trials, I have selected the following to send for your perusal, and for that of my other friends, feeling assured that they will interest you; and with the hope, also, that they may be blessed to your spiritual comfort and edification, as I trust they have been to mine.

I might have sent you many more highly valued communications, but I dared not tax your patience too far, and these are offered to you, chiefly as a specimen of the deep feeling with which all my brethren in this part of the world have entered into my trying circumstances.

Yours very sincerely,

H. G. O. Dwight.

Smyrna, July 7, 1837.

My dear Brother Dwight,—

I know I am addressing one who may be in the eternal world ere this time; but I have a secret and strong persuasion that you are yet spared, and that you will be spared, together with the whole of your company, to praise and magnify the Lord yet many days in this world. For our dear sister Dwight we hope, yet with great trembling, that her feebleness of constitution may prove her safety. We have prayed for her, for you, and for all yours, and not we only have prayed, but many others, probably all in this region who love to pray, have prayed for you, that

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God would order all things for you all, in mercy as well as in wisdom.

Your case has excited the interest of many beyond our own circle of brethren and sisters. I need not tell you we were much surprised and grieved to hear of this great calamity which has befallen you all. Our only comfort is in knowing that he hath ordered it who is "too wise to err, too good to be unkind," and that he can make it to you all the richest blessing you ever experienced. You are all brought very near to the eternal world, and made to feel that you stand upon its very threshold; and if you take pains, if you sit down calmly and prayerfully to consider yourselves, in your present circumstances, and the world around you and the one before you, you may, by the grace of God, be prepared fully and at all points for the event if God calls you away, and if he allows you all to pass safely through this hour of danger, you may come back to life and engage in its duties, feeling more than ever before as the citizens of another, even a heavenly world, sojourning here for a *little* space. O! how much happier are you this day, than the most of those whom the plague assails or compromises. Of the thousands who died recently in Constantinople around you, how few had any hope—any Saviour! The Lord has rich mercies in store for you, I have no doubt. He intends to purify you more perfectly, if you have already been converted, and he is calling upon those who may not yet have been born again, upon all *your children*, to give him their hearts. This event ought to make, and I trust will make a deep and saving impression on the minds of every one of them who can understand it.

My dear brother Dwight! my heart bleeds for you in particular. If you have already been called to mourn the departure of your dear wife, then you have a sorrow deeper than any I have ever known. May the Lord Jesus,

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who knows your state, comfort you and bless the event to you! And if Mrs. Dwight be recovering, then I know you for the first time now begin to feel the loss of your "*little Johnny.*" The greater sorrow must swallow up the less; but if the greater be removed, then as a tender father, you will begin to mourn, not your first born, but your first dead! The news of your child's death brings up afresh to my mind the loss of "*my Jemmy*," for that was the name of endearment I always loved to give him. I can feel for you in regard to *this* affliction, and *I do feel;* but what is better for you, *the Lord Jesus feels too.* How little did I think when I received your letters of condolement a few weeks ago, that I should so soon be called to comfort and sympathize with you in a similar affliction. I remember, and probably you do too, what you said in one of your letters to me about your four dear boys, and the "struggle" there would be "between nature and grace," if called to give up any one of them. But I do not suppose there has been any great struggle after all. I suppose you have found yourself able with great calmness to bow to the dispensations of the all-wise providence of God.

To the mercy of God I commend you and your dear partner—who I will hope is still spared. I have thought of the missionary work among the Armenians, and asked myself how it will go on without you. But this thought is sinful; God needs you not in this world. And if he takes you away now in the vigor of your manhood and the prime of your usefulness from his work, he will give you better, higher work in heaven, and he will himself take care of his own cause on earth. With him I leave you, my dear brother. May he show mercy and spare you, if it may be his will, through Jesus Christ, to whom, whether we live or die, be glory for ever!

Your truly affectionate brother,

J. B. Adger.

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Ooroomiah, July 28, 1837.

My dear Brother,—

As it is evening, when my eyes allow me to write very little, and our messenger leaves very early in the morning, you will excuse me from writing you but a very hasty note. In justice to my own feelings I must do this, and especially as the intelligence we have just received from Constantinople is such as calls forth my liveliest sensibility and warmest sympathy on your account. O how I wish I could have been with you in the deep trials, the afflicting scenes through which you have been called to pass. How happy should I have been to have been able in any way to administer relief! But it might not be.

The intelligence we have received announces the death of your little John, and that Mrs. Dwight was very low of the plague. I fear that long ere this the Lord has called her away from you, and that you have felt, and now feel, more of the *emptiness* of earth, of its unsatisfying nature, than ever before. I may not be able, nay I am sure I cannot appreciate all your feelings, if such has been your experience. You may feel, I trust you *do* feel, that the Lord does all things well; that in our most severe afflictions he deals with us in infinite mercy and loving-kindness. You feel entire resignation; but Oh, when you think of your loss, (if the partner of your joys and sorrows is indeed gone,) you feel an untold agony, that would almost make you say, it must not be. You feel what none can know but those who have drank deep of the same cup.

But we would not recall those who have passed beyond this vale of suffering, of sighing and tears. We would not call them back from the blessed scenes of that better, happier world, where we hope soon to join in their songs of immortal praise. Heaven seems nearer and more desirable as we realize that it is the abode of those we loved

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here below. We think of our dear departed ones, not as dead, but as the glorified inhabitants of those blissful mansions which Jesus has gone to prepare. They have gone a little before us, and seem to beckon us onward; and soon, very soon, if we are found faithful, shall we unite with them and all the redeemed, in the song of Moses and the Lamb, for ever and ever. That this glorious hope may cheer and animate you, is the prayer of your affectionate friend,

A. GRANT.

Ooroomiah, July 28, 1837.

MY DEAR BROTHER DWIGHT,—

Under what circumstances this may find you, if it overtakes you in the land of the living, I know not. But I will send to your missionary home, giving this evidence that I have a brother's heart, and can feel for a brother's wo. But what shall I say? My words are swallowed up. My dear brother, there is a happy meeting place on high, where sin nor sorrow never come.

Our late accounts from Constantinople have left us with scarce a possible hope, that the fell destroyer has spared your beloved companion to weep with you the breach already made in your family. From the dark and stormy sea of life, how glad we hail the opening heavens of endless peace and joy! There our best friends, our kindred dwell, or ere long will arrive to dwell for ever. Yes, says faith with smiles, but the broken heart remembers again its anguish, and cries, How long ere the full consummation will be realized? But time is the furnace, and these trials are the fire to make us like the most fine gold meet to adorn the temple on high.

Beloved brother, the Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gra-

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cious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace!

JAMES L. MERRICK.

Ooroomiah, July 28, 1837.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—

It is two days since the distressing intelligence reached us of your being visited by the plague. I say *distressing*, for other it could not be, especially as the last insertion in those letters left poor sister Dwight on the very borders of the grave. Still there are some considerations which sooth our bleeding hearts, and enable us to contemplate with resignation even such intelligence.

We hope that sister Dwight may have been restored. We think we have some ground of hope for her recovery, from a gleam of encouragement which we gather from the last sentence in one of the above named letters. But on the most trying supposition, even that our sister has departed, we still cannot repine, because we know that the will of our heavenly Father is done. Your own calmness and comfort, under the afflictive dispensation with which you were visited, too, would rebuke our repining. We can *sympathize* with you in the death of little J. W. We are not strangers to such a trial. We know that it must have been hard for you to be *alone*, and especially to be obliged to commit his remains to the tomb. Still you were supported by the presence of the *best* of *friends*. And in the still more trying hour, as you stood *alone*, over the dying couch (if such it proved) of your dearest earthly friend, *then we know it was trying to you;* but you relieve us, by telling us, that *even there* your room was a *Bethel;* and if she has gone, O with still stronger emphasis may we say, that that room was a *Bethel*—the house of God and the *gate of heaven.*

Would, my dear brother, that we could fly to you and

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relieve you, that we might at least try to comfort you by our presence. But we know that you have a better Comforter, and more substantial consolations than we could impart. And even if your house should be made desolate as that of Job of old, like that holy man we believe you would still be supported and bless God.

Though separated, dear brother, we can *pray* for you, and we will pray for you, without ceasing. And we hope and believe, that in all this afflictive dispensation you will be enabled to say, Blessed be the name of the Lord, and his will be done!

O may we all be quickened to set our own houses in order. *Our* dying hour we know must soon come; and of how little consequence in what manner or how soon, if only we be ready.

We commend you and yours to God and the word of his grace, which we trust will be sufficient for you in every extremity. And how delightful will it be, when we arrive at heaven, to look back upon all the way in which our God shall lead us, often a dark and thorny road, yet cheered by the light of his countenance, and conducting to mansions of glory.

All join me in tenderest sympathy.

Your brother,

J. PERKINS.

Boujah, July 12, 1837.

MY DEAR AFFLICTED BROTHER,—

We have just heard that God has again entered your dwelling, and taken from you the partner of your joys and sorrows. I know that the plague is a dreadful and relentless disease, but I still indulged the hope that she might be spared to you. I did not expect to hear that you would again be so sorely bereaved. But God is wise;

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he is good; he is merciful; "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." "*He doth not* afflict *willingly* nor grieve the children of men;" much less his children whom he loves. How delightful, how consoling are all these promises and reflections! God has taken her, we trust, to himself. Her time of probation, anxiety, sorrow and sin, is all passed. She beholds her Lord and her God—her Redeemer—her Saviour. Is there no mercy shown to her in this dispensation? He has taken your Johnny from the evil to come. You have no more anxiety on his account lest he should grow up in sin, break your heart and dishonour God. Does he not show kindness in this? He lent you your wife for several years; you enjoyed her society, her prayers, her sympathies, her counsels. She added to your happiness and usefulness, and doubtless strengthened your zeal and love and faith in God. Did he show no goodness in such a gift?

Almost four months have elapsed since I stood by the side of my own wife, as she was apparently in the last agonies of death. Death had imprinted his own image on her countenance; and yet she was spared, and is now slowly recovering from her protracted illness. Five or six weeks ago I looked on the face of my youngest daughter, and as a friend said to me, God can raise her up to life, I thought to myself, And will he perform a miracle? Will he raise her from the dead? And yet this little one is now enjoying good health, and has a reasonable prospect of growing to womanhood. Why has God brought me to look at two members of my family just in the very jaws of death, and then raised them up, while within the same period of time he has entered both your family and that of brother Adger, twice each, and laid dear objects of affection in the grave?—"Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." I rejoice

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that God reigns, and though he smite me until my very soul withers under a sense of his presence, yet will I rejoice that the blessed, eternal, righteous God reigns and does his own pleasure, both on earth and in heaven, and this I have no doubt is your feeling. I will not attempt to console you, for I know that the blessed Spirit speaks peace to your soul. Indeed I am not sure but I should have acted more wisely, if I, like the friends of Job, had kept silence, and expressed to you my sympathies without saying a word.

Your afflictions are our afflictions. They are meant to do you good, and I doubt not that God intended no less to train us and teach us by these trials of your faith and love. If these frequent dispensations of God's providence in the families of brothers Smith, Schauffler, Adger and yourself, should make you all more holy, zealous, thoughtful, and anxious for the salvation of souls, and more laborious in securing this great object of benevolence, would you regret that God had taken this method of preparing you to receive the crown, not only of eternal life in your own persons, but also of causing you to shine like stars in the firmament of heaven, as the instruments of saving souls? Would your beloved wife regret it? Would the dearly beloved Mrs. Smith? And if, in addition, God should awaken us, who have suffered but little if at all in our own families, and cause us to labour for souls as we never yet have done, would you recall her? Souls are a great prize. "*This kind* goeth not out but by *much* fasting and prayer." "*Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone;* but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." Who knows but God is preparing the Mediterranean mission for a great blessing?

I would love to see you in your affliction, and if possible to strengthen your soul in God. But your strength *is there.* I doubt not you feel it, and rejoice even in your

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sorrows that God is the Governor of the universe. I pray that not only you and the dear brethren at Constantinople may be sanctified, but that we may all become riper for heaven as well as for usefulness on earth.

Mrs. P. unites with me in expressions of deep sympathy for your recent afflictions.

Yours affectionately,

L. W. PEASE.

Smyrna, July 12, 1837.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER DWIGHT,—

Your very kind and affecting letter of the 9th inst. both afflicted and consoled me. I was disappointed in learning that your dear wife had fallen asleep in the Lord, for my hopes were very strong that she would recover. But how were we all comforted by the persuasion that she is gone to be with our Saviour, and to behold the glory which the Father has given him—to see him as he is! Nor less were we all consoled by finding from your letter how you have been comforted of God, in all your tribulations! We bless God, that you are enabled, in the light of those things which are unseen and eternal, to regard your troubles as only light afflictions which are but for a moment, and designed by God's infinite mercy, to work for you an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

I had been so deaf that it almost seems to me now as if I had never heard God's voice to any effectual purpose, till it was uttered in the awful tones of death in my own family. At such a time how different a character does sin exhibit from what it usually has at other times! How the soul feels the need of a God *nigh at hand*, and not afar off! What a new value does it give to a throne of grace, to the one Mediator, to the blood of sprinkling, to the Lamb of God, that takes away the sin of the world! If all these things do not appear in a new light, they do

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at least appear in a much clearer and more impressive light, than at other times. It was so with me, and it is, I am confident, so with you. How many kind words has Christ spoken which escape our attention till some heavy affliction brings them under our notice and teaches us how precious they are. When he had talked a long time with his disciples, and uttered to them many, many precious sentences, each of which was worth more than worlds, he said, *These things I have said unto you that your joy may be full!* When our heavenly Father in his faithfulness gives us the bitter cup of affliction to drink, he still allows us to taste of consolations prepared by his own dear Son—a cup of which he was not allowed to drink when his soul was exceedingly sorrowful even unto death.

I have been meditating almost daily for ten years past on the last chapters of John's Gospel, containing the valedictory words of our Lord Jesus Christ, and they daily become more and more precious to me. But I doubt whether any one can deeply feel how precious they are, till affliction has given its salutary lesson; certain it is, that I knew little or nothing of this till I had been afflicted. To me there is nothing like the words of our Saviour. *They are spirit and they are life.* They impart strong consolation. He tells us we must be afflicted, and gives the reason for this. Every branch in him that bears fruit his Father the great husbandman purges, that it may bring forth more fruit. He uses the pruning knife for our good and his glory. He wishes to render us more fruitful! Alas! alas! how often has he come to us seeking fruit and finding none, or only a little! If we look back on our life, we must feel that he has gathered from us but very little of the ripe fruits of the Spirit. Should he in mercy spare us, may we by his grace bring forth much fruit in time to come!

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We rejoice, dear brother, that you were permitted to remain with your dear wife till she gave up the ghost. Our earnest prayer for you is, that your life may be spared. It is consoling to know that our Lord will continue our lives as long as he has any need of them in this world. He can lay us all aside, and still carry on his own work, and extend his kingdom without our co-operation.

I have recently read with very great interest, Shaw's "*Welcome to the Plague*," written almost 200 years ago, by a most devoted minister in circumstances similar to your own. The first hundred pages of the book, including the preface, cannot fail to comfort and edify you. You will find them, if I mistake not, a copy of your own feelings expressed in a most pious and edifying manner.

I read this book many years ago, but it spoke to my heart as I read it last Sabbath, and I felt assured that it would do so to yours.

Mrs. Temple has been a mother indeed to my once motherless boys, and she would be happy to act the part of a mother to any of your dear motherless ones. Though their dear mother can render them no further aid, her prayers for them, while with you, will be a memorial for them before God. Only a few children are left with such a heritage as yours,—a thousand prayers of a devout mother, had in remembrance before God. They will all become, I trust and believe, the servants of the Lord, for they are the *sons of his handmaid.* I know how your heart will now cling to them, what a deep, strong, and tender feeling will swell your heart towards them. O what a sacred, precious privilege it will be to commend them to that almighty and sympathizing Saviour, who was dead and is alive again, who is the same yesterday and to-day and for ever! May this good Shepherd gather them all in his arms, and carry them in his bosom! I trust your eyes will never fail in looking upwards, for you will

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find no consolation in looking anywhere else. Satan may suggest to you, as Job's sincere but indiscreet friends did to him in his affliction, that you are a hypocrite, and that now your sins have found you out, though I trust the Lord will not allow him thus to tempt you. Think of the kind language of God concerning his ancient people: "*Is Ephraim my dear son? Is he a pleasant child? for since I spoke against him, I do earnestly remember him still; therefore my bowels are troubled for him, I will surely have mercy on him, saith the Lord.*" As a disciple of his Son, you, my dear brother, are not less dear to him, than Ephraim was, for Christ said to his disciples, "The Father himself loveth you because ye have loved me, and have believed that I came out from God."

He has taken away your dear wife and son, but it is not in anger, but in faithfulness that he has done this. He has taken them, as we trust, to himself, removing them from you, that he might come nearer to you than ever and speak to your heart.

We are apt to give our friends a place so near to our hearts, that God can speak to us only from a distance, till some of them are removed. I do not think, however, that we love our friends too much. When some of them are taken away, I am persuaded that it is not our heavenly Father's design to diminish our love to the survivors, but to increase our love to him; and were our love to him increased a thousandfold, I am persuaded it would be increased to them in the same proportion, and that this would be most acceptable to him. Had your love to your dear wife and child been only one tenth as strong as it was, your love to God at the same time only remaining the same as it was, do you think that you would have been more acceptable to him, or would have less needed this bereavement to bring you nearer to him? He that loves God must love his brother also, must love his wife,

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his children, his friends; and he who enjoined this duty has added no caution to prevent its being carried too far. While, however, we are as I think in no danger of loving our friends too much in God and for his sake, he often reminds us in a very affecting manner of our danger of loving him, our Saviour, too little. Of our love to our friends he says, "This ought ye to have done, but not to leave the other undone." Our Saviour loved his friends most sincerely and tenderly, but God supremely. Here is our example. His friend Lazarus died, and he wept. *Behold how he loved him*, said the spectators. Precious example! I have never observed that those who seem to love their friends little, exhibit the least evidence of loving God much. God is love, and he that dwelleth in God, dwelleth in love—love to all men, and especially to those to whom one sustains the most intimate relationship in this world.

Dear brother, having myself tasted the cup you are now called to drink, though in different circumstances, I can and do most sincerely sympathize with you and commend you to our great and sympathizing High Priest, who has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows, and does still bear and carry them all. Most heartily do I recommend you to him. One word of sympathy from him is worth more than long epistles and sermons from the best of friends on earth. If he says, My *peace I give unto you*, this is enough. If he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?

The Lord bless you and keep you, and cause his face to shine upon you, and give you peace!

Sincerely yours,

D. Temple.

The following letter has an additional interest from the fact that it was written by one of the Armenian na-

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tion, a very dear Christian brother, who is now in a very important station of usefulness, benefitting his countrymen. It is less than three years since he began to learn English, and I choose to leave uncorrected some errors of language, so that the letter may be read by you just as it came to me from his own hand. His allusion to the spiritual condition of his nation is truly affecting. I have received other communications from other Armenian friends, equally tender and sympathizing, though written in the Armenian language, and I have not time now to translate them for your perusal.

S——, July 14, 1837.

Rev. and dear Sir,—

I am sorry to turn my pen from its usual course and to write you a letter, not on a joyful subject, but on the sorrowful calamity to which your whole family has been recently exposed; yet I must do it, for a man must never expect to act according to his own will, but always according to that of God.

On Wednesday, one week ago, Mr. Adger came home with a number of letters from the Rev. Mr. Goodell, and from Mrs. Schauffler, and read them to me, by which I was informed of all the dealings of Providence with you and yours; then with deep feeling and sorrow we went to prayer for you all. Another sad piece of news, much more sorrowful than the former, has since been brought to me, concerning the departure of your dear partner from this world.

And now, my dear sir, though I have not the least ability to give you any consolation, seeing that the Holy Spirit of God himself is your own comforter, yet I should not like to be utterly silent in this your time of distress.

The death of your dear wife and child, I know, must have occasioned you much sorrow, especially it being in such an unexpected manner. Your beloved partner and

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her son, as well as we all, have been invited to the wedding of the King of kings. They were made ready to go before us, while we are still here preparing our wedding garments. They are rejoicing now before the presence chamber of the King. They are eating and drinking at the table of Christ, and standing before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands.

Mrs. Dwight, who survived her son a very short time, took immediately her flight after him, to see God, and to say, Lord, behold I and my child whom thou hast given me; my child never did vocally praise thee on the earth, but here, in angelic terms we will both praise and magnify thee for ever! O how happy they must be now! how does their souls overflow with everlasting joy in joining the innumerable company of angels and holy spirits in singing hallelujahs to their God and Saviour! They look now to the face of him who had redeemed them, and examining the very wounds of his hands, and feet and side, each cries out, My Lord and my God! O that God would prepare us too, whether late or soon, to meet them there and join them in his praises!

You also have been in the like peril from that fearful disease, and I am afraid you still are within the reach of it, but I pray that God may keep you and your surviving children from death, and spare your life for the sake of my nation. What a melancholy thought it is, that the missionaries sent to the Armenians, do suffer either in themselves or in their families, death and persecutions. Oh! when any of those who come out to preach the glad tidings of the gospel to my nation, die suddenly, and by the stroke of some peculiar disease, then have I not reason to conclude that God is greatly displeased with my nation, and therefore has sent such a judgment and left them to walk in the path of their sins, to see not the light

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of the Gospel, and hear the good news of it, and turn and be saved? God has already showed his displeasure to us, by calling back from Armenia the German missionaries, who for many years have been labouring there. The spiritual state of the Armenians is indeed a very sad and affecting one; they wander in the moral darkness of superstition and ignorance. I mourn and lament over them in my heart. May God pour out upon them his holy Spirit in an abundant measure, that they may be enlightened and see the dangers amid which they walk. In conclusion, the earnest desire of my heart is, that the presence of the holy Comforter of God may always be with you and sustain you in your sorrows and afflictions. My kind respects to all the missionary families and Christian friends.

I remain, dear sir, your most affectionate and humble brother in our common Lord,

V———.

Smyrna, July 14, 1837.

My dear Brother Dwight,—

A letter from dear brother Smith, of Beyroot, just reached me as I was about to sit down to write you a few lines of condolement under your late severe bereavement. I cannot say any thing better than the following extract from his epistle, the whole of which I will send up for your perusal at another time. He says, "We here form only a part, a very small part of God's great system of government. We only see the beginning of things. This is the only explanation of such trying providences. The great business of man is not here, and therefore it seems as if God intended to act so as to make us feel as if he did not much care about the interruption of plans in this world. They are as nothing in the view of him who directs the great events of eternity. O what new scenes, new views, will open upon us when we shall know even as we are known!"

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Speaking of the death of my little James, he says, "Our losses are indeed unlike, but both have taken hold of the tenderest cords of the human heart, and tied them to what is beyond the grave; and is it not as if we were all now more than before converging toward the same centre?

Yes; and we shall ere long be there. And happy for us is it, that it will be ere long. I would not live alway. To depart and be with Christ in that world of stupendous things is far better.

But still to labour for the Master is *sweet*, is it not my dear brother? Mr. Smith wrote me from Beyroot, that God had provided him a source of consolation under his trials, when he reached his station, which he had not before; namely, *his work*. * * * * *

God I trust will spare you, dear brother, to your work, and that you will take more pleasure in it hereafter than ever before, feeling more that it is *for Christ*, who "seems determined to have your whole heart," by taking away other objects from your affections.

I am endeavouring to give myself more to my work than ever before. I desire among other benefits from my afflictions to derive this one also, namely, to be quickened to greater industry. Your dear wife has had a short course, so have many others—so may we have. What our hand findeth to do, let us do it with our might. Let us hasten with our work, and as fast as possible get it all done up properly, before the Master calls us away!

I believe I love you more than I ever did before, since we have both been afflicted. I believe I love all my brethren more; especially those who have in like ways been tried of the Lord. Truly they are a beloved brotherhood, able to sympathize with each other, an honoured, happy fraternity, noticed and beloved of God, for "whom the Lord loves he chastens." As said an afflicted servant

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of God once, "I thank the Lord that he has condescended so far as to notice me and chastise me." "God is love," and his wish for us is our sanctification. *No less benevolent* is his will concerning us than this, that we become holy, *partakers of his holiness.* How sweet is the representation made of God, that *he loves whom he chastens*, and of Christ, that he sympathizes with those whose great High Priest and the Captain of whose salvation he became by this very means; being made perfect himself through sufferings; that is, being himself *finished, completed as to this part of his character, as to this relation* which he was to hold to us, by passing into the very midst of the furnace of affliction!

It was a sweet thought to me when I first heard of your dear wife's departure, that she would probably see my dear children, and carry them news of their parents' fond remembrance of them, and grief for their departure, and yet of their joy in submitting to God's will, and of their expectation ere long to join them in heaven.

May God keep you, dear brother Dwight, and your children in perfect safety unto the end of this trying period of anxiety, and make this trial the richest blessing you or they ever had. So too may he bless his dealings with all the others of your little company.

Truly yours in love,

JOHN B. ADGER.

Smyrna, July 19, 1837.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—

After a voyage of thirty days, I arrived here last Sabbath evening, and what was my surprise and sorrow on being told of your severe affliction!

My heart longed to be with you, dear brother, and would have urged me to go immediately to your city, that I might weep and pray and sing praises to God with you.

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The next morning I sat down to try to bring your circumstances distinctly before me, that I might realize and enter into your feelings, and this, though once it would have been impossible, I think I could now in some measure do.

Your letters to Mr. Temple and Mr. Adger, how exactly they express my own feelings! Yet in one respect you may be said to be more favoured than I was; though it is just in that respect that your trial is more severe. Your affliction is a double one, and, in accompanying your dear wife and child to the grave with the expectation of so soon following them,—*you must have more fully realized eternal things.* This is the great benefit of such a season. O how it brings eternity nigh! so much so as to make us feel that all our thoughts of it before had been but dreams. And how it weans us from the world! It makes us feel as if it would be a privilege to go too, while we almost shrink from remaining longer here lest we should again learn to look at earthly things as we used to do. With this feeling I have coveted whatever circumstances tend to keep those precious hours fresh in my memory and in my heart. It is when they come up with most freshness, that I find the most satisfaction in prayer, and feel that my heart is in the most desirable frame.

But, my dear brother, salutary as affliction is to our worldly and selfish hearts, it is painful. You feel desolate and lonely, and you weep at the great vacuity that has been made in your heart and in your family. There is a precious portion of Scripture that was written for us in just such circumstances, and in it how fully does he who wounds the heart, show that he knows perfectly the way most effectually to bind it up and heal it! It has often comforted me to read it, and on the morning of which I spoke above, as I was thinking of you, I turned to it and read it again. It is 1 Thessalonians 4: 13—18. What a cordial are these words to our aching hearts!

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We are anxious to know what is the condition of those who were so lately with us, and whether we are never more to see them. It satisfies us on both points—"*Those which sleep in Jesus.*" This is the condition of them that die in the Lord, and is the substance of what we know of their state before the judgment day: "I will come again and *receive you unto myself.*" "Father, I will that they all whom thou hast given me, *may be with me where I am.*" "This day shalt thou be *with me* in Paradise." Willing rather to be absent from the body and *to be present with the Lord.* "Having a desire to depart and *to be with Christ.*" And are we not willing that our friends should go to Christ? Is it not for them "far better?" Could they have a safer keeper, a more loving friend? How much better to sleep in his bosom, than to be racked with the pains and distressed with the temptations and sins of this mortal state! This simple, precious promise of *being with Christ*, was what set the anxieties of my own dearly beloved wife at rest, and enabled her to meet death with calmness and with joy.

And then with Jesus they are not lost;—no, *he will bring them with him.* On that glorious day will they help to swell the company of bright, pure spirits which will form his train. Then we shall meet them and recognise them, and thenceforward in one blessed company be for ever with the Lord. O what blessed prospects for such worthless, guilty creatures! What consolations for our poor wounded hearts! Like the ever-abounding generosity of our God, they are more than enough. They not only dry our tears, and assuage our anguish, but they fill our hearts with joy and our mouths with praise.

My dear brother, I could write much more and not say all I wish, but I have not the time. My heart is with you, and my poor prayers ascend for you and your dear motherless children. Ever truly yours,

ELI SMITH.

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Trebizond, July 17, 1837.

Dear Brother Dwight,—

The painful news of your dear wife's decease, and also that of your little John White, reached us yesterday. How trying were the circumstances in which you were called to part with them! But our heavenly Father has his own merciful designs to accomplish by all his dealings with his children. If friends might have been admitted to her sick chamber, how much they might have contributed to her comfort and yours, and how much they might have been edified by her last words! But I hope God only removed friends from her chamber that he might fill it with his own glorious presence.

Dear brother, did you not find it to yourself, as we have no doubt it was to her, the gate of heaven? O that we may all profit by this solemn admonition!

But yesterday, as it were, I and my family were guests in your house; then we were all in health, and though we heard of brothers and sisters at other stations dying one by one, I could not easily realize that any of us should be so soon called away. And often have I asked the questions in my own mind, Which of us will be taken first? and Where and in what manner will it be? Now God has answered both. But now the same questions may be asked again respecting those who remain. For my own part, I confess I have not attained to a perfect freedom from the fear of death. This I know is a great sin, when I think how full God's word is of the assurance that those who trust in him shall never be made ashamed. We are inconsistent with ourselves, as professing Christians, when we fear to die, and tremble at the invitation which bids us come up higher. And yet I have been struck with the thought that death, which is the consummation of the Christian's hopes, is so universal a terror, even to the elect. Even the happiest Christians

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whose memoirs we have, thought it worthy of record, that in their sweetest experience they sometimes felt willing to die. Death is the last enemy with which we have to contend. I suppose that few are exempt from all fear of him. But as the promise is, that "as our day so shall our strength be," if God has given us grace sufficient for our small trials, so we ought to depend on him for help adequate to this great exigency, whenever it shall come. The contest is over with your dear companion, dear to us all; and I hope you will favour us with a particular account of her dying experience, as soon as you find it easy and convenient to do so. Your own life has also been much exposed, but we pray and hope that God will spare you to us a little longer. We deeply sympathize with you in the bereavement which you have sustained, and especially your children. Their loss is irreparable, but I hope you have many friends who are ready to supply to them, in some measure, the place of a mother; and above all, the promise of their father and mother's God, to whom they have been devoted again and again, remains for their well-being and your comfort. If we can be in any way serviceable to you or them, I hope you will command us. With the best wishes for yourself and little ones, I remain

Yours truly,

T. P. JOHNSTON.

Trebizond, July 18, 1837.

DEAR BROTHER DWIGHT,—

With what words shall I address you, if you are indeed yet in the land of the living! What astounding intelligence did we receive from Constantinople! To hear that the pestilence had visited your family, your wife and child, confined as they were in a retired room in the little village of San Stefano, where there was health and quietness undisturbed prevailing, is to us most unaccountable. The

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hand of the Lord was certainly in it, not in vengeance and wrath, but in the execution of the combined counsels of his unsearchable wisdom and mercy. Yes, the arrow of death goes at his bidding, and he is calling upon us to be still and know that he is God, our heavenly Father indeed; and he never violates that dear relation, for he makes *all* things work together for good to them that love him. But he is also a Sovereign at the head of the universe, and responsible, if I may so say, to his own glory in governing the whole and every part in the wisest, the most just, and the best manner; not wise, just and good, as it may appear to *men*, to our contracted view of the bearing of his acts within the compass of our planet and a few years of time, but as it may appear in view of eternity and eternal things. Such trials aim directly at our faith. If we have faith, (and have we not every reason to have it?) we shall acquiesce fully in the administration of Jehovah, as a whole, and in all its parts, though he may do many things strange and unaccountable to us. If we have love, we shall find our love increase as we look at his infinite mercy and kindness, shown us every day of our lives; and we know from his word, that in the very *afflictions* which he is obliged, from the necessity of them, to send upon us—for he who delights never in the death of a sinner, from his own nature cannot take complacency even in temporary suffering on its own account—in these very afflictions he is working out for our eternal state, a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. When we all arrive home in heaven, if indeed all of us are heirs of heaven, we shall see *no one reason* to complain of *one* severe act, among all the dealings of God with us here on earth.

What shall I say, dear brother, to console you? Alas! I feel that all *I* can say of my own reasonings or reflections were but feebleness. I cannot reach the case—it is

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above me—I can sympathize, and *I do*, most deeply. I can pray to God for you, and that we all try to do. He and he alone can pour the balm of consolation into your heart, and I believe he will do it.

This event calls loudly on us to be also ready. This is the third time since coming to Trebizond, that I have been called upon to send words of consolation to afflicted missionary brethren in this vicinity. How soon will some of us in Trebizond need the same kind office! We have been hitherto abundantly favoured, but we too are written on the list of mortals, and our turn will come. O that this event may awaken every one of us, who may be slumbering and sleeping, that we may arise and be ready for the coming of the Lord!

We are now living in the country, and Mrs. Jackson did not get the intelligence till near night. She was so distressed by it, as not to sleep for most of the night. We fear too for *you*, and the rest who were exposed, but we hope the Lord will stay his afflicting hand.

In love and sympathy, yours,

W. C. JACKSON.

Broosa, July 17, 1837.

MY DEAR BROTHER DWIGHT,—

I write you under circumstances such as you never were placed in before, and they are so very peculiar that I do not feel myself competent to say any thing truly correspondent to your situation, yet my feelings prompt me to write, although it be but a feeble attempt to administer consolation to one who has daily access to higher and more satisfying sources of comfort.

I feel assured that you find God near and gracious to you in this hour of trial, and that by his grace it is not only rendered supportable, but even a means of spiritual benefit. That you are not forgotten by us I need not assure you. It is our earnest and daily prayer, that what must be such a grievous affliction to you, may prove one

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of your greatest mercies. With your beloved wife we doubt not it is well,—*all well and well for ever.* She has escaped from the pains and sufferings and sins of this mortal state, and she is with *Jesus*, which is far better.

We will not, then, mourn so much for her as for our own loss, and for you and her motherless children. We will pray and do pray the God of mercies to put his everlasting arms beneath you and to be more than an affectionate and tender mother to your little ones;—to take them in his arms and carry them in his bosom; to provide for them and bless them with all necessary mercies. And whenever it shall be in our power, we will do all we can to lighten this heavy affliction. It will give us sincere pleasure to alleviate it in any way.

As soon as we heard of the illness of your sainted partner, we were apprehensive of danger, but we did not expect such an issue. It is a satisfaction to us, however, that we had an opportunity of praying for her with a special reference to her sickness which removed her to her final rest. And now we will continue to bear on our hearts those of her dear family she has left behind. In all these expressions of sympathy my beloved wife cordially unites. We have both of us many thoughts of your dear wife as now participating in the scenes of the heavenly world, and the objects of eternity have been brought very near to us. We feel in some measure that death is very near us.

May the Lord be gracious to you and to us, and make us to realize very deeply that this world is not our home. With sentiments of tender sympathy in your afflictions,

I am your affectionate brother,

BENJAMIN SCHNEIDER.

Broosa, July 29, 1837.

VERY DEAR BROTHER,—

Your truly kind and affectionate letter, in reply to one I wrote you June 17th, is received. The exceedingly

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trying and afflicting circumstances of your family, to which you so tenderly make allusion, we have indeed been informed of, as you suggest. We have read, I cannot tell with what emotions, the series of notes written by yourself from day to day to Mr. Goodell, besides those of the other brethren and sisters. We have followed you through the waters of affliction, far, *far* beyond our depth, far beyond any thing which we have ever experienced. And O with what grateful joy have we beheld your feet even there, firmly planted upon a rock, and the raging billows around you only serving to show, that it was indeed a *rock*, and not the deceptive sand on which you stood. I can *imagine* that a sea-tossed mariner may sing in a storm, provided he *knows* that his ship is safely moored; and that a Christian may rejoice in tribulation when he *feels* the everlasting arms upholding him. How wonderful the methods which God employs *to assure our hearts* that he loves us and pities us and has compassion on us, and that he has engraven our names on the palms of his hands, and that he that toucheth us toucheth the apple of his eye. But I forget that I am addressing one who has as much surpassed me in the height of joy and consolation, as in the depth of sorrow. Dear brother, it has been a precious privilege, though mingled with tenderest grief, to read the particulars of your afflictions. I there see abundant cause to admire not so much an afflicted brother, as the grace of God vouchsafed to him. And yet my heart was never drawn out so much toward you personally, as since these painful dispensations of Providence have made me more intimately acquainted with you.

When I learn from the experience of others, that it is not a vain thing to serve God, my faith and hope and zeal are quickened. When I see God, with his own almighty hand, sustaining his servants in six troubles, yea in seven also, I encourage myself in the hope, that when days of darkness shall come upon me (and come they will) God

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will lift upon *me* also the light of his countenance and cheer *me* with his gracious presence. But we hope to see you soon face to face. We desire much to see you, not to impart some spiritual comfort to you—*that* God himself is giving you graciously—but that our own hearts may be quickened and brought into an actual nearness to eternal things.

* * * * * *

Now may the Lord bless you and your beloved children, and direct you in disposing of them! And may the God of all grace, who hath called us into his eternal glory by Jesus Christ, after that we have suffered awhile, make us perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle us! To him be glory and dominion for ever and ever! Amen.

Most truly yours,

P. O. POWERS.

Ooroomiah, August 26, 1837.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—

Your favour of July 31st, to Mr. Perkins and myself, was received last evening, confirming all my fears respecting—shall I say dear sister Dwight? No; for her we may well rejoice, that all her brightest hopes are far more than consummated in a world of unending bliss and glory—but respecting the *loss* you and your dear children, and her numerous circle of dear friends have had to experience; and more than all, her loss to the missionary cause. But the Lord knows far better than we what was for the best, and he may make her death instrumental of more good to his cause than a long life could have been. He can, and I trust he does, more than supply every loss to you who are so deeply bereaved. You have found it good to be afflicted, and you know that all these things work together for good to those who love God.

The hasty note which I sent by the last Tartar, will have told you that I am not a stranger to your present feelings. I have felt that it was good to feel the

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chastening of the Lord, and know that it is in infinite mercy that our heavenly Father takes away the dearest objects of our affections to secure them for himself. I trust you will continue to cherish such a sense of eternal realities, that you will think of your dear wife as having been called *home* a little before you, and look forward with joyful anticipations to the time when you may be permitted to unite in her songs before the throne of God. But you will feel her loss more and more while you remain a pilgrim here upon earth, and in view of it a feeling of almost overwhelming agony may come over you. Flee then to the throne of grace, and you will find it sweet to realize that there is *one* Friend who will never fail us. Think of his promise to come and receive us to himself. Think of the mansions of glory, where those who were dear to you here, are engaged in ascribing "blessing, and honour, and glory, and power unto him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever."

What overwhelming motives has the Christian to live above the world—to live, and labour, and pray with eternal realities in view! I am sure that this is the only way for him to honour his Saviour. It is the only way that the *missionary*, especially, should live.

How we should then realize the awful responsibilities of our station! O the worth of the undying soul! What motives for action—for a life of prayer and faith!

The Lord has been very merciful in preserving us all so far this season, from any severe or alarming illness. But while our bodily health is preserved, I wish I could say that all was well with our *souls*—that we were labouring and praying with that sense of dependence on God and faith in his promises which would secure us a blessing. O for the Spirit of God to prepare us for his service and glory, and to quicken and revive the perishing around us. Do bear us and our labours on your prayers at the hrone of grace. I trust you do, and be

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assured you are not forgotten by us. O that Christians would pray more for the missionary work! I fear that there is very little prevailing prayer offered for us and our labours by Christians at home.

The Lord seems to have tried the effect of unbounded prosperity in the things of this world, and now he is visiting them with adversity; and will they not listen to the voice of his providence? Will they not consecrate themselves and all they have to his service? When they do this we shall have missionaries enough, and funds to supply them and carry forward their operations.

Praying that the Lord may greatly bless you and take care of your motherless children,

I remain, my dear brother,
Yours very affectionately,
ASAHEL GRANT.

Ooroomiah, Sabbath evening, Aug. 27, 1837.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—

Your letter to Dr. Grant and myself, dated July 31st, reached us two days ago. And though from our last previous letters from Constantinople, we had hardly expected to hear that your dear wife survived her terrible disease, still the actual intelligence of her departure is deeply afflicting to our hearts. In the midst of our grief, however, I seem to hear the blessed Comforter whispering the gentle rebuke, "She is not dead, but sleepeth." Yes; and her *body only* sleeps; the sainted spirit will never sleep nor tire; and that lifeless form which you have committed to the tomb, will sleep only for a little season. Christ will soon come and receive it, and clothe it in all the comeliness of immortality.

I feel, my dear brother, that I am but a miserable comforter in your trying bereavement; but I do bless God that he is affording you consolation which no earthly friend could administer. We can participate in the de-

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lightful confidence which you have, that your dear wife is in heaven; for *we* too were, for a little season, permitted to witness 'her life, her patience, and her firm trust in the Saviour of sinners.' And O may we also participate in the spiritual improvement which you are deriving from this affliction! Again, I seem to hear the Saviour say, She "*is dead*, and I am glad for *your sakes*, that I was not there, to the intent *ye* may *believe*." May we not lose the benefit of this affliction, so far as it was administered for *our sakes!* We have to-day tried to improve it in our public worship. Brother Holladay preached from Matt. 24: 44, "Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh;" referring particularly to the providential call, sounding to us in the removal of our departed sister; and we sung in that connection the beautiful hymn (615 in the Church Psalmody) commencing,

"Sweet is the scene when Christians die,
When holy souls retire to rest," &c.

Also the hymn which succeeds it. The season was a tender and melting one to us all, and I do hope we shall be quickened in our preparation for our own departure by this affliction.

I need not attempt to tell you, my dear brother, how deeply we sympathize with you and your dear motherless children in this bereavement. But we do feel assured that God will take care of you all. Are not the rich consolations which he has already poured into your wounded heart, a pledge that he will take care of you? One of your little lambs the Saviour has as we trust taken to his own bosom, foreseeing perhaps that it needed his *immediate* care more than the others; but the others also he will never forsake. Will not *their* tender hearts be the more strongly and early attracted toward heaven, from the fact that their dear mamma and little brother are there?

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We may at least, and I rejoice that you do, rest assured that God has visited you in this trying dispensation for your highest good. You surely cannot doubt this. I know you do not doubt it, when you already taste so fully the precious fruits of affliction in your own soul. How near we all are to eternity! May we set our houses in order, knowing that we shall soon die and follow our sister to the world of spirits! O may our lives be like hers, that our end also may be *peace!*

The Lord is visiting us in mercy as well as you, but in a different way. We are at present visited with prosperity (health) and you with affliction. O that *our* mercies too may produce in *us* the peaceable fruits of righteousness, as yours do in you.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. P. and the rest of our circle join me in tender sympathy and kind love to you and your little ones. More of our number would write you, but several have weak eyes. Dr. Grant will probably write. May the Lord continue to sustain and comfort you, and prepare us all for his holy presence above.

Your affectionate brother,

J. PERKINS.

Beyroot, Saturday, Sept. 2, 1837.

DEAR BROTHER DWIGHT,—

I was long in getting any information from Constantinople, but at last brother Whiting wrote me a letter from Jerusalem, containing such news as, with all my familiarity with the vicissitudes incident to us, I was in nowise preparod for. The sad intelligence that he had learned from the officers of the frigate has since been confirmed by an interview with Dr. O., and by letters received day before yesterday from Mr. Goodell.

It seems that he who gave, has at last taken away from you, your best earthly friend; and that you remain

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bereaved of all the consolation that you had been permitted to receive from her during so many precious years. Yet God be praised that you are not bereaved of all consolation, and that, as I learn, although sorrowing, your sorrow is far different from that of those who have no hope. I could say something of my interest in your departed wife, that might show you that I can appreciate your loss, but for the present it must suffice that you know that we all loved her. I cannot join in that same intelligent sympathy in your desolation, as can those who have a similar treasure to lose; but in my love of you as my cherished fellow missionary brother, if you have affliction and grief, I can but grieve and be sorry with you. Most surely the God of all rich consolation, is proving to you the faithfulness of his promises, and enabling you in this dispensation, and in all its attendant circumstances, to look up from it and see *love* controlling the whole; and as he consoled you during her life, so will he not remove from you the enjoyment of his grace, now that she lies remote from you.

Still now, as in days past, may you be enabled to go forward in the same steady, faithful, and successful discharge of all those duties that may come upon you, as the guide of your motherless children, and in labouring for the triumph of the truth of Christ, till your own last change shall come in peace. The death of sister Dwight comes nearer to me indeed than the death of any friend for years. There has as yet been no death among my nearest relations in America; and although I have lost there friends whom I dearly loved, yet I have lost them amid a large extended circle of acquaintances. But in Constantinople we were a small company of seven, daily meeting and conversing, and we constituted a number apart. It is from the midst of this seven, and not from among the hundreds of thousands, that sister Dwight

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seems taken. It becomes thus one of the nearest exhortations to be ready for the coming of the Son of man. I cannot help recalling the comparative security that I used to feel while so many were dying around me from the plague, and now, here far away in Syria, the melancholy news comes to me that one of our own circle has fallen by it! How little do we anticipate what a day may bring forth! I can but allow myself to believe, however, that God in his gracious mercy prepares the minds of his followers beforehand, who like ourselves are living in a foreign land, that we should be in a greater degree prepared to receive in meekness and resignation, whatever trial of our feelings and affections he may please to send. *We* see continually the frailty of man, and *so live* in the midst of anxiety, that we are obliged to *expect* the worst.

We cannot feel that our home is on the earth. We cannot but feel that this life is but a day, and that when one of our number has arrived to the end of his pilgrimage, it is after all but a departure a moment before ourselves. With what earnestness should not we who remain desire to be making doubly sure our faith and hope in Jesus Christ, that we may not fail of meeting in heaven those whom we have loved on earth! It takes a great deal to wean the heart of flesh from affection for the world. It seems only to be effected sometimes, by placing our best earthly treasure in heaven, that by calling ourselves to the contemplation of the exalted object, we may the more tune our hearts to the contemplation of our *best* heavenly treasure. I have reason to feel that I at least need a blow of some such kind to break down my heart, and to inculcate upon me that I ought not to have any greater joy than the service of the ascended Redeemer.

I am yours, in sincere affection,

H. A. Homes.

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MEMOIR OF MRS. DWIGHT.

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MEMOIR OF MRS. ELIZABETH B. DWIGHT.

MRS. ELIZABETH B. DWIGHT was the daughter of Joshua and Ruth Baker, of North Andover, Massachusetts. At an early age her mind was much occupied with serious reflections, although there was little in her circumstances, so far as religious privileges were concerned, to direct her thoughts into such a channel. In her 16th year she became greatly distressed, and was filled with terror in view of her sins and their prospective consequences. Her state of mind was peculiar. She was in constant fear and agitation, and could not bear to be left alone even for a moment, lest some terrible thing should happen to her. In the year following, (1823,) her mind was more quiet, and she was occasionally cheered by a faint hope of pardoned sin. But the feeling was transient, and soon gave way to deep despondency. During all this time she laboured under great difficulties on account of the religious views of most around her, they being of the Unitarian school. She rarely found the person who could direct her in her inquiries after the truth, or who took the least interest in her spiritual condition. She was obliged to go alone, and some distance, to meet with those with whom she could take sweet counsel, and have free and satisfactory spiritual intercourse. This course was not only attended with much trouble, but it brought upon her great reproach. Her mind at length became calm, and she sweetly trusted in the infinite merits of the adorable Saviour. It does not appear that her hopes were ever afterwards shaken, although she always

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maintained a godly jealousy over her own heart, ever awake to the danger of self deception in regard to her own religious character.

She united with the Congregational Church in South Andover, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Justin Edwards, D. D., in the year 1826, as it is believed. To attend the ordinances of the house of God, which to her were above all price, in fellowship with those who seemed to her to be resting on the only sure foundation, she was obliged to go six miles from home, and oftentimes with much obloquy from those who differed from her in religious opinions. This however was the school in which Providence trained her for the trials and hardships of the missionary life.

It appears that it was early her purpose to devote herself to this work, if the Lord should open the way, although it is not known that she ever revealed her intention to any except to her own beloved mother.

It may be proper to add, that it is hoped her father yielded up his heart to the Saviour during his last sickness, his disease being the consumption. Her mother still lives to bear testimony to the power of the gospel in supporting the soul under the sore trials of this present life. How much the instrumentality of the daughter was employed by the Holy Spirit, in renovating the hearts of the parents, will never be fully disclosed in this world, but it is believed that her example and godly conversation had great influence, and who can tell what blessings have come down in answer to her fervent prayers?

The following is an extract from a sermon preached on the occasion of Mrs. Dwight's death, by the Rev. Wm. Goodell at Constantinople, to which will be added selections from some of her letters:—

She was married, January 1830, to the Rev. H. G. O. Dwight, and sailed the same month for Malta, where she

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resided more than two years, and then removed to this place,* where she spent the remainder of her short life. She has left a husband and three small children in this foreign land. And in her native country, a widowed mother and two sisters, with a numerous circle of correspondents and friends, still survive her;—for all of whom we pray that the affliction may be greatly sanctified to them.

She always took pleasure in talking over the scenes of her early days, thus showing the deep and lively interest she still felt in home and country, and in the religious state of her friends and early companions.

Her mind was naturally strong, her conceptions clear, and her thoughts mature. Every effort she felt called upon to make, was successful, as her communications to her native country can bear ample testimony. A solid cultivation of mind by means of a persevering and well directed study gave additional depth and interest to all she said. Everywhere a happy symmetry was perceptible in the training of her mind and heart, in natural gifts, acquired abilities, and gracious affections. She had a *low opinion of herself.* This was always manifest in every thing she did and said. No person could be more unobtrusive than she was. No person could be farther than she from "sitting in the highest room." She maintained a godly jealousy over her own heart, and was fearful of building on a sandy foundation, or of appearing to others to be what she was not in reality. So also, in conversing with others on their spiritual state, and especially with the children, she was careful not to encourage hopes which did not appear to her to be well founded. Some of the older children present can doubtless remember various anecdotes she at different times related of young persons about their own age, who had been much

* Constantinople.

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affected by divine truth for a season, but afterwards became as thoughtless as ever.

She was *eminently patient.* Her whole missionary life, from beginning to end, was one of great self-denial and suffering. But she submitted meekly to the affliction she was called upon to endure, and instead of indulging in a spirit of repining, she was enabled by divine grace to maintain a spirit of cheerfulness.

One of her last remarks in a note to a friend, after having alluded to her entire prostration of strength and to the difficulty of procuring faithful attendants, was, "When we hear of a place where there are no trials or afflictions, we will both go together." Thus pleasantly did she turn off the subject of her own troubles. Her meaning was, that this is a world of trial and affliction, and that no place or station is exempt from them. But, blessed be God! there is just such a place as she spoke of; and she was doubtless thinking of it at the very time with great comfort to herself, though it is not likely she was expecting to enjoy it so soon.

She was, emphatically, *given to industry.* This was the more remarkable, as she suffered so much from constant debility. She literally 'did with her might whatever her hands found to do;' and was thus able to accomplish more for her family than most mothers in like circumstances would be able to do. Not a fragment of time was suffered to be lost. And how often, by a little management, did she contrive to accomplish two things at once! From motives of economy, and with a view to save expense to the mission in every possible way, she often undertook to accomplish so much as to awaken the serious apprehensions of all her friends, that she would materially injure her health. Her family cares were always many, and she was most conscientiously careful to improve every moment, either with her needle, with her book, or with

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her pen, or in trying to teach whoever might be disposed to learn; and all this without suffering things temporal to divert her attention from things eternal. It was her great desire to be *useful*. She left her country and her pleasant home, and came to this distant land, with the hope of benefitting others, and her desire to be useful was ever leading her to go far beyond her strength. At different times she undertook the charge of a small school, but her feeble health always obliged her to relinquish it. In one instance, she attempted this when she already had the charge of two families besides her own; and all simply because she wished to do good. It was a great grief to her, that she could do so little. It was in her *heart* to do much, but great bodily weakness prevented. Two years ago, after she had been brought very low by sickness, she said one day to an intimate Christian friend, that she had felt as if her life was very unprofitable, and she was fast sinking into the grave; nor had she much desire to live, as she could accomplish so little good here, and as it would be such a happy thing to go to a world where she hoped to be for ever free from sin and suffering; but just about that time there came from America a box containing books, cards, etc., for her infant school, and also for her own children; "and now," said she, "I really wish to live a little longer, if it be the Lord's will, that I may at least have the privilege of instructing my own children, being now furnished with such additional helps."

This leads to the remark, that she was a *most faithful mother to her children*. Notwithstanding her extreme debility, she daily attended to their instruction, and seemed really to take delight in the performance of this duty. She prayed *with* them as well as *for* them. She taught *them* also to pray; and the eldest she had begun to teach to sing with her some of the songs of Zion. She seemed to feel that her family was a part of the great family of

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God, and that her children were to be trained up for *heaven* rather than for earth—for *eternity* more than for time, and to have *fellowship with the sons of God*, as well as with the sons of men.

It was a source of peculiar pleasure to her, that the Maternal Associations in America felt so deep an interest in the children of missionaries; for she thought a missionary mother might now feel sure that her children, if left motherless in a strange land, would find faithful and affectionate friends among the mothers in the sweet home of her youth. And should our departed sister look into the "golden censer" in the hands of our great High Priest, which is filled "with the prayers of all saints," may we not hope she will often have the pleasure of seeing prayers there from numerous Maternal Associations in America, going up with a great cloud of incense in behalf of her own offspring?

In the Maternal Association at Constantinople, she always manifested the most lively interest; and one of the last meetings she ever attended was a meeting of this society. This was only five days before her last illness. It devolved on her to conduct the exercises, and the hymn she selected to be sung on the occasion was the 23d in the second book of Watts:

"Descend from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things;

Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

O for a sight, a pleasant sight
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crown'd with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

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Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all!

O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above;
And stand and bow among them there,
And view thy face, and sing thy love!"

She remarked particularly on the line in the third verse:

"There sits our Saviour, crown'd in light;"

and then referring to two other lines in another verse, said, "Can it be, that such sinners as we shall ere long

—'Sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of our King?'"

"*Can it be?*" said she; and we respond, It *can* be;—it *has* been, in her *own case*. Who that knew her can doubt that it is even so? For, if Christ has a kingdom in this world, we must believe she belonged to that kingdom. She acknowledged his *authority;* she lived in his *empire*, under his *government;* her name was entered on the catalogue of his subjects; all the laws and institutions of his holy kingdom were precious in her eyes; and all her tastes were in unison with those, not of the gay world, but of "*the daughters of the Lord God Almighty.*"

It was on the 27th of June that the plague entered the family, and attacked both the mother and one of the children. The nature of the disease was not at first suspected. On the second day the child, who lay in the same room with her, was supposed to be dying; but she was perfectly tranquil. Her own sufferings were great, but she uttered no complaint; and she manifested a sweet resig-

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nation to the will of her heavenly Father, as it respected the child. She afterwards, at different times, manifested by words or signs the same state of feeling with regard to herself; until one after another, speech, and reason, and strength, and finally, on the 12th day of her illness, life itself departed; and, being "absent from the body," we doubt not she was "*present with the Lord.*"

But what a change! Not from life to death, but from death to life! Why should we ever speak or think of her only as *dead*, when she has gone to a world where there is absolutely *no death*, and has in reality only now just begun to *live*? Her mind is no longer imprisoned in a feeble, diseased, dying body, and her moral powers are no longer oppressed and clogged by sin. She *had* her trials, her labours and cares; but they are all ended. She *had* her distractions and interruptions, her days of languishing and nights of weariness, her doubts and fears, her watchings and fastings; but "*the former things are passed away.*" Time has brought an end to her sorrows, but eternity will bring no end to her joys. Our thoughts follow her to that "better country, even a heavenly;" and, if we "love her, we shall rejoice because she has gone to the Father." But our own loss we may and should mourn.

Next to her children, the loss to *her husband* is the greatest; and indeed he best, or rather he *alone*, knew all her worth. But *his* loss is *her* gain. And what is gain to *her*, especially such an infinite gain as this, may also be considered in one sense as gain to *him;* and if the providence be rightly improved, it will be gain to him in another and still more important sense. It was his privilege to accompany her to the banks of Jordan, attended by no other friend save the Friend of sinners; and that too with the almost certain prospect of being himself permitted to pass over to the promised land with her, or immediately after.

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But his hour was not yet come. The God who preserved Daniel in the lions' den, and the three children in the furnace, was pleased to preserve him from the contagion of that dreadful disease, to which he was so exposed; and to restore him with the remnant of his family this day to our "solemn meeting." And shall we congratulate you, my brother, on this (what the world would call) narrow escape from death? No; we congratulate your *children*, that they are not left without a father; we congratulate *ourselves;* and we render everlasting thanks to the great Head of the Church, who hath heard and answered prayer. But it is not for ease and enjoyment, for rest and satisfaction, that you have been thus wonderfully preserved; but it is for further duties, and cares, and labours, and trials and dangers; perhaps even still *greater* ones than any you have yet had. And may we not hope it may also be, that you may be able to comfort others in their afflictions with the same comfort wherewith you yourself have been comforted of God in yours?

To this mission, also, the loss is great. It is felt by every member of it; for to every member she was a sister much beloved. During the few short years she was connected with us, she dwelt with us in *love;* and who of us can point out a single instance, when this love waxed cold? Over "and above all" her other graces, she "put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness;" and this sacred belt she not only "*put on*," *but wore always.* And what she is now in heaven we may consider, in one respect, as only the everlasting *going on, carrying out, and perfecting* of what she was here on earth. She lived with us here in *love*, and she has now gone to a *world of love.* In all her intercourse with us, whether the occasions were ordinary or extraordinary, she was always adorned with "the ornament of a *meek and quiet spirit.*"

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Now, in the sight of God this is not merely of value, but of *great* value; and we doubt not, therefore, she will continue to wear it in his blessed presence for ever. It is one of the loveliest graces of the Holy Spirit; a robe "*clean and white;*" and as she never laid it aside in her intercourse with us here below, so we may be sure she will never lay it aside with the meek and lowly, the sanctified and sinless ones above.

The child, who was seized at the same time with the mother, survived the attack but forty-eight hours. And it is very remarkable, that the last day of his life was the day, on which it was *his* turn to be especially remembered, both here and at Broosa, in the precious little daily concert of prayer for the children of our families.* He continued in this world till we may suppose the last prayer was offered for him; and then, at half-past ten in the afternoon of the twenty-ninth of June, "*he was not; for God took him.*"

Owing to a defect in his hearing, he was unable to speak, though he was more than two and a half years old, and though his mind was one of a high and most active

* This concert was commenced nearly two years ago in the family of Mr. Goodell; and the benefit of it being felt at once, it was extended immediately to embrace the children in all our families, both here and at Broosa. It takes a fortnight to go through with the whole list, and then the turn of the first on the list comes round again. On the two intervening Sabbaths, however, instead of making particular mention of our own children, we pray especially for the children of our friends at Smyrna, Trebizond, and Ooroomiah, and several Greek and Armenian families at Constantinople, being also at their own request included. This has been from the beginning a most interesting concert to us all, and it has perhaps been quite as useful to the parents as the children. Three of those who were on the daily list, with two of those on the Sabbath list, have already ceased to be subjects of prayer. We feel, therefore, that we neither began to pray for the little ones too soon, nor that we have prayed for them too much, nor too fervently.

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order. His education, therefore, was becoming a subject of deep anxiety to his parents.

But he now has a teacher who can gain full access to his fine understanding, and under whose instruction he has doubtless learned more already than he would ever have learned in this world, even though his advantages should have been the best possible, and though his life should have been prolonged to the term of as many centuries as was common in the antediluvian age.

The views with which Mrs. Dwight entered the missionary field, may be gathered from the following extracts from letters, written while she was still in America. A very prominent trait in her character, which all observed who knew her, was a *low opinion of herself.* With a clear, strong, and well cultivated mind, she united a heart truly devoted to God; and yet it was her nature to shrink from observation, and to feel that others would do far better than herself in any given sphere of labour. She never seemed sensible of the strength of her own powers, or of the success of her own efforts.— Soon after the question of a personal engagement in missions was proposed to her, she wrote to a friend as follows, under date of Andover, March 12, 1828:

"The more the missionary enterprise is reflected upon, the more it seems of vast, incomprehensible magnitude, and I shrink from a personal engagement in the work, with a sense of *utter inability and unworthiness.* Nevertheless it is a *work* that has engaged the most earnest desires of my heart, and, if I am not deceived, to which I would most willingly devote my strength and whatever God may have bestowed upon me; and I would hope that *life even* might not seem *too dear a sacrifice.* But the feebleness of my Christian hope and the weakness of my faith often lead to many distressing fears, lest if the lot should be mine to go to some heathen clime, I

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should *faint* and *sink* in the hour of trial, and thus *wound* the *cause* of *the dear Redeemer*. But blessed be his name for the assurance that in him we may have *righteousness* and *strength*, and that as our *day is*, so shall our *strength be*. I desire to feel and rejoice *in an entire dependence* on God. I have endeavoured to bring to the test the motives of my heart that would lead me to the heathen. I have great reason for jealousy, but cannot be prevailed upon to think that worldly inducements only would cause me to leave the friends of my youthful days, so ardently loved, to enter on a scene of unknown trials and sorrows. With my *present feelings*, I cannot refuse my feeble aid to the cause of Christ, and be *happy still*."

The following extract is from a letter on the same subject, dated Andover, March 26, 1828:

"To a mind of tender sensibility, the idea is almost insupportable of bidding farewell to friends, dear as life itself, and quitting for ever the scenes of early days, around which there is thrown a magic charm: but when we are led to feel that it is what God commands, and when the appalling condition of the poor pagans arises to view, and the worth of only *one soul* is contemplated, the thought of trials vanishes, and no sacrifice seems too great if we can but meliorate their state.

"Having been retired and alone this day, my thoughts have been more exclusively devoted to examining the correctness of former conclusions. That it is the duty of some females to be helpers in the great work of missions, I doubt not, and their influence there would doubtless be much greater than it could be at home. There are also a sufficient number who are willing to remain in their own happy country.

"I can see at present no obstacles in the way of going but a sad insufficiency. No claim appears greater than that which 600,000,000 of perishing heathen present.

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It is the want of a heart expanded with holy benevolence, intent upon the glory of God, and absorbed in the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom, that makes me hesitate and tremble, though God I know will not desert his own dear children in the hour of need."

After she had fully determined that duty bid her to enter the missionary field, she wrote as follows from Salem, Mass., May 23, 1828:

"Though I am always in doubt of my Christian *hope*, and am often unhappy for want of that holy confidence which results from being near to God, yet, all things considered, I have not *once regretted* my determination. If God has any thing in the climes of heathen ignorance for so *unworthy* an instrument to accomplish, O may he prepare me for the work and send me forth; and if not, make me submissive to his will.

"I have often many hours of anxiety, lest when distressing afflictions come 'I shall sink into the deep waters.' But if we cannot support the trials and sorrows of life, what shall we do, when we come in the deep swellings of Jordan? That cold stream all must ford. There is no possibility of avoiding it, wherever we may dwell. There will be grief enough in any state to sink the heart, without divine assistance. And where are we most likely to meet with this? Is it not when in the path of duty? This then would be our safest and best way, even if our motive were mere personal happiness. It is folly to think of ease and at the same time to be making way to that realm of eternal glory, where conquerors are crowned with the reward of their victories. 'Through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of heaven.' Blessed is the assurance that though 'many are the afflictions of the righteous, the Lord will deliver him out of all.'"

The following extracts from letters also from Salem,

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about the same time, disclose her views on some important subjects:

"It is good to feel an implicit reliance on the will of God. We do best to walk by *faith*. This grace the missionary peculiarly needs, for without it he will sink when he comes into the deep waters of affliction. We should, indeed, wherever our lot may be in the world, keep the command in view, 'Be ye holy, for I am holy;' for we shall need for our own souls, at the hour of death, if never before, all the faith and holiness we can attain. But a world lying in wickedness calls for our unremitted exertions in its behalf; and if we would do good we must 'grow in grace,' 'die daily to sin and live unto righteousness.' O that *we* may feel like Paul when he exclaimed, 'I desire to depart and be with Christ,' and yet be willing to abide in the flesh for the churches of God. Then the world *will feel* our *influence*, and ages yet to come may 'bless God that we once lived.'.

"I wish I felt more pity for the wretched condition of the dying heathen, and more earnest desires to be made the favoured instrument of salvation to some of their souls. It is not right to indulge our selfish feelings, and enjoy contentedly, alone, the blessings which are granted to us, while thousands are perishing in want of them. Heaven will at length call for the improvement we make of every one of its gifts, and be impartial in its retribution.

"I do not in secret mourn that the way of my future life in prospect seems full of labours, trials and crosses, nor wish to be permitted to pass my days in ease, and in the fulness of earthly comforts. No; I want more grace and feelings of entire consecration to God, to be willing to go *where* he marks the way, and take up the cross when he commands. If he has any thing for me to do in a foreign country, I hope I am willing to go forth as soon as may be necessary.

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"I do believe the time will come when *holiness to the Lord* will be written on all the Christian possesses. I have long been wishing that this might be the case with whatever gift heaven may have granted me, however humble a one it may be in comparison of those with which it may have favoured others.

"I have lived at a poor dying rate and not in any thing done my duty; but like Peter, if at all, have followed Jesus afar off. Though this is the sad truth concerning myself, I love better the friend who lives and acts *uniformly* and *decidedly* for God."

Who can read the following extracts without exclaiming, with special application to the writer, now a glorified spirit in heaven, 'No matter, if far away from the home of her relatives, she sickened, and languished, and died;'—even though deprived of the power of speech she was doubtless enabled in her heart to exclaim, triumphant in the Christian hope, "O grave, where is thy victory! O death, where is thy sting!"

"O what excellence appears in the religion of Christ, when we view it supporting the soul in the dark hour of dissolution—when every earthly prop sinks and friends stand aloof, when those who have had many doubts and fears find them all gone, and are enabled to say, 'O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!'—O, will the consolations of the gospel be ours in that hour? Will the Friend of sinners light up the dark valley as *we* walk through it? No matter then, if far away from the home of our relatives we sicken, and languish, and die.—No matter if friends around are few, and o'er our dying couch alone should watch the tawny strangers of another land."

That the love of Christ constrained her appears from the following selections from two letters written in April and June of the year 1828:

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"There is something delightful in the thought of telling to the poor heathen the story of redeeming love. The mystery cannot be explained. This remains to be unfolded in eternity. But the simple fact, that Jesus the Lord of glory has died to atone for the sins of men, is sufficient to draw forth the admiration of every intelligent creature. What sinner of the human race, but would for ever dwell on *this theme*, and be ever grateful to the condescending Saviour! O that it were thus, that *all did* feel and acknowledge this debt of gratitude!

"What Christian would not find it his constant happiness to be talking of the plan of salvation, and meditating upon the character of Christ as exhibited on the cross!

"I should sink down in final despair of heaven, if I could not plead a hope for acceptance through the blood of Christ.

"Here is the Christian's only hope, and O what a precious one! Defiled and polluted as we are, and imperfect as are all our actions here, a way is opened to restore us to the image of God, to purify us in his sight and fit us for his holy presence. In Jesus there is an overflowing fulness, and eternity will not exhaust it. O, if we have received of this *fulness*, how grateful should we be! How earnest to redeem our time and cause the world to feel our *holy influence;* to show to all around our sorrow for the evil we have done, and that as we have been the servants of sin, so now we wish to be of holiness!

"Shall we not count it joy to suffer for Jesus—to consecrate every talent to his service, and make every possible exertion for the promotion of his cause? He demands this, and he has a right to it. Are *we* the ones to talk of trials, and shrink from duty, because the path is rough, when we deserve nothing but hell! O if we could feel the worth of souls, and our obligations to God, as we shall when the light of eternity bursts upon our minds,

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how widely different would be all we think, and say, and do! The world would then say of us, that we had indeed been with Jesus. Then we should wish for ten thousand times the faculties we now possess, that in the flow of our gratitude to the Saviour, and pity for perishing sinners, we might employ them all in labours of benevolence. May the Spirit of God enlighten and warm our hearts, so that we shall spend our few remaining days in the manner we shall wish they had been spent when we stand at the bar of God!"

A friend had related to her a very affecting case of a young merchant, who had had the reputation of eminent holiness, but who, soon after an unfavourable turn in his commercial affairs, forsook the people of God, became intemperate, espoused openly the cause of infidelity, and devoted himself to public efforts for the overthrow of that faith which he once professed. Mrs. Dwight wrote the following in answer to a request for her opinion on the case, under date of Salem, June 14, 1828:

"My soul shuddered on reading the relation you gave of the condition of a certain individual; for the first thought was, that he might be one of those unhappy creatures for whom 'there remains no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation.' This I would not say, however; and by no means would I limit the mercy of God in *his* case. I know not what conclusion to draw. The sequel of his life, no doubt, will furnish means for a much more satisfactory determination than can now be made. 'It is impossible,' saith the apostle, 'for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, &c., if they shall fall away, to renew them unto repentance.'

"I do not suppose this to refer to *real Christians*. That *they* do sometimes fall into gross and open iniquity, the examples of Scripture testify; and I suppose they may

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remain for some time at ease, taking no thought of their guilt, and that they may continue for a considerable length of time in the practice of some darling sin. The question is, How far can one proceed in sin and still be a Christian? This limit I cannot assign. I confess I can hardly conceive it possible, that one who *has been born of the Spirit*, should live for some years in the habitual indulgence of the most debasing crimes, and at the same time attempt to build up a religion in opposition to that which the Spirit has taught him. And now you must tell me what is your opinion of the case in question. If the world has so strong a possession of the heart, that an interruption of its sunshine will cause one in his madness to abandon himself to vice, which does that soul love most, Christ or the world? And 'if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.' Would any one have supposed, to have seen Judas acting in the character of an apostle, and apparently possessing the spirit of a true disciple, that he could have betrayed his Master? Was it not because of the *distinguishing* grace of God, that the others fell not, but were supported through fiery trials, and enabled to remain firm and unyielding, even unto death? And if *you* or *I* ever reach the heavenly Jerusalem, our song must be 'Grace, free grace!' '*Not unto us, O Lord*, but *to thy name* be all the glory!' It becomes us, then, to rejoice with trembling, and take heed lest God should be provoked to withdraw from us his sustaining grace."

Mrs. Dwight entered the missionary field with high expectations of the amount of direct effort she should be enabled to make for the souls of the distressed and perishing. Early, however, in her missionary career her health failed her, and she ever afterwards remained an invalid.

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Her disease was a chronic diarrhœa, accompanied by some other debilitating complaints. The consequence was a bitter disappointment in regard to the active labour she had marked out for herself, to which she submitted, only after repeated efforts made at the expense of her strength and health to accomplish the object of her desires. This will be gathered from some of the letters which follow.

Notwithstanding the discouraging nature of her complaints, she maintained a degree of energy and courage, and a flow of spirits that were quite remarkable. Her physician (an Englishman) well knowing the character of her disease, remarked this with great surprise, a short time previous to her last illness.

The following was written to a beloved missionary sister* who was suffering from similar weaknesses with herself, and with whom she deeply sympathized. The letter from which the extract is taken was dated Constantinople, Feb. 19; but of what year it does not appear:

"Alas! how many disappointments succeed our long cherished hopes and plans, oftentimes! But if we would only learn by them to lean more implicitly on our Divine Shepherd, leaving the morrow to take care of itself, it would be no matter. You and I have both seen the futility of our schemes in the missionary life, to a certain extent, and I hope we shall be submissive and cheerful, let what will come, and glorify God in whatever way he chooses."

Again, in another letter to the same person, dated Aug. 8. 1836, she says in reference to some evil forebodings in regard to her own debilitated state:

"I am afraid it is a want of submission to the will of God that suffers such thoughts to prevail, and try to get

* Mrs. Powers, Broosa.

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rid of them; but sins and sorrows cleave fast to one, especially the former.

"It certainly requires as much grace to *suffer*, as it does to *labour*, and perhaps suffering is more necessary for us, and better for the cause of Christ.

"I cannot do even the one half that is needful for the instruction of our own dear children; and then, to think how much might be done for perishing souls about us, and to be able to accomplish nothing, is truly humbling. How different this from the picture of a missionary life as we viewed it in America!

"Dear sister, how much we need the presence of Christ! Daily communion with him would exclude proud aspiring thoughts, and every murmuring wish. We should be happy and satisfied with any thing he ordered, and those about us could not fail of being benefitted by our influence."

Once more, in reference to the breaking up of an infant school for Greeks that she had commenced, but which her state of health did not allow her to continue, she wrote to another missionary sister* under date of Constantinople, Dec. 14, 1835:

"I sometimes feel sad in not being able to go on with what I had began, but it is all perfectly right. *Moderation—moderation* is the lesson I am obliged to learn from morning until night, and from day to day.

"A little more exertion than usual, one step in indulgence in eating, or a new source of anxiety, is sufficient to make me sick. I feel exceedingly anxious for our dear sister P. I wrote her a long letter last week, but I am afraid it will not produce the impression I intended. I wished to caution her *from my own experience*, to be exceedingly careful in every thing that could affect her

* Mrs. Schneider, Broosa.

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health. I have no doubt she is careful, above many others, yet after all, her anxiety to be active and useful may sometimes lead her to overstep the bounds of prudence. Do try, sister, to keep her back, and do not undertake too much yourself. There is a strong temptation, in such a land of darkness and ignorance, to overdo ourselves in labour.

"We are in no danger of doing too much work in our closets, and perhaps we shall be as useful there as any where. How many souls might we carry to Jesus, if we possessed the faith and zeal of Paul, of Brainerd, or of many Christians in the ordinary walks of life! O that the Spirit would come among us by his almighty, converting influences! What can we desire more than this blessing? What is all the universe to us weak missionaries without it? I do hope we all feel our need more than we have done. I know and confess that I have not encouraged and held up the hands of my brethren and sisters as I ought, and I feel condemned before God."

To a missionary sister* recently entered into the field, she wrote as follows:

"There is no driving forward, through all hazards, on missionary ground, as one is apt to imagine beforehand. The very first lesson to be learned is a *patient, cheerful submission to circumstances;*—such circumstances as God, in infinite wisdom, permits to exist, and in which he suffers his dear children to be placed. How many of our brethren and sisters in the missionary field have, almost on their first outset, lost a large portion of their health, and of course energy to labour! How few of them have not! And O how many sainted spirits are now around the throne of God, who a short time since were actively engaged in the same enterprise in which

* Mrs. Adger, Smyrna.

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we are now enlisted! If all these admonitions cannot stir us up to be faithful in self-preparation for eternity, and to prayer and labour, as far as our strength will allow, for the salvation of those around us, what can do it?

A question of some moment is suggested by the preceding extracts, namely, To what extent ought the wife of a missionary to engage in direct and active efforts for the good of the people around her? Although this is not the place to enter at large into an examination of this subject, yet a few considerations may with propriety be suggested:

It is certain that no higher standard of action should be set up than the truth will bear. There is no gain, but a real and sometimes a distressing loss, in acting contrary to this rule. The plea that human nature is so sluggish that it becomes necessary to present a very high point of aim, in order to raise it to any thing like its proper degree of action, has no application here. It is never necessary, and never proper, to point men to a standard of action above their duty. Our Saviour never did this. He never told men that they must love him with two hearts, in order to secure from them the affections of one. He always directed them exactly to the point to which they were in duty bound to come; and more than this he never required on any pretence, nor was he ever satisfied with less. We should always bear this in mind, and remember that we may do as much injury by exaggerating as by diminishing the claims of duty. In the case before us we have no express directions in the word of God; of course we are to decide the question on general principles, and by a reference to circumstances.

That the wife of a missionary should go forth with higher views than of simply being the purveyor of her husband's table, and the superintendent of his wardrobe,

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is plain. The station is one of deep importance and of high responsibility. She is set up as a spectacle for the world to scrutinize; she should therefore be of such a character as will bear inspection. She is also to be the companion and counsellor of her husband, perhaps the only one he has; for this, qualifications of a high order are necessary. She should also, by her education and mental endowments, be prepared to exert an influence on the people around her, in whatever way the providence of God may direct.

We believe, however, that in the great majority of cases, it must be expected that her principal, direct efforts will be made in her own household. She may have some sort of a general supervision over schools, but it must not be supposed to be her duty to engage for any length of time personally in the instruction of schools. This some married ladies have done, and a few may do it regularly and permanently; but these are rare exceptions, and are not to be regarded as forming a rule. The subject of schools is mentioned, because this is one of the most common and obvious means supposed to belong to the sphere of a female missionary.

In order to render the case more palpable, let us put the question to our Christian sisters at home who have families, and ask them what are the difficulties in the way of their devoting from three to six hours a day to teaching a school? And when they have enumerated them all, then we are ready to assent, and to prove too, that on missionary ground these difficulties are incalculably greater.

1. A foreign climate, in most cases, seriously affects the health, if special care is not taken, and the missionary's wife, especially, needs to proceed with great moderation. She cannot put forth one half the strength that she could in America, with impunity.

2. There are difficulties in the way of the proper man-

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agement of her household affairs, owing to the customs of the people, and the filthiness, stupidity and dishonesty of domestics, which can never be appreciated at home, but which form a serious obstacle to much out-door labour.

3. The education of her children depends, as a general thing, almost wholly upon herself. If she does not devote herself to their instruction, they will never be instructed. And what is of still more consequence, if her watchful care and sedulous attentions are withdrawn only for a short time, they readily relapse into bad habits, influenced by the bad examples around them, and are in danger of falling an easy prey to temptations unknown in America. Here is a subject broad, and deep and vast, which calls forth the anxieties, and occupies the thoughts and excites the prayers of the missionary mother, to a degree that is known only to God who searches the hearts. Whatever is left undone for the people around her, she cannot abandon her own offspring to ignorance, stupidity and sin. It should also be remarked that she cannot, as might be supposed by some, instruct them together with native children in the same school. In almost every case, so close an alliance with native children would prove injurious; and furthermore, the language of her instructions to her own children must be the English, which would not of course be that of a native school.

As to the direct efforts for the salvation of the people around her, besides school-teaching, the missionary's wife must of course be guided by circumstances. If her health be ordinarily good, and Providence opens the door, she may do much by occasional visits among the people; the females of course particularly, and by receiving their calls at her own house. Various other modes of usefulness will suggest themselves, as they do to Christian females in America. In most cases, however, for the reasons above stated, these efforts must be irregular and

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often interrupted, and she must for the most part be content to be a *keeper at home*. Will it be said, that *it is good* therefore for a missionary not to marry?

It is answered that, for various reasons, he needs a wife far more than if he were to remain at home. Experience has fully settled this point, and it is so generally acknowledged, that it is not necessary to devote any time to it in this place.

Few missionaries are more tenderly alive to the wants of those around them, than was Mrs. Dwight. In schools and other direct labours for them, it may emphatically be said of her—*She hath done what she could.* Nay, she often went beyond her strength in these labours, until a painful experience checked her benevolent course, and taught her those useful lessons of moderation, which she afterwards endeavoured to inculcate upon others.

She was a most tender, watchful and vigilant mother, and the feeling of responsibility in regard to her children evidently deepened, as she contemplated the subject, and as her little ones advanced in years. She had four—all boys—the eldest being seven years, and the youngest only *four months* old at the time of her departure. One of these, however, two and a half years of age, had already taken his flight for the world of spirits just before her.

The following letters and extracts from different letters, will show, among other things, something of her views of parental responsibility.

The first is dated Constantinople, September 4, 1835, and was published in the "Mothers' Magazine," Jan. 3, 1836.

LETTER FROM MRS. DWIGHT TO MRS. H.

Constantinople, Sept. 4, 1835.

My dear Madam,—

I embrace the earliest opportunity of replying to your

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very kind favour of March 19, 1835. Had it been an ordinary letter of friendship, coming from your hand, it would have been highly prized, and have entitled you to my sincere thanks. But touching, as it does, the chord of maternal love, it calls forth my whole soul, and tears rise unbidden while I attempt to address you.

As the subject of training up our children for God is the one on which you have mainly dwelt, and the one in which we are united by a common bond, I shall immediately enter upon it, and introduce ourselves to your notice without further apology.

I trust we are all thankful for such a privilege of presenting our case before a band of praying mothers in Israel, and beseeching them to bear us and our offspring with their own before the mercy-seat.

We met last week, (Mrs. Goodell, Mrs. Schauffler, and myself,) and, though but *three* in number, formed ourselves into a "Maternal Association," adopting your constitution, as far as our circumstances would admit of it. Mrs. Goodell we appointed *Superintendent*, Mrs. Schauffler *Recording Secretary*, and the lot of *Treasurer* fell upon me; and as a fourth was wanting for *Corresponding Secretary*, we resolved, for the present, to divide the duties of that office between us; and each one to write to such societies and friends at home, as circumstances should render proper. Mrs. Schneider and Mrs. Powers at Broosa, requested to be made members of an Association with us, and we accordingly consider them as such, though indeed they are a hundred miles distant! They engage to observe the same time of our meeting for prayer, and to remember often in their supplications each child by name, and to assist in maintaining a regular correspondence. Mrs. Schneider has a little girl born last April, but Mrs. P. is not a mother, except at heart.

You will, perhaps, wonder that our minds have so long

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lain dormant upon this important subject; and on reviewing the past, we wonder at ourselves for so much inactivity. The smallness of our number has presented itself as a discouragement, though we did once last winter meet expressly for the purpose of forming a society, and were interrupted. Since then we have had numerous hinderances; some one of us being either sick, or situated at a distance from the rest.

* * * * * * * * *

And now, dear madam, if the weight of maternal responsibility almost crushes mothers in America, blest with every facility for enlightening the minds of their children, and purifying their own hearts, and surrounded with all the means of grace, what think you a Christian mother in this land of spiritual darkness must feel? How often must her closet testify to "groanings that cannot be uttered," in behalf of her children; and her pillow be moistened with tears of grief when the world is hushed!

Would that, with one effort, I could hold up to your view the moral picture of the society in which we live! Alas! would one well-regulated Christian family be seen to stand out in bold relief upon the dark picture? I almost fear not. Where would you behold a temple to Jehovah, unpolluted with the grossest idolatry? Where a Sabbath school, or Bible class; a prayer meeting, or maternal association? Where would you find even a school of virtue and knowledge that has not been fostered by the charities, and nurtured by the prayers of Christians in foreign lands?

Add to this destitution of the means of education, all the pomp and fascinations of a false religion, massive churches, glittering within with gold and silver, blazing with lights, filled with crowds of devotees, bowing to the images of saints, a numerous priesthood clothed with the

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ensigns of power and pride, stamped with the name of *holy*;—and you will have a faint idea of the reality.

A *mother* must be the model, and almost the only model of virtue and religion her children will have. She must be their teacher, their companion, their playmate, their nurse, and every thing else. Her little ones must live in her presence from morning till night, whether she be sick or well. If she goes to the throne of grace, her children must be by her side, or her heart will be drawn away by the thoughts of their physical or moral danger. If she goes to meeting,* her children must go too; if she visits, they must be of the party, or the servants will teach them to dance, lie, or deceive, if they are left at home.

Children are much more minute observers than their parents are generally aware of. The first detection of what is going wrong in the house is usually from a simple-hearted remark or query from them, or the evil is embodied forth in their actions. No sooner has the pompous procession of priests, displaying the holy cross, followed by a train of boys bearing torches, and singing through the nose their monstrous notes, passed our windows, than our children are marching about the room with their sticks raised, chanting the same uncouth sounds.

Not many days since, hearing them busily engaged, we inquired what they were doing. They replied, "We have got a picture, and are playing *worship idols*."

Dark as midnight, indeed, would be our prospects in regard to the welfare of our dear children, if the promises

*Our children, from the age of 14 or 15 months, have been accustomed to sit still in their little chairs duing our family devotions, and Wm. Buck, since he was 19 months old, has attended meeting regularly without making any disturbance. The baby we keep within hearing, as the exercises are held in a part of Mr. Goodell's house. The audience the past year has been respectable, as to numbers and characters, for this place.

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of God were not as many and as rich for us as for you, which, after all, are the main springs of hope and consolation. O for a strong and vigorous faith to seize hold of them, and have our little ones now sealed the heirs of grace! Then could we contemplate with composure the storms of sorrow and temptation that may assail their path through the short journey of life, and anticipate a happy meeting on the everlasting hills of light, to exclaim before our Redeemer, "*Here am I and the children thou hast given me.*"

It is one of the most interesting features in the character of maternal societies, that mothers are educating their children, not only for heaven, but for the *church*. This is the true character of heaven-born religion, *benevolence*. This is a sure criterion that their zeal is genuine, and has been kindled by the Spirit of God—that the plan will succeed till some mighty ends are accomplished.

O mothers, go on with redoubled energy, and holy fervency of spirit! Your work is silent and unostentatious, but takes hold of the destiny of future ages, and of nations throughout the earth. Your daughter may hereafter be a solitary example of true female piety, to multitudes in an unchristian or a heathen country. Educate her as much as possible to be every thing that is amiable, worthy and desirable as a *wife*. She may, at some future period, be the sole companion and helpmeet of a man of God, under labours the most weighty, and trials the most severe. Life, under God, in some solemn hour, may hang on her skill and tenderness to sooth, and even her own may be put into her hands.

Educate her in all respects for a *mother*. The first time she enters this solemn and tender relation, she may be far from her mother's guardian care; and perhaps may have no counsel and assistance to rely upon but her hus-

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band's. Multitudes of parents, who never witnessed a pious family circle, may look with wonder and profit at the manner she trains up her offspring, and admire their sweetness of behaviour, their purity of conduct, or they may exclaim, "Her religion is no better than ours."

Yes, *your daughter*, beloved Christian mother, if by your instruction, prayers and example, she be led to Jesus, may preach a lecture on her dying bed, that shall soften hearts of adamant, and convert those to the belief and love of the gospel, whom no power of argument could ever teach. Yea, it may be the means of a *revival of religion* in the darkest corner of the earth, which shall be felt till the end of time!

My dear madam, I did not intend to intrude so long upon your patience when I began, but hope you will forgive me. Do be so kind as to write us often, and freely impart such suggestions and counsels as your maturer knowledge and experience will dictate. We are ignorant, (at least I am,) and need to be taught. *We want line upon line, and precept upon precept.* And let us often be borne on your hearts to God.

I cannot close, however, without adding a line in testimony of the "*Mother's Magazine.*" It is the first pamphlet we seize to read, and value the most. It seems to me the editor's labours would not be in vain, if it were printed for *missionary mothers alone.*

O, how happy must you be, dear friend, in seeing all your children the disciples of Christ! I know of no joy to a mother's heart equal to it this side heaven.

I thank you a thousand times for your *present of books.* They are worth more than silver or gold, this side of the Atlantic. H. and Wm. come to sit in my lap every day and sing. Wm. says, "Mamma, I will sing now; *take the book.*"

Mrs. Goodell and Mrs. Schauffler unite with me in

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Christian love to yourself and to those associations with which you are connected, to whose Christian sympathy we commend ourselves.

Yours truly,

ELIZABETH B. DWIGHT.

The next letter is dated at the same place, Sept. 19, 1835, and was addressed to Mrs. J. C——, Utica, N. Y.

TO MRS. J. C., UTICA.

Constantinople, Sept. 19, 1835.

MY DEAR MADAM,—

The importance of your "Circular" letter, and the deep interest it excited in our bosoms, would have called forth a much earlier reply, had not sufficient reasons existed for delay. I have waited in order to report ourselves in the character of a Maternal Association, the formation of which has been retarded by sickness, and various other obstacles. At length, through the goodness of God, we have met and adopted the articles of your constitution, as far as our circumstances would allow, resolving by Divine assistance, under the solemn obligations *such* a maternal relation imposes, to attempt the more faithful discharge of the duties we owe our children, each other, the world, and our Redeemer. We number only *three* at this station, viz. Mrs. Goodell, Mrs. Schauffler, and myself; but have added the names of Mrs. Schneider and Mrs. Powers, at Broosa, on our list, by their own request. They engage to observe the same time of our meeting for prayer; to remember each child often in their supplications, and to assist in maintaining a regular correspondence upon the subject of our maternal labours and obligations. Mrs. Goodell has six children, four daughters and two sons; Mrs. Schauffler has one son; and we have three sons; Mrs. Schneider has a little daughter; Mrs. Powers is not a mother, except at heart.

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Thus our infant society embraces five members, and eleven children, and is doubtless the first of the kind ever established in Turkey. Certainly it is without a precedent in this grand metropolis. O that the Spirit of the Lord might bless our feeble beginning, and cause us in this, and in every other relation in life, to shine as lights in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. Inexperienced and alone as we are in a land of darkness, we do feel an almost overwhelming load of labour and responsibility resting upon our hands and our hearts. We have long been aware, in some degree, of the influence and prosperity of the "Utica Maternal Association," and now feel happy, in compliance with your kind invitation, to embrace this opportunity of appealing to your sympathy—to ask your counsel and your prayers for ourselves, our offspring, and the benighted parents and families among whom we live. That you do feel for the distant missionaries and their little ones, shut out from the privileges of education, from pure and refined society, and the ordinances of the gospel in a Christian country, we have no doubt. You do weep and pray for us, and contribute largely for our comfort. If, however, instead of an imaginary picture, you could witness the reality of a heathen or unchristian society, I am sure your zeal would be increased, your prayers quickened, and your views of duty enlarged. But how shall my feeble pen attempt the representation. Oh! think of millions without *one clear beam of heavenly light*, to guide them in the path of holiness, that alone leads to eternal life. The poor deluded mother knows no other way to heaven than through the daily routine of unmeaning prayers and superstitious ceremonies; and how can she teach her children otherwise? All the spiritual light of the domestic dwelling is a *taper*, kept burning before a picture of the Virgin Mary, and to *her* the little one is taught to bow the knee, and cross its

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breast, in token of adoration; while the heart is left a stranger to the commands of the gospel, and suffered to cherish all the depraved passions of our fallen nature. The religion of this church is only a name, a form without life, a splendid shadow to dazzle the imagination and deceive the heart. Its oracles are dumb; and in vain does the mother lead her children with her there for instruction or consolation. Truth has expired in the lap of heresy, and an impenetrable cloud of superstition hangs over the altar of incense. The *Sabbath* returns only to be desecrated, and to afford a better opportunity for the gratification of vain and selfish desires. The mother, whose conduct should be allied to the employments of a better world, here, on the holy morn, dresses her children out for a show—takes them to a temple decorated for fascination—places them in the midst of a noisy crowd, who at certain intervals bow down to the earth, and cross themselves, while a priest mutters an unintelligible jargon of nonsense—and the remainder of the day is spent in folly and sin. The sound of the viol, the convivial throng in the *ball-room*, the noisy mirth of the *card table* often disturb the tranquillity of that hallowed eve—while the children are allowed to partake in the sins of their parents, or are turned off to the care, or rather neglect, of abandoned servants.

The frequent recurrence of holydays, encourages idleness and pride, creates poverty with all its concomitant evils, and fosters self-righteousness in the heart. The rich seem to vie with each other, especially on these days, not only in decorating themselves, but their infant offspring, with pieces of gold, ornaments of diamonds, and all the gayety of dress. These the poorer class imitate in the gaudy display of colours, and other inferior appendages of show. A little boy, who attended my school, used to be encouraged to come by the promise of wear-

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ing his *red clothes* and bright buttons. A sweet little motherless girl used to exclaim on Saturday, "To-morrow is Sunday—I shall wear my red silk frock!" Not many days since, we called at the house of a wealthy individual, and saw a girl about six years old displaying a silver ornament on her head, set perhaps with *sixty real diamonds*, while she, doubtless, could not read a single word. Two small children, one nearly two years old, the other three, were carried about in the arms of servants, to be amused, and not unfrequently did they exhibit the most perverse and obstinate disposition, which was encouraged by gratification. Another small boy within the circle of our acquaintance, left by Providence to the care of his mother, gained by her indulgence the complete mastery. He was dignified by a badge of office from the Sultan, while in his cradle, and was nourished to feel his importance, which has already nearly ruined him. A while ago he leaped from the window of an upper story, and nearly finished his existence. Would that these were solitary specimens of this kind of family government. If this is the way parents *live*, and children are trained, do you wish to know how they *die*? Did one ever witness here a little sufferer triumphing over death, and longing to burst its fetters of clay, to go and praise the blessed Saviour? No, all is gloom, darkness and distraction, in the chamber of dissolution. If death enters the windows, and takes a darling child, the mother sits in sullen silence, or raves with frantic madness. No Holy Spirit comes to sooth her wounded breast; no pious minister softly enters the dwelling of affliction, and in accents of love points to the balm of Gilead, and the physician there. The relatives gather flowers and roses, and entwine a wreath to adorn the faded brow, and scatter golden tinsel over the lifeless form, to be carried through the streets to its narrow

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home. Torches are lighted, and a priest summoned to bear the cross, who is followed by a train of boys, to chant the funeral service. Thus the dead are buried out of their sight, and forgotten; and the awful warning is disregarded. I once saw a young woman, who died suddenly, carried by our windows arrayed in her accustomed habiliments as if for a party; and I involuntarily exclaimed, "Can this be death!" I will here relate the dying scene of a little boy, eight years old, belonging to one of the first families in the Armenian nation, as described by a friend who witnessed it:

"A year ago, we saw him, at his father's house, observed the parental fondness with which he was caressed, and were pleased with his intelligent appearance. Some time last winter, he was seized with convulsive fits. The physicians were summoned, and every thing done which could be devised, for his recovery. The Armenian priest came, and said prayers, and laid the *golden cross* upon his breast; but the disease continued to rage, and threatened the speedy destruction of its victim. The parents and friends thought the child was *possessed of the devil.* Some Turkish women came in, and recommended a *Turkish conjurer*, to dispossess the demon. The half distracted mother insisted upon calling his aid. The father said it would make people laugh, and refused to do it. After some dispute, however, the father yielded, to gratify his wife; and the conjurer was called. He took a cup of water, and muttered some words over it, then put it down, took a pen and dipped it in ink, and touched the child's forehead, and then drew the quill through his mouth. Afterwards he held him by his hand, and put the cup of water to his lips. At that instant the little sufferer awoke, and although he had not spoken before for hours, or noticed the least thing, said, (as the expression was interpreted,) 'I shall now get well.' The con-

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jurer said he would recover, and the spirits of all were tranquillized with hope, which, alas! lasted but a brief moment. The next day, the immortal spirit fled beyond the reach of the tenderest love and the aid of Christian sympathy." Oh! when will the dark night that now broods over the fairest portions of the earth be rolled away? Christian mothers, put this question to your heart, and answer it. What have you done, what will you do, to usher in the day-light of knowledge and salvation, and to awaken millions from the long sleep of ages? On whom does the redemption of our fellow creatures depend? Not upon the agency of angels; not on *one* individual of mighty energies, nor on a *few* such, but on *the Church of Christ united.* The obscurest member cannot stand aloof from the work, and be guiltless. The ransom price of a ruined world has been already paid by precious blood; and Christians, who have felt its saving, cleansing power, must make it known to the ends of the earth. Their lives, as well as their lips, must proclaim it. As well might we put up an effigy to represent a human being, as to substitute the *form* for the *substance* of the gospel. The heathen want not only ministers of the word, but *pious, well-educated families,* in all the various departments of life, to be the living, bright examples of the doctrines of Christianity. Then would the heaven-beaming countenances, the quiet deportment, the pure word of conversation, the upright, intelligent course of conduct, be so many arrows of conviction, to wound the guilty breast. Then would the dwelling of domestic love, the altar of morning and evening sacrifice, the school-room of virtuous and religious knowledge, the Sabbath school, the sanctuary of public worship, preach more powerfully than volumes of abstract teaching. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." Beloved Christian mothers, *here* is room enough to scatter

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hundreds of your sons and daughters, who, by bringing forth the sweet fruits of the Spirit, may make known, with unostentatious but irresistible power, the love of Christ; and save untold multitudes from endless perdition. Will you then train them *wholly* for God, and give them up expressly to bear the glad tidings of salvation to those who sit in darkness, if he shall see fit to use them? Men of the world are ready to come, and do come, from all quarters of the earth, for an increase of gold, or honour; and shall Christians be less wise, or more backward, to serve the Master they profess to follow? Why is it that comparatively so *few* who love the dear Saviour have been willing to leave their native land, and become missionaries of the cross, unless it be because the thing has never been placed before them until their habits of life were fixed; until early education, which inspired the love of home, had rivetted a chain about them too strong to be broken by ordinary means? Methinks I hear you *respond*, Dear sisters, highly favoured of the Lord, *my children are his*, and I tell them so; and if they do not proclaim the message of redeeming grace where Zion sits in mourning, *the fault shall not be mine.*

O what a change would the balmy breath of heavenly life cast over this withered land! "The wilderness and solitary place would be glad." "The desert would rejoice, and blossom as the rose." "The mountains and the hills would break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field clap their hands. Instead of the thorn would come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier the myrtle-tree." Let us labour and faint not, and pray without ceasing. The promises are sure; our work will soon be done; and while we are tuning our harps in heaven, may our dear children left behind be only separated from us by the narrow stream that divides eternity from time. Forgive me, dear Mrs. C——, for this long,

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formal epistle;—do write us, with the greatest freedom and plainness, and permit us to profit by your rich experience. We feel daily our need of more wisdom and more grace. Could I enter your hallowed circle, I would cheerfully take the lowest place, and rejoice to be a humble learner.

My husband and children enjoy good health; but mine is generally feeble. Dr. and Mrs. Grant, whom we love much, were at Trebizond preparing for their overland journey, when we heard last. Our missionary work here generally prospers. Light and knowledge generally increase, and some souls are converted; but we want to see the heavens opened, and the showers of grace descend, until the whole land is watered. Please accept our kind and affectionate salutations, for yourself and family, and present them to your Maternal Society.

Yours in Christian love,

ELIZABETH B. DWIGHT.

The following extract is dated *San Stefano*, Sept. 19, 1835, and addressed to a Christian sister* in Smyrna:

My heart responds to the sentiment "there is no place like *home*," *sweet home*, especially to the fond wife and mother; and I hope you will find yours all that love, approved of heaven, can make it.

Disappointments, perplexities, and afflictions, however, are the lot of human nature, and perhaps they are the best portion of the Christian; these we must expect, and O may they wean us from all we love most here below! There are temptations enough, here on missionary ground, to draw our hearts daily from God, as my experience can testify, though in America they talk about missionaries as if they had sundered every earthly tie and left all the world behind. * * * *

* Mrs. Adger.

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How I should delight to see you personally, and talk face to face on a hundred interesting subjects, which we cannot discuss by pen.

I would kiss your sweet little James many times could he be put into my arms, and wish him a thousand blessings far better than this empty world can bestow. May the Lord make him like Samuel of old, early his. I trust we shall sometimes pray for each other, *as mothers*, and for the little ones God has lent us.

We have just formed a Maternal Society, with *three* members, which we hope the Saviour will bless for his own sake. It is high time our children were within the fold.

Dear Mrs. H. must have a world full of anxiety and labour with her own flock; and yet she has a school besides! I am afraid she will wear out too soon. The temptation is very strong to try one's strength to the utmost, when we are surrounded by such multitudes of ignorant, deluded and neglected children. I long to do something, and yet I am unable to do half my duty to my own family.

The next extract is from a letter to another sister* of about the same date:

I have had my heart full of congratulations for you and brother S. since you have known the tender relation of parents. At the intelligence of such an event, memory returns immediately back to the period when I first became a mother, and then I can fully realize the mingled emotions of a mother's bosom at the sight of her first-born babe; emotions too tender and solemn for any heart that has not felt them to conceive!

* * * * * * *

O may this cherished babe live to be the solace of its

* Mrs. Schneider, Broosa.

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parents, if this be best. But should Infinite Wisdom otherwise order, it can never be lost from existence. Within that little infant body are enclosed, as you well know, immortal powers, which when unfolded can taste the joys of angels, if they are sanctified by the blood which has been shed in their behalf.

O could we who are parents, and could all who are not, be truly sensible of half the responsibility which our relation to our Creator and to our fellow creatures imposes upon us, we should sink beneath the amazing load. But alas! alas! how blind and thoughtless human nature is! How prone are Christians even, to forget that all their enjoyments and afflictions, and all their actions take hold on eternity!

The following is dated *Constantinople, Pera*, June 15, 1836, and was published originally in the "Mother's Magazine" of December, the same year:

Constantinople, Pera, June 15, 1836.

My dear Mrs. H.,—

Your affectionate communication reached us a few days since, and was received with feelings of the deepest gratitude by us all. It was just such a one as we greatly needed, to quicken our slumbering energies, and to refresh our desponding spirits.

If Christian mothers, in America, will pray for us and ours, we *must* pray for ourselves and for them also. It is not in the nature of holy love—the love of Christian fellowship—to be passive; and if we have this principle in our hearts, it must be enlivened by such assurances as you have given us. It affords us incomparably more joy to know that our children have had one fervent prayer offered to heaven in their behalf, than if treasures of gold had fallen to their inheritance; and we would humbly ask that they may not soon be forgotten in those hallowed

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circles, where mothers in Israel meet to present their little ones to the Lord.

Since my previous letter, our maternal meetings have been continued once a fortnight, with occasional interruptions. We trust they have been productive of good to ourselves, in creating greater watchfulness over our own hearts; a deeper feeling of responsibility; a tender concern for our charge, and a more endearing bond of union between us.

Early in the winter, Mr. Goodell's eldest children were much more thoughtful and attentive to religious instruction than usual; so that some special efforts were made to produce the conviction and conversion of all our number. I trust the Spirit of God was in some measure with us. It was proposed that we should all unite in praying, on *one day* for *one* child, and the next day for another, till they all might be particularly carried to the throne of grace. We began on Monday with Mr. Goodell's eldest, and finished on Saturday with the youngest. The next Sabbath was appropriated to the children at Smyrna, the one at Trebizond, and the family of our Greek brother, Mr. Panayotes, by his own request. On the Monday following, Eliza Oscanian, and afterwards our children, were remembered; and on Friday, Ann Schauffler, and on Saturday, Susan Schneider. The plan proved such a source of comfort to us all, and produced such a sweet, fresh tie of Christian love, it has regularly been continued. This is little William Buck's favoured day. Though our families remain much as they were, and we see abundant cause for humiliation, we do feel an urgent necessity to go forward till our prayer shall be *the prayer of faith*, that lays hold on the everlasting promises, and saves the soul!

If we are warranted from the Scriptures to expect the early conversion of our children, in connexion with

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a faithful fulfilment of covenant vows—and who will dare, in this age of light, after all the pledges that have been given in answer to prayer, deny it?—then how culpable are mothers in general! how much comfort do they deny themselves and their children! and, shall it be added, how many souls are ruined for ever, because they were not brought into the fold while under the influence of parental restraint, and while within the reach of the means of grace!

My children must be converted in early life, is a sentiment which ought to be adopted by every Christian mother, and deserves to be written in letters of gold, daily before her eyes; or rather, so indelibly printed upon the heart, as never, for one hour, to be forgotten. And, happily, this is the feeling which is beginning to be cherished in our Maternal Societies. True, it must be accomplished through the grace of God, to quote your own language, "O how freely bestowed!"

What sacred spot is there, in our own country, that is not beset with temptations, at every step, which threaten to destroy the youth, however virtuous, who sets out for himself in the world without the all-controlling Spirit of God? And if the pious mother at home could witness what we have often done, in regard to her absent son in a foreign land, her soul would be filled with bitterness.

Dear sister, have you yet a child unconverted, whom business, pleasure, or a thirst for gain or knowledge may call abroad beyond your circumspection or power of gaining information concerning his conduct, will you listen to a few facts, by way of friendly warning? Shall I tell you of the young man, who once knelt beside his mother in circles for prayer, and who was seen at the inquiry-meeting, and who once indulged a faint hope of having been renewed, profaning the Sabbath by pursuing

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his ordinary avocations; that he is afraid to meet the missionary, lest his ear catch a reproof?

Shall it be told, that they who were faithfully nurtured in the precepts of the gospel, break away from regard to moral obligations as soon as the restraints of society are removed; that their evenings are devoted to gambling, and their Sabbaths to dissipation; that they scarcely or never enter the place where prayer is wont to be made? All this, and much more than this, is true. Alas! some have fallen in the midst of their days. Not far distant lies the mouldering dust of fellow beings, who in infancy breathed the New England atmosphere; and shall the sad tale be told to a weeping mother, that her son died, as he had lived in the world, without hope, and without God? The Searcher of hearts knows whether the skirts of that mother's garments are free from the blood of her child. The Governor of the universe has done right.

Suffer me here to relate an incident, in which we have taken deep interest:

A young lady, from a distant country, came here to teach the children of a brother, who several years since married a native Catholic. We called upon her soon after her arrival, and found her frank, amiable and intelligent. Of her own accord, she introduced the subject of religion, and stated the troubles of her new situation. She said she could not enjoy a quiet conscience without attending public worship on the Sabbath, as she had been accustomed to do; and moreover could not endure to witness card-playing and dancing on Sabbath evenings. "As well as I love dancing, I shall give it up, if I must dance on holy time, which the people here choose." Till that remark, we had secretly hoped she might be a Christian; but now we began to shudder in view of her appalling danger. She proceeded: "What would my

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father say if he knew I could fall into such temptations? I should never dare to see his face again. What would he say, if he knew how my brother lived? I cannot grieve him by making it known. *My mother is a good sort of a woman, and is religious;* but *she is not like my father.*" What a declaration! A child in imminent danger of shipwreck, and yet no cord of maternal influence around her heart to restrain her in the path of safety! No secret act of faith, in a mother's heart, has linked the footsteps of her wandering daughter to the throne of God!

"Mr. F., the clerk of my brother, is the worst enemy I have to contend with. He importunes me perpetually to overcome my foolish notions. He says he is sure I shall join in the amusements, as heartily as the others, in three weeks; for he had the same reluctance at first, having imbibed these scruples from his parents." A young man, educated in the bosom of the church, is the *greatest enemy* an unprotected female can find to her religious principles. Melancholy truth! Oh! had he been laid at the feet of Jesus, *in early life*, by a mother's wrestling intercessions, he might now have been instrumental of adding another soul to the company of the redeemed.

Months rolled away, and the young lady sometimes attended meeting, and sometimes she was obliged to remain at home: but her mind was "like the troubled sea, that cannot rest." She had secretly imbibed some erroneous notions, from reading the works of a certain noted author, and was determined to stake her all upon their truth. She was prone to dispute, and often came to our house with her favourite book, to read passages for our benefit. At last the plague appeared, making awful ravages, and horror seized her mind. *Infidelity* or *experimental religion*, was the alternative, she exclaimed. She hesi

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tated, but death—Oh it might come at any hour, in its worst form! After a desperate struggle, the chain of self-dependence was broken, and the captive sat, a willing captive, at the feet of Jesus! We "beheld the glorious change," and wondered and adored! Human authors were then cast away for the *long-neglected Bible;* and, to the present period, she has adorned the Christian name, and suffered, in her brother's family, constant ridicule and persecution. She took the children to the Sabbath school, and commended them, as subjects of prayer, in our maternal meetings. She prayed with them, and taught them to bend their knees before God. She has now gone to the arms of a *father*, whose prayers have been answered under the most unfavourable circumstances. The child is redeemed! but will any reward come to an unfaithful mother? The brother was shooting, a few Sabbaths since, and, by accident, wounded a boy. He was beaten upon the spot, and afterwards imprisoned; and a *war* is seriously threatened in consequence of one Sabbath-breaker. These little children are left to an unprincipled father, and a mother, whose care only is to dress them prettily, to make a figure in society. If the eldest says, "My frock pinches," the mother replies, "You must wear it, or you will not make a genteel figure: you will be too large when you are grown." Before the face of Anetta, she asked, Do you not think she will be a handsome young lady? and, in the hearing of another, she says, Jane is so ugly, it is no matter what she wears, for she will never look pretty in any thing. It is not surprising, if such a mother can leave her husband and children alone, for weeks together, in the country, to attend the masquerade balls in the city.

From this specimen may be drawn a picture of a large portion of the French society in which we live.

Is it not then of pressing inportance, that our children

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become pious in *early life*? Could a dying mother leave them here in peace while out of the ark of safety?

Can she see them rise to years of maturity, and mingle in such a community without the grace of God? *No! they must be converted;* and, blessed truth! all heaven is now willing to receive them there, and the pen of eternal love is ready to write the name of the youngest in the Lamb's book of life. A brother lately remarked, in answer to the question, How will our children hereafter be employed, if they do not become pious? that *we had no right to make such a supposition—that we had given them to the Lord*, and ought always to feel and act *in full assurance that they are his.*

Should our children be left friendless and forlorn, we love to think there are friends, in our native land, who can feel the orphan's woes, and whom our heavenly Father would provide "to take them up;" and should they need a portion of that knowledge which is the glory of our country, we would gladly, for a time, send them thither; but we need, greatly need, the assistance of pious youth here. There is abundant work for the children as well as the parents, on missionary ground. They are wanted as examples of whatever is lovely, to shine as stars in the midst of night. E. B. D.

The following was written Aug. 28, 1836, to the same sister* as before, in Smyrna.

After alluding to some circumstances of a trying nature, that had occurred, she says:

And what do all these sorrows show us, but our own impotency, and our daily need of lying as poor beggars at the mercy seat! But, though we are poor and weak, our Saviour is rich and infinitely kind. No good thing

* Mrs. Adger.

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will he withhold from those who trust in him. What then have we to do when distressed with wants of any kind, but to draw near to him? O for a heart to go,—to look,—to ask and live!

There is no fleeing from trouble but to flee to Christ,—and O, when will our last sigh be hushed in his bosom!

We shall not live, I fear, to see this wicked world transformed to a paradise, but let us do all we can to hasten its purification, that our children, or theirs, may have a holier society and a serener calm to enjoy during their earthly pilgrimage. If storms and persecution rage without, and arrest every benevolent effort for the good of ruined multitudes, *we* dear sister have no excuse, and I hope no disposition to remain inactive.

A world of care, of labour, and responsibility devolves upon us as parents—as *mothers*, who are to form the character of immortal beings. How large a portion of time do we need for *mere reflection* on such a subject! How much prayer is called for, and what moment can our hands and hearts be free, except when those dear objects of maternal solicitude are sweetly lost in slumber! Should we succeed, as we may, by the blessing of God on faithful and unremitting diligence, in training up our rising families for the kingdom of heaven, we should do much to aid the missionary cause, by giving the world some lovely exhibitions of piety. But I trust the time has not yet come for us to feel ourselves entirely shut up at home in our opportunities of doing good.

The Lord is nigh at hand, though he may be behind a cloud.

To another friend* she said, after speaking of the desirableness of Maternal Societies:

"Oh, my dear children!—Oh, my unfaithfulness and

* Mrs. Schneider, Broosa.

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neglect towards them! What will become of them? Where would they go if God should call them away now?

Could I die in peace, feeling that my duty has thus far been faithfully discharged towards them? These thoughts are passing through my mind from day to day, and from morning light to evening shade; and yet it seems to me that I am stupid, and do not feel, in any measure, as mothers in America do, and as every mother is under the most solemn obligations to feel."

This was written by one who was eminently devoted to the education of her children, and who faithfully and perseveringly aimed to bring all her instructions to bear upon the salvation of their souls. Even when in severe bodily pain, and with her strength prostrated by her truly discouraging disease, she has often gathered her children around her, and manifested the greatest delight in their instruction. Her patience in bearing with their inattention at such times of weakness, and her perseverance in endeavouring to excite their interest in instruction,—when, from the state of her body, haste and peevishness would almost have been pardonable—were truly surprising.

The following was written to a dear friend in Broosa,* under date of Oct. 20, 1836:

My dear Mrs. S.,—

How weary I am!—is the language of my heart at the close of almost every day. What a tiresome world of toil and perplexity this is, and yet what have I done to benefit it, or to prepare myself for a better? It seems to me that I live only to fulfil an appointed period of time which is rapidly drawing to a close, as day after day passes by; and yet it is certain we all do something more than *exist*. Every moment bears its report to heaven,

* Mrs. Schneider.

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of good or evil. Ah, this awful alternative! If no good is done, sin is committed! My heart is ever ready to escape from the bitter thought, but it profits not to hide our guilt from conscience.

We see enough and hear enough at the present time to stir us all up to fervent devotedness to Christ, if outward circumstances alone could do it. Thousands are dying of the plague, every week, whose habitations we can almost see from our windows. They are vacated of fathers and mothers, of sisters and brothers, and of children the hope and joy of their parents. The master and his slave find a narrow bed, alike cold and desolate and lowly.

We witnessed a sight to-day that shocked me exceedingly, though I am told it is a very common one. In walking out this afternoon near the water, we discovered something resembling a human figure, cast from a boat upon the wharf. It lay there for a moment perfectly unheeded. I asked my husband what it could be. He said it looked like a mummy, and so it did. It was wrapped in a piece of checkered cloth, which was tied around the feet and breast. The truth soon glanced upon our minds. It could be nothing else than a dead body—from which the spirit had just been separated, *by the plague!*

Presently a common porter took the stiffened clay upon his back, as if it had been an animal, and walked off with it towards the burying ground. It was the body of a *Christian slave*, and was brought in the boat from the Constantinople side of the harbour. Slaves who remain Christians, are always buried in this way and are not interred in graves, but cast together into a large pit prepared for the purpose.

* * * * * * *

Our dear brother and sister Schauffler, and brother Smith, too,—Oh, how deeply have they drank of the cup of affliction!

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Who can heal so deep a wound but he who caused it or permitted it to be made? "Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot cure." May each of them be assured of this in their own experience!

This is a lesson by which we ought to profit largely. We are united by the same tender ties, both of the conjugal and parental relation, and they too must sooner or later be sundered, though, for reasons unknown to us, ours still remain, while others equally tender are broken.

* * * * * * *

The following letter, addressed to her mother and sisters, is a spirited sketch of a voyage from Malta to Constantinople, when Mrs. Dwight first entered this interesting field of missionary labour:

Constantinople, June 22, 1832.

My dear Mother and Sisters,—

I doubt not but you will be glad to hear that we are at Constantinople, though we are now farther removed from you, as you may perhaps have indulged some anxiety in regard to our passage. We left Malta, on the 16th of May, in the English schooner Garonne, and arrived here on the 6th of the present month. The accommodations of the vessel were very good, and the captain treated us with uniform kindness, and furnished us with every thing that one could reasonably expect on board a merchant vessel. We were all quite sea-sick for a day or two after sailing, but the weather soon became mild, and we recovered our usual health, though Harrison and I suffered occasionally when the wind blew high. It is not necessary to apologize to you for entering into minute particulars in regard to ourselves, for I know my dear mother and sisters would be glad to know more than they can read on paper, and I shall therefore attempt

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to give a little further description of our voyage. Sister Lydia, and Mehetable, will like perhaps to trace our way on the map, and by that means they will fix more definitely in their minds the situation of the Greek Islands. On the fifth day we reached Cerigo, an island belonging to the English and inhabited by Greeks, and then the wind, which had been fair, became ahead and blew almost a gale, so that we were obliged to beat against it, and went down near Candia, a famous resort for pirates; near which, is Cherigotto. After beating around Cape St. Angelo, we bore off to Milo, (those small islands near it, called *Anti*-Milo and *Falconera*, are only rocks.) Then leaving Argentero, Siphno and Zerpho on the right, our way was between Thermia and Zia, a narrow channel, so that we *seemed* to be within a stone's throw of the shore.

Syra, Joura, and Tinos, afterwards came in sight, at the former of which is a missionary station; at which is Miss Downs, now Mrs. Hildner, with whom we became acquainted in Malta. We passed between Andro and Negropont;—the latter, which is very large, appeared more verdant and delightful than any spot before seen. We saw Skyro, Scio, Lemnos, and Mytilene. While among these islands, the sea was much of the time smooth as glass, without a breath of wind to cause a ripple, and in such a case we for hours sat on deck looking around, and wishing for a gentle breeze to waft us forward. Some recent piracies have been committed in the Archipelago, one near Milo of an Armenian vessel, which intelligence, had it been communicated sooner, would have filled us with anxiety. We cannot but feel under peculiar obligations of gratitude to God, for his goodness in preserving us, both from falling a prey to the hands of wicked men, and from the danger of the deep. Please look into the Herald of last February, and

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read Mr. Goodell's letter again, the description of his voyage here, and you will have a much better picture of the scenery up the Dardanelles than I can give. Vessels cannot proceed up when the wind is not fair, owing to the strong current, which runs down like a river. We entered the straits with a fair prospect of going directly through; but when about one third of the way up, the wind died away, and the captain cast anchor, and the next morning a strong breeze came ahead, which lasted several days. While there, a part of the Sultan's fleet lay around us, consisting of twenty-one ships in number, one of which contained 1500 men. I thought my dear mother would not be very happy to know our situation, if her fears and prejudices of the Turks still continue. When we got within about half an hour's sail of the harbour of Constantinople, there was a perfect calm for some time; at length a cloud came over, and of a sudden a violent gust of wind struck us, which would doubtless have done serious injury to the vessel, if not capsized her, had not the captain that moment fortunately and providentially lowered all the sail. The gale for the moment was terrible, and the rain poured down in torrents, while the noise of the men on deck and the loud and angry words of the captain increased the confusion of the scene. The pleasantest part of a voyage at sea, to me, is upon entering a quiet and desired haven of *rest*. The constant rocking of the vessel, and almost every thing about a ship, I dislike. It is well that many people think otherwise; and it would be better if I and all others, like the Apostle Paul, could learn, "in whatsoever situation we are therewith to be content."

We are yet in Mr. Goodell's family, but shall live by ourselves as soon as we can obtain a house; house-rent is exceedingly dear, and the customs of society are totally the reverse of good American ways of living.

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Every family of respectability must have a train of miserable, lazy, proud servants;—one to cook, who is oftentimes too high-minded to wait upon the table or wash the dishes; another to sweep, and take care of the rooms; and another to wash clothes. The female servants in the house will not wash the floors, neither will the *man* who cooks; (for the former sex do not pretend to manage the cooking department;) neither is it the custom for Frank ladies (those who are not natives) to go into the market or shops to buy articles of food and clothing; but servants do this business generally. How we shall get along, I do not know. I cannot easily think of having a girl to watch constantly, and I would rather do any way than have little Harrison much of the time with one, for he is now a *good* boy.

Our work (if the Lord will) we expect to be among the Armenians, and if so I must begin immediately to study the Armenian language, which is doubtless hard, and we hope the way will soon be opened, for the commencement of schools among them. Mr. Goodell's residence is now in a village principally of Greeks, and he has established several schools among them; and one of females, which Mrs. Goodell superintends, is kept in the house. There is no American lady here whose society we can permanently enjoy, and only two or three English ladies, who move in a different circle from ourselves. We shall doubtless have frequent calls from English and American gentlemen, several of whom reside here. Our ambassador and his nephew called on us shortly after our arrival, and on Tuesday we have an invitation to dine with him. He has been exceedingly kind to Mr. Goodell's family.

To-day we took a row on the water, of ten or twelve miles, to see Dr. and Mrs. Kirkland, and Lady Franklin, who has just arrived; but they were out. Lady F.

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is English, as you will know by her title; she has been a companion of Mrs. K. on her tour. Mr. Goodell knows how to say "your ladyship" with a good deal of grace, but I cannot often think of it, and then it sounds so stiff and unnatural, that I feel ashamed.

Every thing here looks flourishing and delightful, like America. The scenery of nature is most charming. Most of the trees and plants are such as grow in my native land; and they often forcibly bring it to remembrance. The oak and willow and many other trees seem like old friends. Malta bears no comparison to Turkey, in its natural beauty. The tall cypresses, which are here abundant, look strange and mournful, and yet add much to the scenery. The houses externally appear mean, but are comfortable within; they are covered with red tile, and shaded with olives, cypresses, &c. &c., and surrounded by gardens, which give them an air of cheerfulness at a little distance. I cannot tell you my feelings when I first entered Turkey and beheld a Turkish village. It seemed like an assemblage of negro-huts. But I hope to tell you more hereafter, and that I am more profitably employed than heretofore for the good of perishing sinners. If I can be *useful* here, I shall be *happy*. When I look around upon such a multitude of deluded souls, I feel myself to be indeed in a wilderness of sin and misery. Do pray for us continually, and O my dear sisters, do improve your privileges. James Harrison's mark * I have put in a lock of Harrison's hair;—his hair is becoming darker now.

I have got this sheet already crowded, and have not said half I wish. Do not let *any one* see this; it has been written in very great haste. Love to all dear friends. I hope to hear that many I love have become pious during the wonderful effusion of the Holy Spirit in New England. Love to Mrs. Harris, and the dear Hastleton

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family; to cousin Holt, and wife; and to Dr. Johnson and wife. My dear husband sends love to you all.

Yours very affectionately,

ELIZABETH B. DWIGHT.

The letters which follow exhibit an interesting view of some of the customs of the country in which the writer lived and laboured. They also show us that Mrs. Dwight's powers of observation and description were of no ordinary kind.

It should be remarked that the first letter has already been published in the newspapers,—it having first appeared in the Boston Christian Register and Observer:

The last two or three weeks has been a time of great interest and hilarity among the Turks and natives here, and one of curiosity and novelty to Franks and passing travellers.

To portray the whole scene in lively colours, would be a task beyond my faculty of description, yet I cannot feel content without giving you, in my feeble manner, a faint glance at the picture. I have, however, for various reasons, been an eyewitness to only a small portion of the festivities. The gentlemen have naturally had better opportunities and a greater disposition to become acquainted with the minuter parts of the show than the ladies.

But before proceeding any further you will wish to know the cause of all this wondrous excitement. It was the marriage of one of the Sultan's daughters to one of his pashas.

The announcement was given several months ago in the Turkish newspaper, and the ceremonies commenced the —— of April by an exhibition of fireworks and illumination. Much time and property have of course been consumed in preparation for such a scene, both on the part of the government and of private individuals. The building where the fireworks were prepared was blown up, and

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thirty men killed and wounded, and among others the head workman. The numerous pashas of the empire were all summoned to attend, and no one would dare to appear in presence of his sovereign without bringing a royal tribute.

The large burying-grounds back of Pera, above the Bosphorus, for two weeks were filled with crowds of people, assembled for the purpose of making money or seeking amusement. Tents, swings, arabas, &c., covered the ground, and at every point some rude source of merriment or luxury for the appetite enticed the spectator to part with his money. Rope-dancers from Egypt, Persia and Turkey, were called, under the patronage of the Sultan, to perform their feats day after day on a high rope extended in front of his tent before thousands of females of all descriptions, from the harems of the Sultan and pashas to the meanest beggar. The native females were not allowed to witness the fireworks, except they could be seen from their own windows, but the Franks have greater liberties, as their customs admit, and perhaps you will be surprised if I tell you I spent a part of two evenings in company with several members of our missionary circle, sitting under a Mussulman tent, in the midst of a Turkish burying-ground.

We sat on a temporary seat, raised from one tombstone to another, and I leaned against the marble, till its coldness reminded me of my exposure to take cold. The lonely solitude of the sleeping dead was changed into a theatre of pleasure; the voices and footsteps of men echoed from one end to the other, throughout its dreary extent, and the pale flickering light of the lamps, scattered here and there, served only to render the scene more awfully impressive, while a thousand thoughts were revolving in my mind, as wide as life and death apart from the object on which we were gazing. Now and then the sky above would be filled with a thousand glowing embers of fire—like so many stars falling to the earth, and

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gradually fading away before they reached it; and for a moment the splendid view would captivate my mind. Then imagination would picture the millions of human beings that were mouldering under these grassy hillocks, beneath the shade of the dark cypresses, whose leaves a stirring breeze occasionally ruffled. They toiled and sported for a little time till life's short day was gone, as we do now, and then sank without the light of the gospel to the darkness of the tomb. O, if they could burst its iron bars, how would they reproach our folly! My blood would once have chilled at the thought of being thus situated, and of having my mind become the subject of such gloomy reveries.

But to return to my story. The illuminations which lined the shores of the Bosphorus for ten or twelve miles, at a distance appeared only like one broad sheet of light, and thus lost their peculiar beauty. They consisted of numberless small glass vessels filled with oil, and strung upon frames of various devices in front of the houses and public buildings. As an example, one represented the heraldry of war, another the sun and stars, or crescent of the moon, or more usually the star and crescent united, as in a Mussulman banner. A third would shadow forth some animal, as a bird in all its different coloured plumage. It was probably done at the expense of individuals generally, and they seemed to vie with each other in tasteful display or liberal profusion of lights, though nothing could rival the splendour of the royal palaces.

On the 7th day the pashas and officers of state, together with the ambassadors and secretaries of foreign courts, and also the highest dignitaries of the different religious sects here—the Jews among the rest—were invited to a royal dinner, which was served under tents erected for the occasion, though the Sultan himself, honoured not the company with his presence. Neither

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were any fair ladies of the Turkish harems tempted or permitted to mingle with the ladies of the ambassadors, who accompanied their husbands to the feast. Mr D. walked through the tents, after the tables were laid and crowned with silver plate to the amount of £30,000 ($150,000) which has lately been received from England. The chandeliers were of gold. The doors of the tents were overhung with silk tapestry. The next day, the young bride's dowry was publicly carried to her new and splendid palace.

We endeavoured to make arrangements, the preceding evening, to witness the procession, which according to report was to pass at eight o'clock in the morning, but every vehicle for riding was either engaged, or enormously dear. When the morning came, however, an *araba* with a pair of oxen was obtained, in which Mrs. Goodell and her four eldest children, Mrs. Jackson, Harrison and myself were seated, and we soon found ourselves at the wished-for place. Our *araba* was posted on an eminence near the road—the oxen taken out to rest by its wheels, and the boy who drove, indifferent to all that was passing, fell asleep between the animals.

The crowd were collecting till twelve o'clock, and formed a line of considerable breadth, on each side of the road, for many miles. At length the desired moment arrived—a bustle was made through all the ranks of spectators, and the band of music was seen ascending a small hill, followed by a troop of horse with flags and lances. Next appeared the gatekeeper of the palace, and thirty or forty mules loaded with bags, trunks, &c., seventeen covered wagons, drawn by four horses each, covered with sofas, cushions, &c., one hundred and sixty or seventy porters, with various articles of gold and silver, embroidered handkerchiefs and jewels. Lastly, forty black eunuchs filled up the train;—the large trunks were covered with

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pearls and brilliants. Immediately after them, were three bandboxes. Had they belonged to an English lady we should have concluded they contained bonnets; perhaps the contents were turbans. The wagons were altogether unique in their appearance, very high, and covered with crimson broadcloth on the top, and a frill of the same hung round the sides, the lower parts of which were latticed, so as to expose the elegant damask cushions embossed with gold and silver. The porters carried the articles in silver trays upon their heads, each being separately tied up in a piece of coloured crape, to secure it from the dust. Among many other valuables, at which we caught a hasty glance, was an urn of gold, a large *mangal* for fire of gold and silver, a footstool covered with gold, gold-washed pitchers and basins, mirrors set round with precious stones, work-boxes, and various other such articles, which made an imposing spectacle. The diamonds were placed on soft velvet cushions upon the waiters. The jewels were so profuse, so various, and passed along so rapidly, glittering in the noonday sun, that I can give you no description of them. Of all this glory I coveted nothing, and only wished that these riches were devoted to the spread of the gospel. We returned with the multitude, who soon began to move off, covered with dust, oppressed by fatigue, and happy to reach our quiet homes and lay aside the thoughts of human glory and vanity. Such is the height of Turkish pride and ambition, and in another world they vaguely and vainly expect a sensual paradise.

Who is there, enjoying the meanest situation in a Christian land, that would exchange it for all the honours and wealth of an Oriental kingdom?

The next day dawned with all the charms of a bright May morning, and long before we rose the carriages were rattling over the pavements in an unusual succession of rapidity.

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It reminded me once more of our American cities, where the stage coaches and private carriages are always on the move. We had concluded after the fatigue of the preceding evening to remain at home and let the next procession pass unheeded, but a latent spark of curiosity in our bosoms was kindled by the movements of others, and we were again after breakfast on our way in a single horse coach to the scene of parade. I took a book to employ the time we might lose in waiting, though others of our party had a different taste or motive, and preferred gazing at the promiscuous throng assembled, which was indeed an object of great curiosity, especially to strangers.

The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the mother and nursing infant, the brute and his master, almost upon the same level, were all mingled together. Some were galloping on horseback, others resting in carriages, and a still greater multitude of all variety of character, age and costume, were sitting down on the dusty ground, from the gay lady, in her silks and muslins, to the old fashioned woman, wrapped in her woollen cloak and white *yashmak.** One of the most interesting sights was the showy *arabas* of Oriental taste, filled with the ladies and children of the great and princely harems. Their rich turbans were covered with jewels. The snowy white yashmaks only half concealed their fine full faces, especially of the prettiest; their broadcloth cloaks lined with white silk fell gracefully off from their shoulders, which were screened by white muslin. The little boys and girls dressed in their flowing robes, overhung by dangling braids of hair, put their lively faces out each side of the carved gilded carriages, and gave a cheerful finish to the whole group.

About one o'clock the report was given, 'They are coming,' and all eyes were suddenly turned to one point

* Covering for the face.

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to catch the first glimpse of the band, whose music was already heard behind the hill, and soon they appeared, followed by three or four companies of troops, amounting to several hundreds, with flags and lances.

Then came the officers of the palace and doorkeepers. Next the officers of the army, the sacred imams, then the pashas, each followed by a train of kavasses (guards) on foot, and the highest officers of state, and after these the eunuchs. In the midst, to crown the climax, came a splendid European coach drawn by six noble horses, richly caparisoned, in which sat the Sultan's two sons, of fine intelligent countenances, one or both of whom may hereafter rule the empire. This sight would have dazzled our eyes, had there been no greater, but the next moment stood before us a golden coach drawn by six horses, whose heavy trapping rustled at every movement.

'The bride,' 'the bride!' was the exclamation from every mouth, though no one could see her, for a curtain of green silk was drawn before the window. A white hand only, without a glove, rested on the outside of the opening. To complete the train were twenty-four European coaches, with six horses each, filled with ladies of royal blood, and the beauties of the empire. At one time a halt was made, and a little girl in the carriage directly in front of us fixed my exclusive attention. She had a fine face independently of any embellishments, yet she was adorned beyond any thing I ever saw. The turban was of black velvet and covered with jewels. On each side of it was a diamond ornament about the size of a child's hand rescmbling a tree, and on the front and back as far as I could see, I counted five more diamond decorations about the size of a dollar. Her frock, only the waist of which was visible, was either made of gold brocade, or her shoulders were covered with tinsel. Many other figures of equal and greater magnificence might be

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described, had the company delayed to afford us time for observation. Afterwards came twenty-four more coaches of the fair sex, with four horses each, and twenty-six native coaches.

Another troop of horsemen brought up the rear. The native coaches are cumbersome; the sides are thickly latticed and gilded, and the tops covered with red broadcloth.

Every officer, besides his regimental suit trimmed with gold, had a diamond *nishan* (a badge of office) sparkling upon his breast. The saddle-cloths and trappings of the horses were in many cases decked with brilliants, and often the hilt of a sword gleamed with precious gems. Among all this display, the appearance of the imams (priests) was of unrivalled beauty from its simplicity, which was put in such a striking contrast. They were covered with a plain broadcloth garment, a kind of flowing robe, matched with a turban of equal grace. The crown of the turban was a red cap of cloth, and a large shawl of white or green muslin was twisted several times round the forehead, while between the two parts of the head-dress was interwoven a gold band, one end of which hung down gracefully over the twisted folds of muslin. The feet of so many horses raised a cloud of dust that almost suffocated us, and had we been no more provident than many others, and put on our best suits, we should have paid for the mistake. We returned amidst a sorry looking group in the same filthy condition as ourselves, and were glad once more to reach the doors of our own plain habitation.

The following evening found the royal bride in her own palace, and our imaginations only could follow and penetrate into the secrets of a Mussulman harem. When the marriage tie was consummated, or how, I do not know: if we may believe report, two officers of a certain rank

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went to one of the imperial mosques and stood as representatives for the bride and bridegroom, while an Imam performed the accustomed rites. It is certain that they did not meet till they greeted each other in their own palace, and, as the story goes, the bridegroom must carry a present in his hand to the bride, or she will not unveil her face, and if the present is not satisfactory, she will reject it till its value is increased.

A few days more passed, and the wedding ceremonies were completed, and the scene of mirth was changed to the 'Valley of Sweet Waters,' to celebrate another rite which initiated the young princes into the Mussulman religion. This also continued more than a week. A dinner was given to all the children of the *rayahs* (subjects) belonging to the schools, and a large company of them walked in procession last Sabbath evening by our windows as they returned home, singing through the streets.

A few hours later passed another procession, of sixteen boys dressed in a singular uniform. It consisted of a pink silk garment, made like a lady's pelisse, girded round the waist by a sash tied behind, the ends of which nearly reached their feet. Round the neck was a narrow frill of plain lace. Their hair was frizzled, and the top of the head covered with a small red cap, ornamented with a heavy tassel of dark blue silk, fixed to the centre, which flowed gracefully down behind.

We took an excursion the other day up the stream of the Golden Horn, to the "Valley of Sweet Waters," which I saw for the first time, though it is visited by almost every traveller who comes to Constantinople. Thousands of people were collected together, diverting themselves in all variety of ways, most of them enduring the heat of a hot sun, without even an umbrella to shadow them. I could not help pitying those poor women, whose indo-

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lent dispositions would suffer them to sit down on the ground from morning till night, in listless inactivity, bringing up their children in the same way.

One woman asked me what I had in my reticule. I told her a book. She felt of it to ascertain the truth, and then, with a sort of surprise, asked, "Can you read?"

One of the first objects that attracted our attention was a long building or tent erected for the performance of the ordinance which was the occasion of these holidays. There some hundreds of boys had received the seal of the Mussulman faith, and from fifty to a hundred were reclining on couches as invalids, when we passed along.

Some little boys walked and danced across a high rope, exhibiting themselves to the multitude, in imitation of their parents. Thus, "train up a child in the way he should go, and he will not depart from it," or, he will follow in the way he is trained.

We were all soon wearied both in body and mind, and glad to leave a scene of such utter folly.

A dinner was that day given to the foreign ambassadors and some other officers of distinction, and on our return homeward we met the banners of almost every kingdom in Europe, waving on the prow of a four-oared caique, in the stern of which sat, in full regimentals, the honoured representative of his nation. Political men of different governments, the high priest, and rabbis of the Jews, and the patriarchs of several different Christian sects, all sat down together, to the feast which the Sultan had prepared; nor would any of his subjects have dared to refuse the invitation, or wished to excuse themselves from the pleasure and honour of embracing it. O that they and all others were as afraid of displeasing the Lord of lords, and the King of kings, and were as ready to embrace the invitation which offers them a seat at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

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Thus ended the royal banquetting; and the city has again relapsed into its former quiet.

Perhaps you will think this is not missionary work—but we esteem it a part of the preparation for it. Nothing which elucidates the customs, habits and characters of the people among whom we live, and whom we aim to benefit, is too trifling for our observation, and we learned more in three weeks, during the scenes described, concerning them, than we could under ordinary circumstances for a long time; and many things that never would have been witnessed were developed there. We attend such a show for the same reasons that missionaries in other parts of the world would enter heathen temples and be present at their festivals.

Constantinople, Aug. 30, 1832.

My dear Miss K.,—

In this city, so far distant from "Great Barrington," there is one who often thinks of you, though you may not be aware of it. So long a time has passed since we separated, you have doubtless given up the expectation of receiving a letter from me, in fulfilment of my promise. Whatever you may conclude from this neglect, I certainly value highly your friendship and correspondence, and shall hope for the continuance of both. Missionaries surely have a peculiar claim upon the indulgence of their friends at home, in the affair of letter-writing; and I fancy that you see this matter as I do, and that I am already pardoned, and therefore shall proceed without farther apology.

Mr. Phelps, of Greenfield, wrote us that you had left the "High School" there, which is all I have heard of you since I last saw you. No one in that place has written me but Miss Leavitt. One at home can easily bear such neglects, but an individual abroad, far distant from

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those dear relatives and acquaintances, whose presence makes life so sweet, cannot but feel it really a matter of sorrow, when those little favours are delayed, from which she receives so large a portion of her pleasure.

Where are you, dear Miss K., and what are you doing? for you are not living in idleness, like the people of this country. This disposition, I am happy to know, is not a general trait of the American character, and it ought never to manifest itself in the Christian. Perhaps you are dwelling in sweet tranquillity at your father's house, and are fulfilling there the duties of piety; or shall I imagine that you have chosen another home even more dear? —I long to hear from you.

We hear wonderful and rejoicing news concerning the prosperity of Zion in the United States; some of which you have probably witnessed.

Has not your cup of delight been overflowing? Perhaps some individuals from your nearest connexions, for whose salvation you have long prayed, often with weeping, have been brought at the feet of Christ and have tasted that the Lord is indeed gracious.

We arrived in this city last June, after a passage of three weeks from Malta. Our residence at that island was very pleasant, though the long period of my husband's absence was quite trying. The separation from our missionary friends and other acquaintances we had formed in that place, was painful. Among other friends was a young lady, the daughter of an English magistrate, a most lovely and intelligent girl, of ardent piety and unaffected simplicity, from whom we parted with much regret.

In Malta, one cannot find many Christians to mingle with, especially among the people of high rank—I know of only one family of this description there, and that the one alluded to, but that prefers the pleasures of the world to any thing serious.

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We are now living in a village on the Bosphorus inhabited chiefly by Armenians; though we daily see different sorts of people, and hear a variety of languages spoken. In Malta, my health was very miserable much of the time, and with the care of my babe I was unable to study but little; so that I only picked up a little of the Italian language there, and of course am now sometimes rather troubled when meeting with people of an unknown tongue.

We intend to direct our efforts to the Armenians, and hope by and by to have schools established among them, (which they will not be very forward to encourage.) Light and knowledge advance very slowly as yet in these countries. The plague is now raging here to some extent, so that familiar intercourse is greatly interrupted by it, as the Frank people usually observe a sort of quarantine in their families. On this account I have, as yet, visited none of the curiosities of the city. Some time since we took an excursion to the "Cyaenaen Rocks" at the mouth of the Black Sea, and to "Giant's Mountain," not far from them. Mrs. Goodell and the lady of Sir John Frankland accompanied us. There is an altar of white marble standing on the top of the rocks, of ancient sculpture, from which we took several pieces as specimens of the marble. The Turks have a small mosque on the top of the mountain alluded to, in memory of Lord Joshua, who, *they say*, sat upon the top of it and bathed his feet at the same time in the Bosphorus. It takes about half an hour to ascend it from the Bosphorus; but we climbed it on the opposite side, in a *wagon drawn by oxen*, which are the Turkish vehicles. We often see the ladies riding out for pleasure in this way. The wagons are carved and painted fantastically, and over the tops of them the individuals who ride spread a white sheet and provide themselves with cushions to sit upon, there being

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no seats in the carriages—and the horns of the animals (either buffaloes or oxen) are gayly dressed, and over their heads is suspended a horizontal pole from which hang tassels of bright colours. The country here is diversified with mountains, hills, plains and valleys, and there are some spots which look beautiful beyond description. In coming from Malta here, we felt that we had got into a new region. The tall dark cypresses give a fine effect to the prospect, though to be sure they have a mournful appearance. Everywhere here one sees shade-trees and fountains, glad faces and gay dresses, for almost every day some sect of people keeps a holiday to a particular saint, and they throng together in some place dedicated to that saint.

There is a novel, called "A Tale of Constantinople," written by McFarlane, which, if you happen to meet with, do read. I do not recommend it because I approve of novel-reading, but because it is so good a description of customs and places here. The names of the villages on the Bosphorus are the true names, and also that of the heroine of the story, "Veronica," who still lives here a few miles from us. A young Greek Count, by the name of Constantine Ghika, (in the novel,) wished to marry her, but her parents forbade it, because he was a *heretic* in their view, they being Catholic Armenians. She, at last, feigned to despise him, and to be willing to marry another whom her parents chose. The day was fixed for their marriage, but, the evening before, she eloped and was married to Constantine, from whom her cruel parents by force soon took her and put her into a convent; however, she is now living with her father, and her husband has returned to Wallachia, his native place,—they having never been suffered to meet. The young man selected for the bridegroom by her parents is the second dragoman to the American Embassy, and we dined with him

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and his sister a few days since. Most of the little occurrences related in the story are no doubt true.

My dear husband is employed in studying the Armenian language, which perhaps I may attempt after a while. I am now taking lessons from Mr. Schauffler, (who is in our family,) in the French. Mr. Goodell's family live in the same house with us, and Mrs. G. is all the female companion I now have, who speaks English. She is a very sweet and amiable woman. Dear Mrs. Whiting has suffered several misfortunes, and her health is very precarious. Mr. W.'s health is also delicate. They are a most worthy couple, and truly devoted to each other. Our dear little boy, James Harrison, is nearly two years old, and runs in the garden all the day for amusement. He is just beginning to learn his letters. I suppose you will hardly be able to realize this. Forgive me, my dear friend, for having intruded so long upon your patience, and I beg you will reply very soon. Please remember me to your sisters. Mr. Dwight joins me in love to you.

You will pardon me, if I do not spell your name right in superscribing this letter.

Yours, very affectionately,

E. B. DWIGHT.

Constantinople, Sept. 6, 1832.

MY DEAR MOTHER AND SISTERS,—

I have written you once from this city, and though I have received no answers, I shall not wait for ceremony, for if I did I should get fairly out of patience.

I have some time since renounced the idea of receiving much news from you, so I intend to comfort myself by telling you the more, for it is truly some consolation to

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give vent to feelings now and then. If you care about reading it, perhaps I shall keep another brief journal for you.

We are now living in a village called Pela Raje, among Armenians, in the same house with Mr. and Mrs. Goodell, though we shall live in separate families. Mr. Schauffler also boards with us, and for the present Mr. Paspati, a Greek, who graduated at Amherst last fall. We set a table now for fifteen persons,—Mr. Goodell's family being with us and also four American gentlemen, one of them a minister who studied at Andover; Mr. Colton, who is now chaplain in the frigate Constellation, and the other three are navy officers. The Captain and his wife and seven more officers are lodging with Commodore Porter. There are six American gentlemen residing here, who call on us often, but no lady: a gentleman and his wife are soon expected from New-York. There are also several English merchants and four English ladies. Some of the gentlemen visit us, but the ladies I have not seen, neither expect to have any intercourse with them. Mrs. Goodell is the only female acquaintance I have who speaks English.

We are now obliged to keep pretty much shut up from the natives, as the plague is now raging, and there is no danger of getting this disease but by *contact*. The infection often remains in clothes a long time, and perhaps is more frequently communicated by them than any thing else. When the gentlemen have been out they smoke their clothes immediately on coming into the house, as this is said to be a certain destroyer of the infection, and we dare buy nothing now but articles of food, except what can bear to be scalded in water, or washed in vinegar. Articles of food are usually passed through water before received. We have been glad to hear of no case in this village for eleven days. Many families in which the

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plague has been, are living now in tents about a quarter of a mile from the house.

You will perhaps think it strange if I tell you I indulge but little apprehension about this disease, but so it is; when living in the midst of evils we lose our fears. But our only hope is in the protection of God. Our house stands at the head of the street, and is surrounded by a high wall. There is a pleasant garden connected with it which contains a variety of fruit, though not a great abundance, such as pears, peaches, plums, figs, pomegranates, cherries, grapes and quinces. Quinces grow in great abundance, and are very large and fair. Adjoining the garden is a long vineyard filled with grapes and the finest fruit, in which we can walk at any time, and the owner sends us often a large platter of fruit. I dare to eat but little of it yet, though I enjoy tolerably good health.

Little Harrison enjoys it very much. He has his hat and runs in the garden from morning till night.

The Christian subjects in Turkey are prohibited from painting in light colours, and their houses are often painted a slate colour on the outside; ours was so formerly, but it is considerably worn off. The interior is quite pretty though old. The ceilings of the roof in the rooms are finished with boards instead of plastering, and usually much ornamented and painted with flowers. The sinks are made of white marble; over each, fitted in the ceiling, is a slab of marble with a face, back of which stands a large receptacle for water. There is not a fire-place in the house except a small place for making coffee. The kitchen is a separate establishment. House-rent is very dear here since the fire, but ours will be much less than it would be if we had a separate house.

We took yesterday a Greek girl to help us, with whom I can only talk by signs, and we have had great difficulty to obtain one at all, because they are unwilling

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to work. One good American servant girl is worth six here. One who makes two or three beds and sweeps the rooms, thinks it quite enough employment without any thing else. Mr. Goodell's cook could not even bring water, because some ladies in an adjoining house looked out of the window to see him, and they just gave him his walking orders.

Sewing is very high in this place, compared to what it is in Malta, and I have had not a little to do in my family though I have had no assistance.

The houses here are all windows, and every window must have a curtain, or else people can sit at their own windows and gaze into your rooms at their pleasure. The windows are generally a foot or a foot and a half distant from each other, and frequently in three sides of a room, and the panes of glass are as large as four of our smallest sized panes. The natives have lattices to the windows in the rooms assigned to the women.

Almost every room has a low frame built in it for a sofa, about nine inches high and three or more feet wide, and this often extends nearly round three sides of a room. Thick beds of wool are thrown on these frames, which are covered with stuff according to one's taste and riches, from satin ornamented with gold to the meanest cloth. These sofas make very good beds for lodging strangers when one cannot do better.

A short time ago we dined in an American family with some other Americans. The invitation was given by the second dragoman of our ambassador in honour of his appointment. The first thing to be offered is always sweatmeats, followed by coffee and pipes for the gentlemen. A servant brings forward the sweetmeats on a waiter, in a small glass-covered bowl, with several tea-spoons laid upon a waiter of silver; the lady then offers you a tea-spoonful, which must be taken like a dose

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of medicine, and then receives the spoon and puts it upon another small silver tray, and passes to the next individual.

Coffee is served in cups which hold about two table spoonfuls placed on others of brass or silver. There was a censer made of silver in the shape of a pine-apple, standing on a leaf in imitation of a grape-leaf, filled with burning incense, which stood upon the table while we were dining.

We were served with fourteen different dishes of meat, and every thing else in proportion. But the dress of the dragoman's sister was the greatest curiosity. Her head-dress was a turban made of a rich cashmere handkerchief, ornamented with pins of diamond and pearl, and long false hair was attached to it which flew round the head as if blown in the wind. Her robe was a brocade silk, figured with gold, and trimmed with gold gimp. This was made without a fold, to trail on the floor, open in front and shut up at the sides, at the bottom like a man's shirt, so as to show the white loose silk drawers underneath. The sleeves were straight, longer than the arm, and open nearly to the elbow, hanging down. Over this dress was a black satin jacket, made close to the shape, the sleeves perfectly plain and about half the length of the arm, and the whole trimmed with gold ornaments. She wore a pair of heavy gold bracelets round her arm and muslin ruffles underneath the sleeves. Round her waist was bound a long cashmere shawl, which cost no doubt at least five or six hundred dollars, and another of muslin twisted with it with a silvered border; both were tied in front. Her slippers were white, embroidered with gold tinsel. The Turkish slippers have only a vamp to put the toes in, so that this lady could not walk easily without losing her shoe, or treading on her robe. She had a small gold watch with a heavy

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chain about the neck, and on her fingers were several large diamond rings. Mrs. Goodell wore a coloured muslin frock, and I a white one, both made entirely plain, and neither of us could boast of one valuable ornament of gold or pearl, and no doubt the lady thought we made a sorry figure, while we could only pity her. All the furniture about the house was very little, and scarcely decent, except the few silver articles just mentioned.

"Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity." There is folly and sin enough in any country, but in some places there is light, and not *all* darkness, and there are some persons who walk with God and the rich ordinances of the gospel, by which the soul is nourished. My dear mother and sisters, while you have the light walk in it, and let us bless God for ever for his distinguishing goodness. My time is very much occupied;—I am studying French and reciting to Mr. Schauffler, and the Italian I must attend to more immediately, if my health is continued. Besides I need the Greek and Armenian. I do not expect to know or talk all these languages at present, but a missionary needs them all or an equal number here. I meet persons almost daily to whom I cannot speak a word, and thus make a very awkward appearance, besides other disadvantages. What are sisters Lydia and Mehetable doing? I hope they will let me know soon; and now if they think that their sister has but one female companion, and is destitute of many other sources of consolation which they possess, *perhaps* they will have sympathy enough to write her oftener than twice a year.

Mr. Dwight and the American gentlemen have gone to-day to the mouth of the Black Sea. I have been there once in company with Lady Frankland and Mrs. G., and we all climbed to the top of the Cyaenaen Rock, and looked off upon the dark expanse beyond. It is about twenty miles sail from here up the Bosphorus, and nothing can

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surpass the beauty and loveliness of the scenery. The whole way, both on the European and Asiatic side of the straits, is covered with villages; it takes about three hours to go so far.

Friday, 7th. I have seen more riches and splendour to-day exhibited, than I ever saw before in my life. The Sultan visits one of the mosques every Friday, which is the Turkish Sabbath, and usually goes with great parade. To-day we took our places near where he landed, so as to have a good view of his face. A guard of soldiers was ranged from the wharf to the mosque with a band of music, and four or five grooms led each one a horse splendidly caparisoned with gold and jewels. They were covered with saddle cloth richly embroidered with gold and silver, and the stirrups were solid gold. The bridles were ornamented nearly all over the head with gold set with diamonds; but his boats, called caiques, exceeded all. They are more than one hundred feet long, and wide enough for two persons, and each had more than thirty rowers, each wearing a red cap with a gold ornament in front and white silk gauze shirts. The caiques glittered all over with gold and jewels. In the stern was the Sultan's seat, exceeding in richness any thing I ever saw. The canopy above was a covering of red broadcloth spotted with gold stars, supported by four large pillars covered with gold, with four lamps upon their tops, of glass and gold—indeed, almost the whole canopy was glittering with it, and the stem and prow of the boat seemed to be huge masses of gold moving through the water; they looked really majestic. The Sultan could of course occupy but one of these boats, there being two. On stepping from the barge, he mounted one of his horses, cast a stern look upon us, and was at once out of sight. My husband sends much love to you all, as well as myself.

Yours truly,

ELIZABETH.

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Constantinople, (Pera,) Sept. 22, 1833.

My dear Nieces Elizabeth and Delia;—

I received a few lines from each of you last spring which were very acceptable, and which would have been acknowledged long ago had not so many other things occupied my time. And now, my dear Elizabeth, you must forgive me if I seem to address you as the *little girl* you were four years ago, instead of the *young lady* which your letter indicates you have become. I hope you both will hereafter write us many letters, for if your papa and mamma write every month as they propose, still we shall not hear half as much as we wish to know. As your letter is not now at hand I have nearly forgotten what you wrote about except the amusing affair which happened at the commencement of lighting the meeting house for evening exercises, and the little stories Delia so prettily related. I will try and tell something in return about the strange people and things we see here, and shall feel happy if I can say any thing to interest you at all. The most noted occurrences that have taken place of late are the dreadful fires, which have driven hundreds of poor people to beggary and thrown multitudes of others into scenes of distress. At the commencement of the last tremendous fire, which broke out near the water, we took James Harrison and went out on the sea in a boat, so near to the devouring element as to feel the heat to a considerable degree. The people were deserting their houses, and throwing their goods into the little boats in great confusion mingling crockery and every thing else together. Little H. was afraid his brother *William Buck* would be burned up before we should get home. You have never seen such an awful sight, neither have I before. The burning mosques with their tall minarets made a distinguished appearance during the catastrophe, some of which were destroyed; and had these profane temples

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alone fallen we might have gazed at such a sublime scene with some sort of pleasure. Our bread of late has tasted very disagreeably, and it is said to be owing to the flour of which it is made, which was rescued from the fire half burned. But as your uncle has already written about the affair I will talk about something else.

We have taken an Armenian girl about twelve years old to educate if she is contented, whose name is Eliza Hoskins. I will tell you how she dresses, and then you will have a sort of idea of the Armenian costume. She is however making herself a frock in English style, and we have just fitted a *bonnet* for her. Her present dress is of calico, (which is commonly worn,) and made in true Oriental style. The waist is whole behind, having a thick collar, either standing round the neck or folding over, and looking in front somewhat like a gentleman's coat. The sleeves are as straight to the arm as possible, without a fold, and sewed only as far as the elbow. The skirt of the robe consists of a single breadth behind and one in front, which is divided into two parts, and these all descend below the feet and drag upon the floor as the young lady walks, and the whole garment is trimmed round with coarse worsted trimming fantastically plaited together of a scarlet colour, such as an American female would never think of using except round a window curtain or something of that sort. The shoes are pointed-toed slippers, fitted only to put upon the toes. We once called to see a lady whose feet were dressed in woollen stockings of the most ordinary kind, who nevertheless had a diamond ornament upon her turban, which we were credibly informed cost about *fifteen hundred dollars!*

A pair of full trousers are always worn under the robe, generally of the same material, and a short muslin gown, which makes its appearance round the bosom and the lower part of the arms. This, however richly the

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lady was otherwise arrayed, I have always seen made of the meanest stuff, such as is commonly used for bonnet linings, and it is usually trimmed with fringe, beads, or something else. If I had time, and such a thing was worth transporting, I should like to dress and send you an Armenian doll, but I am constantly occupied, when other duties will admit, in making and mending clothes for my *Armenian dolls* or engaged in tending them.

The females, neither young nor old, in this part of the world improve their time as they do in our beloved country. They sit at the window from morning till night gazing at any passing stranger. A poor ignorant girl sits at the door of her cabin near our house every day, with a gold chain about her neck without any sort of employment.

The *plague* has lately broken out again in some places here; a dreadful disease such as you have never heard of in America. Scarcely an individual has it and recovers. A few days ago we saw our neighbours hanging out a long line of woollen garments, handling them carefully with iron rods and not touching them at all with their hands. Upon making inquiry we learned that a servant in their house had just been seized with the plague and carried away. I hope this calamity will not spread, but if it does we must be content to let the *Lord's will be done.* We are always exposed to death in every place, whether we are old or young, and the only way to live happy and to lose the fear of death is to fear God and put our trust in him through Jesus Christ, for he will always do what is best for those who love him and confide in his mercy.

I owe your dear mamma a letter or letters and a great many other friends besides, and I hope they will not cast me off for my negligence. When I have learned how better to redeem time I will better do my duty.

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Your uncle has now rung the bell for prayers, and I must obey the summons and bid you good night. James Harrison and baby have long been hugging their sweet pillows. I told H. I was going to write his cousins, and he said mamma might send his love.

We send much love to your papa and mamma and aunt Susan and yourselves.

Your affectionate aunt,

ELIZABETH B. DWIGHT.

Constantinople, Feb. 3, 1834.

MY DEAR MISS P.,—

I shall just remind you of your example without enumerating all the circumstances that have contributed to this long delay in answering your precious favour of October 13, 1832. It was received some time last April, and read with those emotions of pleasure which you will know better how to conceive when finding yourself indeed an "isolated being" in some foreign land.

Allow me, dear friend, to express the wish that our correspondence may become more frequent; and if you will have the goodness to answer this as soon as convenient after its reception, I shall certainly feel obliged to repay the debt with similar promptitude; though I confess it is often difficult for me to find sufficient leisure for punctuality in these matters.

O that some little winged messenger could drop in this evening with despatches dictated *this very morning* at your residence. What tidings might he bring! Such as would cheer us all in our solitude, and inspire the delightful delusion of tasting the sweets of Christian conversation and love at the fireside of a dear friend in America? Or would he tell a tale of sorrow in which our hearts would painfully sympathize? I can hardly think of friends across the Atlantic under any other circumstances than

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those of comfort and prosperity, so liberally does heaven scatter its blessings upon our happy country. But experience assures me that sorrow in its turn more or less frequently finds it way to every breast. The Christian however has an antidote ever at hand,—"a balm for every wound."

We rejoice to believe that the Spirit of God is causing many wonderful and blessed changes among our people at home. And as the work of God goes on there, we have reason to believe it will be promoted in other lands, and among nations yet ignorant of the gospel. The mercy of Christ, in answer to fervent prayer, will open a hundred doors of usefulness in every direction, and provide labourers to sow the seed or reap the harvest. I trust, dear friend, we have your special prayers for *us, and for this mission*, and be assured we value them more than silver or gold. We need above every thing else the Spirit of God to dwell in our own hearts, and to be poured out upon those around us. Then might we expect to see the proud Mussulman, pharisaic Jew and all who are out of the way becoming the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus.

We are not without some evidence that the efforts made here, feeble as they are, meet the acceptance of our heavenly Father; but O, if we had more faith, how would a gracious shower descend instead of a few drops!

March 2d. We are now greatly encouraged and strengthened by the arrival of a few warm-hearted brethren and sisters,—Mr. and Mrs. Schneider, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Schauffler. I think you would be pleased to see what a pleasant little circle of Americans there is, at the present time, in this great and far distant city of Constantinople. Last Wednesday evening we all met at the house of Commodore Porter upon a special occasion; no less than that of the

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wedding of Mr. Schauffler and Miss Reynolds, of the Smyrna mission. It was a scene of solemn and lively interest, and the opportunity was improved in a profitable manner.

This place is very unlike Malta as to society, as well as in a variety of other respects. There are no females out of our own number, except two, with whom we can associate in our language. Our residence is now in Pera, among the Frank population, which is a mixture of all nations, and the predominant faith among them is the Roman Catholic; and of course but few of them have any friendship for Protestant missionaries. The females are devoted to fashion and dissipation, and I am told are extremely limited in their ideas. I have a small school of sweet children whose mothers are Roman Catholics, and their fathers English Protestants. They speak but little English except what they have learned at school; but I hope they have already treasured up some portions of Scripture and hymns which they may not soon forget. Mr. Dwight and myself have had also some Armenian pupils,—he the gentlemen, and I the boys and one girl, whom we are educating. Of the former, we hope two have been taught of the Spirit of God, and that he is preparing them for his own service. A young Armenian in our family, by the name of Hoskins, is now seeking a passage for America, expecting to receive an education in New-York. Should Providence ever throw him in your way, I doubt not you will be pleased to have an acquaintance with him. He already speaks English well, and is an interesting youth, above most of his nation, though not pious.

I wish you could step into our room just now and see how literary we look. No less than *three* are studying the Turkish grammar, and a fourth is teaching Armenian to a servant. I begin to find out I am a *dunce* as to learning to *talk* new languages. A change of circumstances

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obliges me to change speaking from Italian to Greek, and from this to Turkish, and then to French, whilst amid family duties, &c. I can find scarcely a moment to study any language. I am sure you would be delighted with the Turkish, it is so noble and harmonious, and though it is hard to read, your perseverance would soon overcome it. In the Arabic character, which is the proper one, the vowels are suppressed; and in the Armenian character there is no dictionary. The French is the popular language of the Periotes.

Among the most noted things that occur here are the frequent and tremendous fires, which keep us in constant alarm. Not long since, Mr. Goodell's family took refuge in our house, with the expectation of seeing their dwelling in a few hours in a heap of ruins, but it was fortunately spared. The plague, that awful scourge of Constantinople, has been stayed the past season, yet the small-pox has visited Pera, and one of my scholars has been dangerously sick.

I have not yet seen half the curiosities here, which a mere traveller examines in a few weeks; but if you will make us a visit, I shall be happy to go the accustomed round with you, and perhaps we shall gain as much profitable knowledge, if not so extensive and rare, as the famous lady Montague did. We once had the pleasure of gratifying our eyes with the sight of the interior of the Sultan's palace, which is not in Turkish, but European style; but the harem could not be entered even by ladies. I have come almost to the end of my paper, and find I have been all the time talking about ourselves, which I beg you to pardon, and allow me to say one thing more. The Lord has given us *two* dear little ones. The youngest, William Buck, is ten months old. When you think of us you will pray for them, that they may be saved from the polluting examples of this wicked country.

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How comes on your Hebrew? I despair of ever undertaking such a work, however delightful it would be. I thank you for the papers sent out, which, though valuable, have proved to me a dead letter. Please inform the Misses S. K—— of the reception of a letter from them, which I hope some time to find a moment to answer. My love continues the same to you all, though I cannot give the testimonies I would. Do write as often as possible, and believe me ever,

Your affectionate friend,

E. B. DWIGHT.

Mr. Dwight unites in the best regards to yourself and parents and other friends.

Constantinople, St. Stephano, June 26, 1835.

DEAR MISS P.,—

Your favour of October 13, 1834, was forwarded last January, as also the valuable book which accompanied it, and were the means of exciting our gratitude and increasing our pleasure. It came by the hand of Mr. and Mrs. Powers, who were the bearers of many such tokens of remembrance to our little missionary circle, and, on seeing our joy, they remarked, they could not tell whether we welcomed them for their own sakes or for what they brought. We usually, after such a feast of intelligence, live in America for some days in imagination, tasting joys that flow sparingly, or not at all, in this barren land. Soon, however, scenes about us, and the calls of duty, bring home our wandering thoughts, and we feel again, with full force, all the wide difference of our situation. O that I could at once represent to your view the moral condition of Turkey, as we behold it! The picture would be much more striking to you than it is even to us now, we have been so long familiar with objects of degrada-

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tion and misery, and absent from Christian society. Our residence in Pera, which we have just left, was near the Greek church, where we were often compelled to witness many disgusting practices. Prayers are said in the church nearly every morning. The more superstitious or serious part of the people usually attend; though many of them never enter within the doors, but stand without at a little distance off, and cross themselves at certain parts of the service. The servants at a house near by, used regularly to stand upon a small terrace and go through the order of crossing, by observing the motions of those who stood at the church door. One of them sometimes had a coffee-mill in her hands, which she turned in the intervals. Several of the priests inhabit small rooms within the sacred enclosure, and live in the most filthy and shameful manner. Their bloated faces and corpulent bodies, however, testify to their well-supplied tables. They spend their time in apparent idleness, and encourage others to do the same. Being near at hand, our domestics often appealed to them in case I demanded their work on a feast-day. Their reply usually is, "God forbid you should do such a sin." I have sometimes tried to convince them that it is no more acceptable to God to sit looking out of the window from morning till night, or under a shady tree, than to be usefully employed, and have had about the same success you meet with in exhorting a sot to leave his cup. The ceremonies at Easter, (which came this year at the same time for all the different sects,) were such as to make the true disciple mourn in bitterness of spirit, and cease to wonder that the Turks think Mohammedanism as good or better than Christianity. The mass, on that occasion, is always celebrated in the night; and no one thinks of retiring as usual. The beggars seat themselves beside the saint, and keep up a continued strain of begging—the boys play and bawl aloud—loud guns are

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fired, and all is riot and confusion. One would be led to imagine it any thing rather than the joy which a true believer feels on contemplating the resurrection morning of his Divine Saviour. As soon as the service is finished, the first thought of every individual is to get something to eat, which has been denied through the long fast of forty days; and some even carry boiled eggs in their pockets to church. The sports are continued during three days, intermingled with processions and prayers. All business is stopped, and even the sedate Turk turns aside from his employment for recreation and amusement with Christians.

You can have no idea, my dear friend, what an anxiety it is to Christian parents in these countries to train up a family of children amidst such follies and wickedness—to hear them ask, what means this, and why is that, and at the same time to have no churches to lead them to, as the temples of Jehovah, but such as are polluted with idolatry. There is something wonderfully imposing to the young beholder in massive buildings, glittering within with gold and silver, blazing lights and figures of saints, and in gaudy processions of priests and bishops. This looks something more like religious worship to the unrenewed heart than the humble meeting of a few individuals at a private house. Yet it is as easy for the Spirit of God to guide the infant heart in the ways of holiness here as anywhere, and for our consolation he has bid us to trust in him in all our concerns. It is only the want of *active* faith that ever leads us to indulge in distressing fears.

Our dear sister, Mrs. Schauffler, has been very low of late, beyond the hopes and expectations of all her friends. The prospect of her recovery is now more favourable. She has a young son about six weeks old. Mrs. Goodell has a babe two months old, and our youngest is seven

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months. My health is very feeble, so that I have been obliged to relinquish a small Greek infant school I had undertaken, and come to this dirty village for the country air. Our ambassador has a comfortable residence, which he built, near, and his family (consisting of a sister and two nephews) is all the society we have.

Your letter left Miss E. S—— in a sad state of health. I wish to hear again her state. Many I knew and loved at home, could be found no more should we return now. The constant apprisals of mortality among acquaintances, and especially among the little band of missionaries, ought to rouse up every energy of our souls to "*live for Christ.*" Two have gone from Syria within the last year.

As I sit writing you, I have a view from my window of the Princes' Islands, the minarets of Constantinople, Mount Olympus, with many smaller elevations, and a broad extent of water, covered with vessels and smaller craft. The sea this afternoon is as placid as a lake, and were you here, we might have a pleasant sail by stepping into a boat on our wharf. I have been into a carriage only twice since we came to Constantinople, (three years ago,) and then had the pleasure of being drawn by *oxen.*

Sabbath eve, 28th. I have been shut up this day to my own reflections, unable to go out. Mr. Dwight preached at Commodore Porter's to seven hearers. I have been trying to fix my thoughts on a better world, and praying to be ready for it. Very soon all our earthly Sabbaths will be at an end. We may never spend one again in the same temple here below. O! shall we, dear sister, meet in the kingdom of our Father above? Pray ever that we may—and do not forget our dear children. It is hard to think of our leaving them behind, in this wicked world, *unconverted.* And it would be still more so to see any of them die strangers to God. O! there is an abundance of salvation for us and all our friends. Let us be-

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lieve and we shall be satisfied. Mr. Dwight unites with me in the kindest regards to yourself and honoured mother. I beg a kind remembrance to any friends who may take the interest to inquire for us. Do write as often as possible.

Yours in constant friendship,

E. B. DWIGHT.

Constantinople, Sept. 26, 1835.

MY DEAR SISTER CORNELIA,—

I owe you not only a letter, but a great deal more which I cannot repay, and people are apt to think when they get to be bankrupts and cannot pay the whole, they may as well pay nothing. I cannot however feel quite satisfied to let the present opportunity pass without saying a few words to thank you, which my heart does a thousand times, for all your accumulated favours. The night after the arrival of so many letters and packages by Dr. and Mrs. Grant we scarcely slept at all from the excitement they occasioned, and it was not till long afterwards that we regained our usual state of mind. At that time my health was very miserable and I was getting low spirited, and you cannot imagine how much those precious books from Mrs. H—— awakened my desires afresh to *live* for the sake of my dear children. The "Nursery Songs" and "Mother's Hymn Book" are an invaluable treasure, and I would not consent to part with them for any price. Harrison sings some of the tunes very prettily, and Wm. Buck imitates with good success occasionally, and now and then breaks out alone even in company: "O, if I were a Robin, I would fly away." What will become of our little ones? is a question that arises in our hearts daily and causes no little solicitude. I sometimes feel myself a burden on the hands of others, instead of doing any thing to help for-

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ward the cause of Jesus Christ, and I think I should be content to be removed out of the way; yet when the wants of our dear children are realized and seen, life appears important and doubly precious. For who can fill a *mother's* place to her offspring, if she at all does her duty, in this land of unfeeling hearts especially? What servant will smooth the babe's pillow and hush its heart to rest when *mamma* is sick? or who will tell the older ones a Scripture story and lead their minds to Jesus, when *papa* has not time to perform a *double* duty? Happy for us, the "hairs of our head are all numbered;" our minutest sorrows we may tell the blessed Saviour, and the humblest request *he* will not despise. We shall be spared on earth, as long as he has any thing for us to do, to gather the precious lambs he has redeemed, to his bosom.

How I should love to see your sweet little Cornelia and witness the bestowment of your fond care. Children now advance forward so fast in improvement in America that soon she will be able to write aunty a letter. I began to write her some stories last spring, but they appeared so foolish compared with what mamma could tell her they were never sent. How highly favoured you are, dear sister, in being able to attend such enlightened Maternal societies. In return for such privileges you must remember to "do good and communicate," and try to benefit your less favoured sister. I have just written Mrs. Hastings a long letter, which I was almost afraid to send when it was finished. You must derive a great deal of pleasure from the pleasant and profitable society of that family; would that we could participate it with you one week at least. We have lived very retired this summer and almost without Frank society, there being only one family (Com. Porter's) in the village who speak English, and it is so quiet being alone that I almost dread returning to Pera, which we shall immediately be compelled to do. It is

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truly pleasant to be out of the gaze of the fashionable world, when we have no necessary communion with it. The plague has been in the city too, from which we have been comparatively in no danger. Com. Porter has a comfortable neat residence which he has fitted up somewhat in American taste, and it is surrounded by a large garden mostly filled with grape-vines and fruit trees, the products of which we partake. I wish we could put upon your table a basket of fresh gathered grapes; it would be no self-denial in me to part with all my share, for I can eat no fruit of any kind, and never have been able to enjoy the fine tempting grapes. We are invited to visit next week one of the first American families, a connection of Mr. Oscanian, the head man in one of the gun-powder factories. He has promised to send his *coach* for us, and the ride itself even in a rude vehicle under that name will be of sufficient attraction. A good horse and chaise this summer, which we could have used for the benefit of our health, would have been no ordinary comfort. But this is a luxury which even our ambassador has to do without in Turkey. The Turks have not enterprise enough to build coaches or roads. The cunning Russians are making a road over the Balkan mountains towards this place, and they have been coaxing the Sultan to complete it through the portion of country which belongs to him on the route; which he has begun to do. So when the Russians get their heart's desire we may have European improvements introduced here in plenty. As quiet comparatively as we live now, Mr. Dwight has had scarcely an hour to study for the last two weeks from the calls of company. If he had not good health and patience too, he would soon be worn out in body and mind. Why cannot you persuade brother W. to rest a year, and take a voyage with yourself and little C. here to cheer us up and strengthen our hands? I was going to tell you when

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I began the letter how apropos little Johnny's frocks came, and he felt quite proud too that little *coz* had worn them first. They fitted exactly, and were the very articles his mamma would have been obliged immediately to make. I almost fear I shall feel proud in wearing that beautiful silk from your hand, especially as Mrs. Grant said you had a similar one when she saw you. Dr. and Mrs. G. were at Trebizond the 11th, troubled in procuring horses for their journey. They hoped to leave soon. Eliza Oscanian sends her love; she is a very bright girl, and speaks English with as much ease as her brother did when he left. She has made a good deal of improvement since she came to us in almost every respect, yet there is room for a good deal more; above all we want to see her truly pious.

I hope dear sister you have regained your health since your last letter. It is painful at such a distance off to hear our friends are ill, as it is a long time before our suspense is relieved. Do take all possible care of yourself. I do pity dear sister Susan, but if her trials are only sanctified they will be better than worldly consolations. What bright prospects in her case have been blasted!

Sunday evening, 28th. John White's wet nurse has got married to-day, and her poor husband has paid all he was worth to the priest for his fee, according to custom. A *poor* prospect you will think for a family to commence house-keeping, especially as she has already got five children by a former husband. She is the most careful, neat and orderly woman we have ever had in the house, and we should have been glad to have kept her. Mr. Dwight preached at Com. Porter's to-day to eight hearers, not much like Mr. P——'s full assembly. With much love to brother and to your household,

I am your affectionate sister,

ELIZABETH B. DWIGHT.

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Constantinople, Pera, Dec. 4, 1835.

MY DEAR LITTLE NIECE,—

Your mamma tells me your name is Cornelia, and often writes something about you, so that I feel acquainted with you, though we have never seen each other. I often think of you and want to see you very much, and to know how much you have learned since you have lived in this world. I sometimes forget how old you are. Can you read? Do you go to the infant school and Sabbath school, and love to learn whatever is good? Do you always obey papa and mamma and love them very dearly? I suppose you are too small yet to write, but as soon as you can you must write aunt Elizabeth, and tell her all about yourself. Mamma has often doubtless told you about your little cousins here in this far off place, James Harrison, William Buck, and John White. William is about your age, yet I think bigger and fatter, and he is very fond of play. I wish you could have been here to-day, for it is John White's *birth-day*. He is now *one year old*, and God has been very kind to take care of him and keep him from harm. If he were old enough to talk and know about his Creator and Preserver it would be right for him to pray and thank him with all his heart, and ask the forgiveness of all his sins, but as he is now too young to understand these subjects, his papa and mamma have tried to thank God for him, and to give him up to Jesus Christ, who loves little children, and died to save their souls from hell. Although John is so young he has a wicked heart, and so have all other children, which if they ever go to heaven, must first be washed clean in the blood of Christ. Yesterday John was picking up some bad thing from the floor, (as he often does, to put into his mouth,) but he saw his papa come in and look at him, and then he dropped it down, for he knew it was naughty and so wished to deceive his papa. Do you

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not think it is quite wrong for a little child to do a thing when its parents are out of sight which they forbid? Did you my dear ever try to *deceive*? I hope not—it is very sinful, and no sin is small in the sight of God.

Now I will tell you what we did to-day. I invited Mrs. Goodell's five children, Eliza, Abigail, William, Constantine and Isabella, to come and spend the afternoon and take tea with us. Little William Samuel Schauffler was asked also, and as he could not come I will copy the note his papa wrote in reply for him, that you may know what he says. He sent with the note a red box with some sugar-plumbs in it and a small book for a present.

"DEAR JOHN,—

"I rejoice with you that you have safely arrived at the *venerable* age of twelve months. I can't remember your birth-day, but I suppose you can, and I will take your word for it that it was a year ago. I should have come over to-day to manifest my sympathies by jumping a little with you, but your kind note was miscarried. At present I am about to "*turn in*," as the sailors say, and you may perhaps be already in your cradle or bed: but I thought I would send you a line, and wish you *many happy years* in this world [a rare privilege] and a happy eternity hereafter. I believe my mamma will contrive a present for you; I don't know what it may prove to be, but such as it is I beg you to accept of it kindly, and believe me your very affectionate fellow traveller to eternity.

[Signed,] WM. SAMUEL SCHAUFFLER."

I don't know as you will understand this note but mamma will tell you what it means, and I will tell you how happy all the young friends were together. They all run and jumped about the room and laughed, when no one could tell what the matter was, and sometimes forgot that John was much smaller and feebler, and would tumble him over

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in their glee. Then his mamma would have to come and take him up and sooth him for a while. Mr. Goodell said they must all return home before dark, so we had tea early. Mr. G. left a good old gentleman, Mr. Panayotes, to take care of them because Mrs. Goodell was sick and he was obliged to stay with her. We had some bread and butter, (which we do not always get,) some stewed sauce of apricots, and some *helvar*, a thing you have never seen in New-York; Mr. Oscanian can tell you what it is; it is very sweet, and the children ate of it heartily and were as happy as they could be. Your uncle Harrison asked them who they thought the wisest one was? They said "Eliza Oscanian, because she is the oldest," for they think she belongs to the young party. Uncle H. told them the oldest were not always the wisest, and that some people who *know* a great deal are yet *foolish* because they are wicked; that wicked people are always foolish. And now do you think little Cornelia is wise? If she has given her heart to the Saviour she *is*, if not, you are a wicked and foolish girl. It is wicked to live one day without loving Christ after we are old enough to know about him.

Do you ever go and ride with papa and mamma in a chaise or coach? There are no chaises or coaches in Constantinople, but instead of them the people use arabas, usually drawn by a pair of oxen and sometimes by a horse. I think you would be ashamed to be seen riding in one of them in New-York. The other day we got one, and I took Wm. Buck to ride out with me and see a friend. An old Turk led the horse, and he kept saying "it is very muddy," because the horse was so poor he could hardly draw us. By and by he stopped; the man beat and beat him but he would not stir, and so we all jumped out of the cart, and William was frightened and wished himself home again. With such a miserable beast we could not get

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to see our friend, and turned about and made towards home. The boys in the street were glad of such fun, and came to help the man whip the horse along, and the people who passed smiled. When we got to the door the Turk quarrelled half an hour for full pay, so to get rid of him, we gave him half a dollar for *our* trouble. Please give aunt Elizabeth's compliments to Mr. Oscanian when he comes to see you, and tell him he must be your *amanuensis* to write me a letter, and inform me all about your little self if mamma cannot find the time. Please give my love to papa and mamma and all the dear friends in your house, and accept much from your aunt and uncle and little cousins in Constantinople.

E. B. DWIGHT.

Constantinople, Pera, Oct. 12, 1836.

MY DEAR LITTLE NIECE CORNELIA,—

Your dear mamma says you are very fond of hearing stories, and if I can write any thing that will amuse and profit you, (for I wish to do both,) I shall be happy. It is sometimes difficult to *realize what we do not see*, and I want to give you some sensible token that you have friends who think of you, love you and pray for you, though they live far off beyond the wide seas, and the great Atlantic Ocean which washes the shores of America.

Now and then one of those fine ships which you see lying in the harbour of New-York, spreads its noble sails to the wind and comes here, and once your papa sent Harrison a whip and some books. At another time aunt Delia sent the children a little dog and a horse-cart, and grand-mamma some cake; then they knew for certain that they had many good friends somewhere. The dog and cart stand on the bureau in our parlour now, but the whip has been worn out.

It takes a vessel about two months to come from New-

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York or Boston to Constantinople, and if you will ask mamma to show you, you can find the way on the map. After the passenger in the ship has bid adieu to dear friends and set sail, he first loses sight of the houses, then catches a farewell glance of the steeples which tower above them, till at last the land looks only like a distant cloud, and it is no more seen, and nothing but sky and water for many weeks surround him. The little weary land-birds can no longer accompany him, but fly homewards toward the shore.

A little girl would think it very dismal to be long shut up in such a watery prison, and would exult for joy to see again the green earth. Well, on coming to the straits of Gibraltar, the sea is very narrow, and on both sides the villages are seen; and through the Mediterranean sea the fine islands are scattered all along to cheer the eye and gladden the heart of the voyager. Malta is a very fine island owned by the English; and if I had time I would tell you many things about it, as we once lived there; but I wish to proceed farther. I remember when we first reached the place, I thought I would never be unthankful for any comfort in a quiet house again, however poor it might be, I was so tired of the rocking sea. But our hearts are very deceitful, and I soon forgot this good resolution, and have since received many blessings from God without praising him. After we left Malta and had sailed some distance, one night, just at dark, some gay coloured birds came flying to the ship, as if they were very tired and knew not where to go, and lighted on the mast. The captain sent a sailor up the ropes to bring them down, who caught them all at once in his hand as they nestled together. On seeing how beautiful they were, the captain wished to take them home to England to his wife and children. The birds were put into a cage and offered food and drink, but they grieved so for their

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captivity they would taste of neither, and in a short time died, poor little wanderers from their native land, which probably was Africa. And like them, many people too from that unhappy country have died with grief because cruel men bound them with the chains of slavery.

It is delightful to sail in fair weather among the islands in the Grecian Archipelago. To behold the animals feeding on the hills, and the bushes and flowers growing on the banks, I thought we could almost step on the shore and pick them, yet it was in reality a long distance. Some of the wicked Greeks are pirates. They arm themselves with knives swords and guns to fight; and a good many of them collect together in a boat, and hide among the bays in the places which are not inhabited. When a vessel comes in sight they put out to sea towards them, and demand of the captain his money and other valuable things. If he refuses, and attempts with the help of his sailors to oppose them, they will commit murder. The week before we passed through the Archipelago, a number of pirates went on board of an American ship and took the captain's watch, money, knives and forks, and all his furniture, and a large quantity of coffee. We thought the Lord was very good to let us pass in safety. At the entrance of the strait called the Dardanelles, there is a large castle or high stone building full of guns, which belongs to the Turks, and is occupied by soldiers to prevent any enemy from going through to take the city of Constantinople. A few miles higher is another castle, and a small dirty village of poor people, part of them are Jews. Many ships lie waiting here for a long time for a south wind to carry them up through the straits, and we stopped a week. The country is very pleasant, having vineyards of grape-vines, and gardens of olive-trees. The grapes are mostly made into wine, and the olives into oil; though a great many are eaten because the people cannot afford to buy

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meat, and live on fruit and bread. They make different sorts of brown earthen dishes and bring them to the city for sale. At the head of the straits is another mean place, which might become very fine if the inhabitants were not so ignorant. Then opens the beautiful sea of Marmora, named from a small island in it, which abounds in marble—you know what stone this is. This island is not far from Gallipoli; it contains no houses or people. There are many small villages around the shores of the Marmora, but they are not of much importance, and we will hasten to Constantinople. The first town near it, as we approach, is Cape St. Stefano, which, from being called a cape, you must understand that the land extends out far into the sea. The point is very high, and on one side rocky. On the other it is much lower, and the water in the bay is shallow, washing over a sandy bottom like a floor, so that the children can bathe and sport in it for some distance. When the wind blows hard, the angry waves dash with fury against the rocks, and roll up beyond their usual limits on the shore, as if they would destroy every thing within their reach. The boatmen draw their slender barks high on the sand, and are afraid to venture out in them. Do you know who stills the waves and the tempests, and says, "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther?" Do you know who once walked on the water and did not sink? and who once said to the wind, Be still, and it ceased? You will say it was Jesus; and it is he too that has prevented wind and water, thunder and lightning, the hand of cruelty or sickness, from causing our death, and how should we love him! On coming from the west, the house of Commodore Porter, the American ambassador, is the first that appears in sight. It stands all alone in the midst of a large garden, and looks like a gentleman's country house in America. A tall flagstaff is erected on the steep bank near the water,

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where sometimes floats the stripes and stars, called the banner of America, which every American is pleased to behold.

A large stork, a bird having a long neck and long legs, walks about the enclosure in which he has lived for several years. He comes to the door and is fed with meat which he catches in his bill as it is dropped from the hand. Occasionally the wild storks call to see him, but he prefers his quiet home to their wandering life, and never goes off with them. If he were young and inexperienced, perhaps he would not be so wise and contented in his choice. The Turks are very fond of these pretty birds and do not allow them to be killed. Now we are talking about little birds I will tell you of the little quails. You may have seen them for they live in the United States. They come to St. Stefano in the month of September in immense flocks. They fly round close to the ground and hide in the grass. The hunters employ their dogs to drive them up and shoot them when they are flying, and they often get fifty a day to sell. Besides a great many young men spend their Sabbaths here in shooting for amusement, and in the evening of these precious days, they drink and smoke and sing and play so loud as to disturb the whole neighbourhood. Do you not think this is very wicked? It certainly is, and God will one day severely punish those Sabbath breakers, if they do not repent and turn to him. The people of this place are poor, ignorant and superstitious. Most of them are Greeks. They live in mean filthy houses and spend much of their time in idleness, loitering about their doors. The men are principally occupied in fishing and rowing boats, and they might make their families much more comfortable if they did not spend what they earn during the day at the wine-shops in the evening. After the harvest the hungry children are sent

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into the field to glean the heads of the wheat, as Ruth of whom you read in the Bible gleaned the field of Boaz. We often saw two poor women turning round a large heavy stone wheel placed upon the top of another, to bruise the wheat placed between them. They said it was to make *pilaf*, because they were not able to buy rice.

St. Stefano was named by the Greeks, in honor of St. Stephen, who they suppose watches over that place, and once a year they keep a feast-day for him, which is spent in idleness and sin. We read of such a good man who was stoned to death, and received up to heaven, but we do not know that he takes care of any particular place, and besides we are to worship only God. There is a church also dedicated to St. Stephen, which has a picture of the Virgin Mary, and the cross of Jesus Christ, to which the people bow down, instead of loving and serving Christ as the Bible commands. One of the priests used to keep a school in it, to teach the children a few prayers and some other things, in a language they do not understand. A kind-hearted man saw how pitiable their condition was, and got them a good teacher, and fitted up their room with seats and benches, and provided them with books and slates. For a while the parents were pleased, and the children learned well. But the old teacher, who wanted to get the money, said the school was his, and made much trouble about it—so it was all destroyed, and the poor boys and girls were left to run again about the streets.

There was once another school belonging to the Roman Catholics, kept in a good stone building, for the sons of gentlemen, who were able to pay well for their board and instruction—but this is now finished, and the College sold.

The country is a smooth even plain, for some distance, almost without trees, so that several regiments of soldiers often pitch their tents there during the summer-months, and parade about to practice the arts of war. The Sultan

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has a neat pretty *kiosk*, a small palace handsomely furnished, which is situated all alone in a conspicuous place, where he goes once or twice a year to see them exercise.

The principal man of the village is a rich Armenian who lives very respectably. Almost all the land is owned by him and two Turks called Aghas, who pay the Sultan a great tax or price for the privilege of cultivating it. To see the great heaps of grain and fruits they gather, you would suppose they were rich, and perhaps they are, but they live in old shattered houses full of chinks and holes, with windows all broken, and besides they have almost no furniture. They own a black slave, who waits upon the ladies, and walks about with the children. After the grain is reaped, it is piled in stacks to be thrashed. Then a large piece of ground near by, is made very hard by drawing heavy stone rollers or wheels over it, till it is smooth like a floor. When it is finished it is thickly covered with the grain, which is beaten out from the stalks by drags, set on the bottom with sharp flints like teeth. These are drawn round one after another, by horses, and the boys have fine sport in riding and driving. After the straw is cut to pieces, the kernels of wheat are found next the earth, and the men lift up the chaff, which is quickly blown away. So God tells us sinners will be blown away to destruction, and none but the righteous will be preserved to dwell with him in his kingdom.

Now I have almost done talking about St. Stefano, and perhaps you will be glad, as some parts of this story may be too hard for you to understand at present. But mamma when she reads it will perhaps explain hard words and sentences, if she thinks it will be of any use.

I want to tell you of how two little children died there of the plague once. Their father was a boatman, and brought the plague in his clothes or something else from the city, for no one in the village was sick. The little

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girls died after suffering a few hours' pain, and the people were afraid to go near the house. The father took one in his arms and carried it to the grave, and then he returned and conveyed the other to the same spot. Then he and his wife were together alone, and knew not what to do or where to go for comfort. They had no more children—they knew not the promises of religion—their friends were afraid to approach them, and they were driven from the house to a miserable tent to smoke themselves and their clothes for some time. Oh how we grieved and pitied them, to see these young people laid in the dust before they had been taught the way to heaven. There are many more now as ignorant as they were, who may die at any time,—and will you pray God to send them instruction, and prepare them for a better world? The parents here are not like your papa and mamma. They believe foolish lies instead of the truth. We saw once a company of boatmen get a priest to bless their boat and themselves, and I will tell you how they did. They all stood up and the priest held a bowl of water in his hands, over which he muttered some unmeaning words. Then they all crossed themselves and bowed down and kissed the man's garment, while he sprinkled the water on them and over the boat. They then gave the priest some money, and he went away. The water that was left the men took great care to use; some drank of it, others washed their faces and the things in the boat, and supposed God was pleased with such conduct, and that he would preserve them from danger and death on account of it. What child that goes to the Sabbath school, does not know that this is all nonsense and sin—that this is not the way for people to be saved?

You remember I copied a letter for you, that William Samuel Schauffler sent to John White on his birth-day. That dear boy is now cold in death, and the little brother

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about two months old sleeps quietly by his side in the grave. The name of the other was James Ferdinand. We think these two dear babes are with Jesus Christ, praising him, and are much happier than they could be in this world of pain and sorrow. Their parents were very much grieved to lose both of their sweet children at once, but they had given them to the Lord who made them, and believed he has done right. They rejoice to think that they have become like angels, free from sin, that they are wearing crowns of gold, and tuning harps of heavenly music that God has given them to enjoy for ever. Should you not love to be their companion, and even be willing to do without papa and mamma for a while, to be a happy saint above the sky? Then try to be holy—to be like the dear Saviour "who carries the lambs in his arms, and gathers them in his bosom." This is a verse that Wm. Buck loves to repeat, and how I wish that you, Cornelia, and he too, may be of those dear lambs. No matter then when your body dies; the spirit will live in glory, and at the resurrection a new shining body will be formed out of the sleeping dust, for Jesus says it shall be raised again. The wicked too will be raised, but only for everlasting shame and misery.

James Harrison was six years old last Sunday. Some friends gave him many little presents which I fear he thought more about than he did of thanking his heavenly Father, who has kept him alive so long. All our little boys would be very glad to see you and their other cousins. They have only six playmates here, and now we have to live shut up in a house almost like prisoners, because the plague, a terrible disease, is causing many people to die.

Now I have told you the way to Constantinople, you will learn the names of the great ocean, and the seas and the straits between us, if they are not too long and hard. Mamma will tell you the difference between an ocean and

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sea, and what a strait is, and an island, and a cape. I am sure little William Buck cannot tell, but I suppose the children improve faster in America than they do here. William has read a part of Mr. Gallaudet's primer with Isabella Goodell, which your dear mamma sent. He loves to read about Frank and Jane, and how they went to church. Have you got a book like it? When you come and see me, you may sit in the balcony with Harrison, William and John, and look out of the window and see the different sorts of people pass. There are many nations here—Turks, Greeks, Jews, Armenians, French, English, Russians, Italians, &c. We live in the main street of Pera. Perhaps I shall send you a little curl of hair, and some of William's, which is now straight, that you may see the color, and then if you will send me some of yours, I will keep it in a paper carefully, with cousin Elizabeth's and Delia White's. Love to your papa and mamma.

I am your affectionate aunt,

ELIZABETH B. DWIGHT.

Constantinople, Pera, Jan. 29, 1837.

MY DEAR SISTER,

Time slips away so rapidly, I cannot tell when I wrote you last, but conclude that it is some months since. At any rate, my pen has lain almost inactive since we came back to the city, and many other desirable things, as well as writing, have been neglected, for the want of assistance in our kitchen.

You would perhaps laugh at this, if I should enumerate all the servants we have had in the mean time. For the business of cooking, no less than five have been employed, and dismissed. The first was a German renegado, from the Greek army, who could speak no language in common with an individual in the house, and did not know how to

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boil a piece of meat. The second, a well-bred Greek, left for a more eligible situation, at the English Consul's. The third was an Armenian fisherman, fresh from his boat; who, after a week's service, ran away. The fourth, an old dishonest man, could barely totter home under the load of provision he took every night to his family. The last, our present one, is the same who went away the first of November, and had been with us about eight months. He is a Maltese, partly blind, and has the habit of enjoying his glass in the evening.

As for girls, we have had as great a variety. The one who had been with us a year or more, disliking some of our strict rules, at the commencement of the plague, chose to change her situation. With some of Eliza Oscanian's assistance, we remained alone for some time, but she has nervous fits often, which on the whole renders her a much greater care than help, and we were compelled to employ such domestics as could be found, and run the hazard of receiving them into our family. The first girl staid twenty-four hours; having soiled a clean suit of clothes I lent her to change. She put on her own clothes wet from the tub, and without any apparent reason, or ever saying a word, went off. The next one remained *a week*, till we ascertained she was covered with a filthy eruption of the skin, to which our whole family had been exposed. The third, had such pains in two hours after she entered the house, that I suffered great anxiety, lest the *plague* had really come in our midst. The most ludicrous part of the story I cannot tell you, but the next day, notwithstanding all her groaning, she also preferred her own wet garments, and took leave, saying, she had got sick by coming to us, and she would stay no longer, to our great joy. These two last were Armenian girls, the first we have ever been able to obtain, and may be the last, perhaps, we shall seek for.

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Our former girl, has now again returned, being satisfied with her experiments of change, as well as we, and I hope she will be induced to rest quiet; otherwise, the burden of nursing, and domestic cares too, may come upon my dear husband, who has enough of his own already. I assure you, he has now some gray hairs, which perhaps he may not like to have spoken of, for he only acknowledges that his wife is wearing out, and growing older. Next Friday will be my birth-day; and if you will come to celebrate it, we will kill the *fatted Turkey*, (the best we have,) otherwise, it will probably pass unnoticed. Last Thursday was appointed as a day of special thanksgiving, in our missionary circle; in order to recall to mind some of the ten thousand mercies we all have experienced since our residence in these lands, and that a spirit of more fervent gratitude might be awakened in our hearts.

It is no small testimony of the distinguishing love of our Heavenly Father, that no one of our families has been smitten by the pestilence; while so many thousands have fallen around. It is as true as trite a saying, "that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives." Misery and sorrow, dear sister, you have scarcely seen in New England, unless the sorrows of more refined sensibility, and tender affections, may be perhaps keener than those of the body and mind, when the mind is left uncultivated. Had I time and room, and you patience to read, I could tell you many a tale of distress. The past autumn has been one of no ordinary affliction, in this city, and yet where is there an individual, that will pause to inquire "wherefore has the Lord smitten us?"

Mr. and Mrs. Farman, English missionaries, went to Smyrna, two or three months ago, to avoid residing among the sick. They left a Jew in their house, who had been in their employ, sick with the rheumatism, and a servant to attend to him. The latter took the plague,

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and died in the same room with the young man, who was unable to walk a step, and no one would go near till the day afterwards, when Mr. Schauffler heard of it. However, another servant did rummage the dead man's pockets before the clay was placed in its narrow abode, and the same individual expired of the same disease, in the same house, in about a week afterwards, and a similar scene of distress was witnessed again. The poor Jew, hungry and distressed with pain, roared aloud many hours for help, and no person came to relieve his wants, or to remove the loathsome corpse. The house is in a village some miles from where we live, so the news did not reach us immediately. The Jew has lately fallen a victim to his disease, in the midst of his youth.—I think I have not written since the many articles you purchased for our comfort came, and I now thank you much for your trouble. Alas for the poor ball! the net makes Harry a good purse to please him; but William took a pin and tried the ball to see what effect a puncture would have upon it, I suppose, because he was expressly told it would spoil it. As for the shoes, they are a treasure we shall not return, while there are so many little feet here of all sizes; but only two pair are large enough for Harry, so we may trouble you the sooner again. Mine fit well, and especially the ones you had worn; they are exactly the thing, and I had the pleasure of wearing them for the first time to meeting on Christmas day. So far from being offended, at receiving what you had previously used, I wish I could tread in your shoes oftener—I do not mean literally however. Mrs. Goodell, and I have been a shopping to day, to obtain things for friends in Persia, and in Broosa. I wish you could once go with us, and see how lazy and unaccommodating the shop-keepers are; they often ask, whether we want much of a certain article, before they will take it from the shelf; and are

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generally angry if it does not suit. To give you an idea how much we are troubled to get things, I will mention a few instances. In all the shops to which we go in Pera, I can get no suitable stockings, woollen or worsted, for myself or children, no flannels but what are enormously dear, no shoes worth getting, &c. One of the sisters, at Smyrna, sent here for common Russian diaper, to go to Athens and Cyprus. There is not a piece of it to be found in Pera. I have sent about Galata, and found only three pieces, too mean to buy.

Common table-linen is nearly as scarce. It would be well if young ladies who come out would supply themselves at home; but so it is, they always think they shall not want. You cannot fail to be much edified, I am sure, with this letter; I have scribbled it since the children were put in bed, to go to-morrow morning. I began it to-night particularly, to say we send a small tin box to Brother White, containing something called in Armenia, *pestil;* a sort of cloth to eat, made from flour, together with some dried mulberries, with which they (the Armenians) are accustomed to eat it. This was brought from Armenia, and is not made here at all. It is not for its intrinsic value, but for the rarity of it, that we send it. Perhaps brother will again be so kind as to distribute a portion of it among some of our friends. I think Elizabeth will not make another apology for bad writing, if she does I shall suppose it is intended to shame me. The fact is, my husband gave me a day or two since an *extra good* steel pen, and I have spoiled it, and feel as if I must write enough to get the worth out of it, before asking for another. He wrote last week, but he will have a sufficient stock of love to send by this time. He is in his study very busy about something, if not studying.

I remain, with love to all, your affectionate sister,

ELIZABETH B. DWIGHT.

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The extract which follows is from a letter addressed to a female friend, then resident at Malta,* where it will be recollected Mrs. Dwight spent more than two years of her missionary life. The letter was written after a long period of close quarantine, on account of the plague :

"Malta appears to have many attractions now, since having been shut up so long in this place without society, and without being employed in any direct labour for the instruction of the ignorant inhabitants. Though you breathe so many lamentations of uselessness, I feel happy in the thought that you and Mrs. H—— are so well employed, and are exerting an influence in so many ways. Yet surely there is enough on all sides to discourage any one of us in these dark regions, without a strong and lively confidence in that Divine Power which often causes the sun to shine forth from under the darkest cloud. But I trust it is the Lord who has directed each of us to the stations we now occupy, and it is our duty and happiness to *do with all our might* whatsoever our hands find to do—leaving the event with him."

The following is from a note from the country, written to Mrs. Goodell, one of her sister missionaries in Pera, on the fifth anniversary of the birth of her eldest son :

* * * * * * *

"Harrison's mamma is very grateful to sister G—— and the children, whether *he* is or not, for so many presents, which anticipated his birth-day. Oh, if this could be his spiritual birth-day! The words are often in my mind,—"Thus far the Lord hath led me on;" and to-day especially have I been reminded of his goodness. Five years ago he carried me through my sorrows, and never since has left me or mine to fall, but has built up our

* Mrs. Temple.

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household to a respectable number. O that every member of it might be trained up for the mansions above!

"Harrison loves very much to hear the story about the *marriage of the king's son*, and the *man who had not on the wedding garment*. Almost every night he wishes to have it repeated. I hope that he and William and Constantine will try to get the *wedding garment*, which is a *clean heart*, in order to go to heaven. Who can tell how soon the time may come when it will be necessary, and it ought to be always ready.

"I thought of our maternal meeting, though I was alone; and tried to pray for your dear children as well as mine."

The following was written soon after her last confinement, and about three months previous to her decease. It was addressed to a beloved missionary sister in Broosa:*

My dear Sister S.,—

My thoughts and affections towards you have not been so inactive as my pen for some time past. Nor could they be, for every now and then some kind token comes from you to awaken them afresh.

* * * * * * *

Patience—patience, what a word! and *care* too; they have a world of emphasis and meaning. I need much more of the former, and wish others, with whom we have to deal in our families, had more of the latter. But you will think this strange talk for one who has just been the recipient of so great mercies. And true enough, *gratitude* is a more becoming and proper subject for my words and thoughts. Before I was expecting it, a song of deliverance was put into my mouth. Although I had taken special care for some weeks to avoid getting cold, yet the day but one previous to my confinement, a severe influ-

* Mrs. Schneider.

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enza came on, which produced a constant headache, cough, and all the other accompaniments of such a disease. I dreaded the consequences, but the Lord was infinitely gracious in the hour of peril. * * *

We do indeed love our little boy enough, and I would not raise my hand to have him what he is not, for the Lord knows how to suit his gifts. Perhaps, should we all live a few years longer, we may tell him or some of the older ones, to go to Broosa, Trebizond or somewhere else among our friends of a kindred spirit, and bring us a daughter to comfort us in our *old age*. Ah! *old age!* Who of us missionaries may expect to reach it? *Infirmities* we may feel, but *threescore years and ten*, though, at the pace time flies it might soon seem to come,—who of us will see that period completed? Who of us can wish it? Is it not better to have our *work done*, and go home, the earlier to be at rest?

The two letters which follow were the last she ever wrote. The one to Mrs. Schneider was written late in the evening previous to the breaking out of her disease, and while she was suffering from a headache, which was, in fact, a premonitory symptom.

The other, addressed to Mrs. Powers, was written two days previously. Mr. and Mrs. Powers, in consideration of her debilitated state, had very kindly offered to take, for an indefinite period, her two eldest boys; and this note, as will be seen, contains an allusion to this proposition. Those two boys have since been placed in the family of these dear missionaries at Broosa—although when the offer was made no one imagined that they would so soon be left motherless.

San Stefano, June 25, 1837.

My dear Mrs. Powers,—

I am not unconscious how much I am in your debt,

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neither am I ungrateful, although it might appear so. All your notes, labours and kind offers are duly appreciated, and serve to remind me constantly how valuable and pleasant it is to have good sisters, though they may be hundreds of miles distant. If all the followers of Christ were as ready to do all the kind offices they might, even near at hand, many a heart would sing for joy that now aches for the want of sympathy and tender care.

I did not dream that you would volunteer to burden yourself with our children to relieve me; though I should have had no doubt but your kind heart would have answered "yes," had we requested it. I should feel sorry to be obliged to lay so much upon you, and trust we shall not at present burden you in this way, yet I feel as thankful to you and Mr. P. both, as if you had already received them. Mrs. Schauffler has much care to manage so large a family, which it grieves me not to be able to relieve, but I do not see that the absence of two children would do much to lighten the burden.

* * * * * * *

My health and strength are somewhat improved, and could I get over *one* difficulty that obliges me to remain quiet, I could perform the customary duties of my family as formerly. And it is from the inability to do this, and not from any thing that I suffer, that I find myself becoming impatient; for my condition is one of mercies and comforts only. Yet even this is sin.

The Lord, our tender-hearted, merciful Saviour, would not inflict the slightest pain or evil upon any of his people, which he did not see necessary for their best good.

There are two families almost by our own doors in quarantine, who are far less comfortable than we. A child belonging to one of them died last week with some sores which made them suspect it was the *plague*. They were out of doors the next night in a storm without a

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tent. We gave them some sheets and such things as we could, and the next morning, some dry clothes for the baby. Such deprivations in sickness we know nothing about, and when they come to our knowledge, they serve to shame me for ever having indulged a complaining thought.

How painfully affecting is Mr. and Mrs. Adger's affliction! My heart bleeds for them whenever they come into remembrance, and yet how sweet to see Christians, in such circumstances, mourning with true godly submission—there is so much of the spirit of heaven exhibited! Mr. Adger's letter to Mr. Schauffler when their last babe was gone, was very touching, and Mr. Schauffler's so much so in return, that I begged a copy to be sent in the name of our Maternal Society, to the Mother's Magazine.

I hope you will get more and more strength this summer, and be prepared both in body and spirit to see the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the poor perishing souls in Broosa,—a blessing which we hope may be in store, and which we all so much need here.

Without his power no plant of grace will spring up or thrive in the human heart, in any clime.

Your affectionate friend and sister, with the kindest regards to your husband,

E. B. DWIGHT.

San Stefano, June 26, 1837.

MY DEAR SISTER SCHNEIDER,—

It seems to be my fortune to receive instead of conferring favours, so that my debt of gratitude has become a large one to you and to many others.

I sometimes grieve that I can do nothing to repay it, though perhaps there is some pride as well as gratitude mingled with this feeling. It is humbling to human nature to be always dependent, and this is a lesson that I

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need to receive no less than many others. But besides this, it draws the human family much nearer together, and this is a compensation worth suffering for.

The more I am cast upon the tender mercy of friends the more I value their worth, and am drawn towards them. It is, however, a painful thought to consider one's self a burden on the hands of others,—especially upon the labours of those who have the unsearchable riches of Christ to make known to their fellow men.

But we are to *walk by faith—not by sight*,—with the confident assurance that our Father does all things well; and what more can children wish?

How glad should I be to visit you this summer! I did hope, last winter, that it might be so, and that the trip might take the place of a removal to the country, yet it is ordered otherwise. I should be glad if my husband could rest for a while, and refresh himself with you during the summer, yet I need him so much, that I feel hardly willing to relinquish him until I have more strength.

I do really seem to myself, and doubtless to others also, *childish*. When I had strength, I thought myself *something*, but now I shrink before a straw in the wind. The doctor has ordered frequent sea-bathing, which I intend to try.

John suffers this summer again from the bowel complaint, and often looks much emaciated, after several days of severe diarrhœa.

We do not remain without anxiety for him, and his mother can most tenderly sympathize in all his weaknesses and self-denials.

With what fondness have we watched for his progress in talking this whole year, and yet '*papa*,' and '*mamma*,' are the only words he can articulate,—nor does he know

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the name of a single object, while his apprehension by signs is very acute.

With much love to all, I am most truly yours,

E. B. DWIGHT.

It was, probably, very far from Mrs. Dwight's thoughts when she penned this letter, that it would be the last she would ever write; and yet the very next day she was laid upon a bed of sickness, from which she never rose! So it will be with us who survive. We shall soon, perhaps unconsciously, write our last letter, make our last prayer, speak our last word, and spend our last day and our last hour upon the earth!

Happy will it be for us if, like her, we have put our house in readiness, so that we can never be taken by surprise. But miserable, beyond all account, will be our condition, if, when the stern summons of death comes, we have not yet begun to make our preparation for eternity.

Death—to the unrenewed sinner—is awful! But he has no terror for the Christian! The Christian should make death and eternity his familiar study. He should regard death, not with gloomy forebodings, as too many who bear the Christian name are wont to do—but with the most eager and joyful anticipations; not as something to be avoided,—but to be coveted. Death, to the Christian, is that which separates him for ever from sin, and unites him for ever to Christ! Is it not, then, an object to call forth his earnest desires? It terminates all his anxious and hazardous conflicts with corruption, and introduces him into a dwelling-place of perfect and unchanging purity! Is it not this for which he has been longing and striving all his life? And shall he shrink from such a deliverance; from such a consummation of

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his best hopes and wishes; from such untold, unimagined glory?

The great difficulty in the way of our taking the most cheerful and encouraging views of death is, the *extreme weakness of our faith.* If we had faith *as a grain of mustard-seed*, we might easily remove these mountains of doubts and difficulties, and cast them into the sea of oblivion. With the most free and explicit promises within our hands, as it were, we hesitate to lay hold of the full privileges of the Christian hope, and tremblingly shrink away from a complete reliance on the *cross of Christ.* Of course, we must look partly to something else for encouragement and hope; and whether it be to comfortable frames of feeling—to freedom from corrupt thoughts, or any thing else—we do necessarily involve our minds continually in deeper doubts and darkness.

The gospel ground is the *cross alone*, and to that, and to that only, is the sinner directed *to look and live.* To whatever other quarter he turns his eyes, it is all "the blackness of darkness;" but there is nothing but pure unclouded light. "There is *no condemnation to* them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

We cannot fail to notice how carefully guarded this is against Antinomian abuse; while at the same time it gives to all who struggle against sin, and trust in the cross of Christ, the fullest warrant to hope joyfully. "It is *God* that justifieth, who is he that condemneth?" Truly! and it may be asked, if *God* can get over the difficulties in the way of our salvation, what need have *we* to be harassed any more on account of them? If *God* has found out a way by which he is willing to justify us, shall we still, in doubt it would seem of his sincerity or ability, condemn ourselves?

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If we have sins great and aggravated, Jesus Christ has merits reaching far above them all. To doubt this is a species of infidelity highly dishonourable to God. All that is needed of us is simple *trust in Christ.* The hope that arises from such confidence, however, is a purifying hope. If sin—external or internal—is loved, cherished and habitually practised, it shows that we do not trust in Christ, as one who *came to redeem us from all iniquity,* for we do not desire such a redemption. But if sin is our burden, if it causes us daily anxiety and trouble, we have not even the slightest ground to doubt when we look to Christ. *He is able to save* TO THE UTTERMOST, *them that come unto God by him.*

Let us lift up our believing, joyful hearts to him, and then death, even in the most horrid form, will be welcome. The agony will be short, and it will terminate gloriously!

It is always gratifying to know what are the feelings and experience of a Christian on his dying bed, with all the solemnities of eternity fully before his mind.

In Mrs. Dwight's case, as we have seen, her disease was such as to deprive us, in a great measure, of this gratification. Her mind was evidently weakened by it, almost from the very beginning, and soon after, she lost the power of utterance, and lay for the most part in a state of stupor. Sometimes, however, she seemed to be roused from this stupor, and would probably have talked rationally, had she not been deprived of speech.

At these times her husband had some conversations with her; she replying by signs, as she was requested. The following extracts are from a journal kept by him at the time, and they are inserted here with the belief that they will be read with interest, in connexion with what has now been communicated:

"July 3.—It is a great grief to me that, in my present trying situation, I cannot talk with my dear wife of the

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love of Christ; of his presence and all-sufficiency, and of his precious promises, and often pray with her in reference to our going to meet him in another world, for I feel that I may go with her, and perhaps before her. She lies in a constant state of stupor, and can hardly be roused to take a spoonful of arrow-root, or a little medicine. She cannot listen long to what I say, or to my prayers, for she easily falls asleep, and even when she does listen, she cannot tell me her feelings, for she has no power of utterance. Just now, observing that she appeared more roused than usual, I put to her several questions, requesting her to answer me by a motion of the hand.

"I inquired first about her pains of body, and then asked her if she would like to have me pray with her; to which she replied, by a sign in the affirmative. I asked her, 'Are you happy now, my dear?' She gave the affirmative sign. 'Do you feel that Christ is very near and precious to you?' She made the affirmative sign with great promptness. After repeating some passages of Scripture, I prayed, and when I arose I was pleased to see that she had been enabled to give her attention throughout. I then selected a portion of Scripture to read, but she could attend no longer, for she had fallen asleep."

Mrs. Dwight has just opened her eyes for a short time. I asked her if she had comfort of mind. She made no motion, and perhaps did not understand me, as her hearing is evidently affected. I asked her again, if on this sick bed she could trust her all in the hands of Christ. She made the affirmative sign with the greatest promptness. I then repeated to her these two precious assurances of Scripture, 'I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.' 'For our light affliction, which is but for

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a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' She soon closed her eyes again in sleep."

"July 4.—My wife does not sleep so much to-day as usual, and she is rather restless. I saw her just now lying with her eyes open, and asked her if she could adopt the language of Paul, and say, 'I *know* whom I have believed, and am persuaded he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.' After a moment of deep thoughtfulness, she made the affirmative sign. I then told her that a few days of suffering here will never once be thought of when we are tuning our hearts to the praises of our Redeemer in heaven. Afterwards I kneeled down and prayed by her bedside. When I arose, I asked her if she understood the words of the prayer, and she made the negative sign. I supposed it arose from a difficulty in hearing."

In conclusion, we may be permitted to make a few suggestions to Christians at large, who may read these pages:

And in the first place we would say—Let all who have hearts to pray, cry mightily to God in behalf of missionaries. We know not through what fiery trials they are passing while we are living at our ease. At any rate, from their very situation they are exposed to troubles more than other men, and need the special grace of God. They go out with the expectation that their lives will be shortened by their peculiar exposures. Pray that their faith and Christian courage may endure to the end, and that their labours, though short, may be abundantly productive.

Again, pray for the *children* of the missionaries. Their exposures to temptations are many and great. *If they are not early converted, there is great reason to fear that they will fall into some disgraceful sin.* Christ would

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thus be wounded in the house of his friends. Besides this, they are often left orphans, or deprived of a father, or mother. Where, in America, is the Christian father, or the Christian mother, whose heart is not peculiarly tender and affectionate towards the children of departed missionaries?

Again, Let none be discouraged when valuable missionaries are taken away. Do you think if the Lord needed them in order to carry on his work that he would remove them? They are sometimes called away suddenly from very useful labours, and we are apt to feel that there is a serious loss sustained; but, although many have been thus called away, the missionary work has suffered no arrest in consequence, but on the contrary it has steadily advanced. Nay, if we could ascertain the truth, we should doubtless find, that in most cases, these very removals of dear missionary labourers from the field have been the means of far more abundant good, than if they had remained. Their surviving fellow-workers have been rendered more faithful; eternal things have become more familiar; the world and its lying vanities have been more effectually excluded; prayer has become more fervent and importunate; the miseries of perishing souls have taken a deeper hold of the heart; and more energy and point and purpose have been given to every labour of their hands,—because they have felt that *the time is short.* In this way, by the grace of God, great blessings have come out of sore afflictions.

Once more: One great thing that is needed at home and abroad, at the present day, is *closet-religion.* If we have this we shall never place such dependence upon instruments as to be disheartened, or disconcerted, when these instruments are removed. If we have this, without borrowing any trouble from the future, we have the best preparation possible for trials and afflictions. An active

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bustling piety, merely, is not suited to the hour of fiery trial any more than it is to the calm and solemn stillness of the dying bed. Nor will the Lord accept of even the fullest stretch of bodily and mental activity in his service, as a substitute for self-mortification, subdued passions, and a spiritual and heavenly mind.

All that religious activity abroad, which is purchased at the sacrifice of closet-duties, is delusion to the soul, and a mockery in the sight of God. He wants *the heart*, —*the whole heart;* and without this, even duties of his own appointment become abomination in his sight. No man can have true spiritual life, without *keeping* HIS HEART *with all diligence, for out of it* ARE THE ISSUES OF LIFE. And no man can keep his heart with all diligence who has not an in-door as well as an out-door religion; and who has not a closet for prayer and meditation, as well as a world for bustle and action.

Ah! is not this a point of deep deficiency with many of us? Must we not acknowledge with shame, that while we have been laboriously cultivating the vineyard of the Lord, and endeavouring to make it appear beautiful without, we have suffered rank weeds to take root and spring up in our own hearts? To our closets then let us go, and may we meet the Lord there daily! When we have once shut the door, let us never open it again to go out to the world until we have felt the *powers of the world to come;* and have had sweet believing views of Christ; and have been refreshed by some precious foretastes of heavenly glory.

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MEMOIR OF MRS. JUDITH S. GRANT.

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MEMOIR OF MRS. JUDITH S. GRANT.

"But the long toils
And fleeting pleasures of a life mature,
Were not for thee. The sudden sickness came,
Fiery and bitter—but thy soul had peace,
And calmly waited to be offered up
To Him who gave it!"

"BLESSED are the dead who die in the Lord!" How often and how beautifully has this truth been exemplified in the closing hours of the missionaries of the cross! As one and another rest from their labours and leave a name and a memory which are like sweet incense, we can but repeat the cheering assurance, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." When Mrs. Grant deceased, a charming and precious spirit was called to rest from its earthly work. She has fallen first of that little band who are seeking to kindle up the flame of a genuine philosophy, and to revive the slumbering spirit of Christianity in Central Asia—in that region where the Magi of Persia taught, and where the standard of the cross was planted by the early Christians if not by the disciples of our Saviour. Corruption and errors have crept into the Nestorian church; but the Nestorian Christians deserve the prayers and sympathies and assistance of evangelical Christendom for their long and arduous struggle against Paganism and Mohammedanism. While all around him has changed, while kingdoms and dynasties have been overturned, and creeds and sects swept into oblivion, the

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Nestorian has preserved his church; and though the fire upon his altar has burned with a flickering light, it has been kept alive from age to age, and has never entirely gone out amid his fastnesses in the wild mountains of Koordistan.

It was originally my intention to have prepared a memoir of Mrs. Grant, and to have accompanied it with a short sketch of the Nestorian church; but circumstances which I could not control have prevented. The sermon of Mr. Perkins, which follows, has rendered unnecessary such a memoir, and will be found to contain an excellent summary of her life and character. The tribute paid to her scholarship is in all respects just. Her mental training was of an excellent character. Her education was directed by her foster-father, and was intended by him to be of the most thorough kind known in our schools. She was early placed in the classical and mathematical classes in the academy, and in all her studies exhibited great aptness and power. She was eminently qualified for the acquisition of the languages of Persia. Perhaps no female missionary has left our country with a mind so well disciplined as was Mrs. Grant's.

The letters which follow were principally written to her father, and were never intended for publication. A part of them I caused to be published about three years ago, supposing they would be interesting as containing information in relation to Persia and the Nestorian mission. They were extensively copied into the journals of this country and into the religious journals of England.

Mrs. Judith S. Grant was the daughter of Erastus Lathrop. Her mother's maiden name was Judith Crofts, who was sister of the late Alfred Crofts, of Cherry Valley, and of General Erastus Crofts, of Laurens, in the county of Otsego. She was born on the 12th January, 1814, in the town of Rutland, in the county of Jefferson, in the state

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of New-York. Her mother died when she was but a few days old. At about the age of twelve months she was taken by her aunt, Mrs. Sobrina Campbell, and Dr. William Campbell, of Cherry Valley, her husband, and adopted as their child.

She was married at Cherry Valley, on the 6th April, 1835, to Dr. Asahel Grant, and on the 11th May, in the same year, embarked with her husband at Boston in a vessel bound to Smyrna, on their way to Persia. She died at Ooroomiah, January 14, 1839, at the age of 25, having emphatically, in her brief life, "done what she could."

"Green be the turf above thee
Friend of my better days."

The following letters commence in July, 1835, at Constantinople. The reader will find, as before remarked, in the sermon of Mr. Perkins, a beautiful summary of the life and character of Mrs. Grant, and I would humbly add my testimony to its truth and justness.

WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL.

New-York, July 27th, 1840.

Constantinople.

We left Smyrna on the afternoon of the 2d of July, in the steamer Maria Dorothea, a most splendid Austrian boat, quite equal, if not superior, to any steamboat I ever saw in America. We had sole command of the ladies' cabin, which (though itself very small) seemed a palace, compared with our state-room on board ship.

Captain Ford, an intelligent Englishman, treated us very kindly, and as there were no other cabin passengers, we felt more like guests, at the table of a friend, than passengers in a steamboat, or strangers in a strange land. The views up the Dardanelles are very fine. There are

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fortifications both on the Asiatic and European sides. Long ranges of cannon in the walls, and occasionally a pile of balls, reminded us of their strength and terrible purpose.

We reached Constantinople on the morning of the 4th of July, where we found a man from Mr. Goodell, waiting to conduct us to his house. On this day we felt, more forcibly than before, that we were absent from our beloved America. In our own country we were accustomed to hail this day with every demonstration of joy, as the birth-day of our independence. Here, no one seemed to know, or care any thing about it. Commodore Porter invited the few Americans resident at the capital, to dine with him—he sent an invitation for us, but we were not in time to accept it. The American flag was hoisted, and they tried to feel very patriotic, I believe.

We were much delighted to find Mr. Merrick still here waiting our arrival. He was just on the eve of departure when he heard of our arrival at Smyrna, and remained to accompany us. He is a lovely young man, and destined to the Mohammedans of Persia. He will accompany us to Tabreez, where he will remain a few weeks, and then proceed to Teheran for the purpose of studying the Persian language. We consider it a very great favour to have his company. He has been here six months, during which he has studied Turkish, and has become somewhat acquainted with Oriental manners and customs. Besides, Mr. Perkins has sent a man from Tabreez, who is now at Trebizond, to be our dragoman and servant; so we anticipate little trouble in travelling. We shall probably take horses from Trebizond to Tabreez. It is perfectly astonishing how much these horses will carry at a load—140 *okes;* an oke is about two pounds and three quarters. We can carry many more articles than we supposed in America. We expect with

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ourselves and our baggage to occupy eight or ten horses, Mr. Merrick about the same number, which, together with our servant and the surijees or drivers, will make a train of twenty horses and upwards. We take a tent to serve as our house ; also our cooking utensils, eating implements, &c.

I no longer dread this journey, but look forward to it with pleasure. Intercourse between Constantinople and Tabreez is very frequent. Mr. Goodell says he has received letters from Mr. Perkins once a month since he has been there. He says it is much easier to communicate with America from Persia than from Beyroot, or any part of Syria. So, my dear ——, I shall not be quite out of the world, even in Ooroomiah. Mr. Perkins is anxiously waiting our arrival, to proceed to Ooroomiah to commence operations. He intends to do something in the way of schools. Lancasterian schools are the most approved. I find that they are established at all the stations. Here is an Armenian and Greek boys' school to which a high school is attached, also a school for Greek girls, all on the Lancasterian plan.

By the efforts of the missionaries, schools have been opened among the Turkish soldiers ; there are eight schools containing four thousand scholars. Indeed the Turks seem to be as much affected by the mission as any other people. They are considered by the American residents here as a noble people ; needing only civilization and the gospel to render them ornaments to the world.

The doctor's arrival seems to excite considerable interest among the people. Some one comes for medical advice almost every day. Last week, on Friday, we went to Octarqui, a village up the Bosphorus, to see some sick persons. An Armenian banker had been to see the doctor a few days before, and had derived benefit from

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his prescriptions. His daughter was sick, and he wished us to come and see her. We also had quite a curiosity to see an Armenian family. I thought I had seen neat houses before, but this was the climax of neatness. The parlours and family rooms in this country are all up stairs, two and sometimes three flights. No person is allowed to go up stairs with shoes on. We took extra pairs, and changed our shoes in the entrance. Sofas enrich the room on three sides; these are most delightful articles of furniture; so wide as to serve for a bed at night. The natives sit upon their feet cross-legged on the sofas.

Sofas, mirrors, and occasionally a few chairs, and a small table constitute the furniture of a parlour.

The refreshments consisted of sweetmeats, served in glass bowls, which the lady of the house or some near female relative takes in her hand, and with a spoon passes it to all the guests, each taking a spoonful. She gives each one a clean spoon. After this comes cold water in glass bowls with handles, then coffee in cups, about the size of a thimble, holding about a gill, coffee grounds and all, with a little sugar, but no milk. The cups are placed in metal stands, similar in shape to a wine-glass; these are a protection to the fingers from the hot coffee.

The mode of salutation seemed very strange at first —a touch of the breast and forehead, with a bow; not a syllable uttered. The ladies always rise whenever their husbands or any gentlemen enter the room, and remain standing until they are seated. This, too, seems very strange to an American.

We went also to the house of the banker to the Grand Vizier. He was not at home. With his wife we were much pleased. She was dressed in the French style, except a *turban*, and her manners were quite Frank. We were told that they were adopting Frank customs in their family.

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We also visited Mr. Rhodes, an American gentleman who came out with Henry Eckford, Esq., and has been engaged ever since in building ships for the Sultan. He has acquired the confidence of the Sultan to a greater degree than any other foreigner—is admitted to personal interviews with him and walks arm in arm with him through the garden of the Seraglio;—which, by the way, is the most delightful spot in all Constantinople. The wall of the garden is three miles in circumference.

The present Sultan seldom occupies the palace of the Seraglio. He has several palaces up the Bosphorus, and about Constantinople, where he usually resides. He goes to some one of the numerous mosques every Friday, where all who wish can have a sight of his person. We went up the Bosphorus for this purpose, but did not obtain a good view of him. We saw him, and that was all: his caiques, or boats, are very splendidly ornamented with gilding; and he sits in a gilded canopy. The head of the caique is a large cock, a sacred bird among the Turks.

The present Sultan (the accent is on the last syllable) is a man of far more liberal views on the subject of education, &c., than any of his predecessors. He takes great interest in the intellectual improvement of his subjects, as well as the internal improvement of his empire.

The missionaries here have been obliged to lay aside their translations of the Scriptures to prepare lessons in geography, astronomy and geometry, and other branches of mathematics, for the schools among the Turks. They gave them a globe with only the meridians and the outlines of countries, &c., and they have filled it up in Turkish. They have just finished the translation of a geography from Malte Brun, which they are waiting to present to the Sultan's revision. They have also adopted our notions of astronomy, and have received three orreries from the mission for their schools.

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They are also doing something in the way of engineering. Two enterprising young men are employed as engineers to lay out a road from the capital to Adrianople, 140 miles distant. Last year they completed a post road from Constantinople sixty miles into the interior, on the direct road to Ooroomiah. They frequently come to make inquiries of us concerning our roads in America: indeed, they have a very high opinion of Americans. The gun-maker of the Sultan is an American.

Commodore Porter, though only a charge d' affaires, receives honours from the Porte equal to any foreign ambassador. Indeed, a charge was never before known to have personal interviews with the Sultan.

You know you used to say, in sport, that you would come to Persia, and lay out roads for us. Who knows but you may have a chance before long? You might now find full employ in the Turkish empire. How would you like to be engineer general of the Sublime Porte?

The Sultan has two steamboats for his own special accommodation, and that of his cabinet. Belonging to the mission there are an electric machine, magic lantern, telescope and microscope, which attract and interest the people very much. They consider all these as instruments of exciting the attention of the people to the gospel, and feel that only a physician is necessary, to render their apparatus complete. The doctor goes to-morrow, by special invitation, to visit another Armenian banker, said to be the greatest man in the Armenian nation. The missionaries have tried in vain to gain access to him. He has heard of the doctor's skill, and desires to be benefitted by it. We have sometimes felt half-inclined to stop here, as the door seems so wide open. But Persia calls louder still for help, and duty says, Onward. The Shah, an English vessel which runs regularly between this and Trebizond, is now in port, and we expect to sail next week.

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I am now writing in a room in Com. Porter's house at St. Stefano, a little village twelve miles from Constantinople. The mission families are all here spending the hot season, and for the purpose of avoiding the plague, which always rages with more or less violence during the hot season. Com. P. is a very pleasant man—exceedingly kind to the missionaries—opens his house for public worship on the Sabbath, when the American flag is generally hoisted. He has a delightful country-seat: the grounds, &c., are quite American in their appearance. We only sleep here, and still stay in Mr. Goodell's family. Mrs. Brown, the sister of Com. P., is a very pleasant, excellent woman. At present Mr. and Mrs. Schauffler and Mr. Merrick are their guests; all missionaries.

One fact I wish to mention. The Mohammedans, many, very many of them, are beginning to doubt the truth of the Koran, and to inquire about Christianity. As the hand of the Sultan is laid less heavily on the people, so in proportion are they improving intellectually and morally. The system of "cutting off heads" is nearly abolished, and the Sultan permits a grandson to live, a thing almost unknown.

Erzeroom.

Since I wrote you from Constantinople, the waves of the stormy Euxine and the mountains of Armenia have increased the distance between us. But though the broad expanse of the Atlantic, Mediterranean, Marmora and Black seas separate us, "my heart, untravelled, still to thee returns!" Be assured that nothing but a sense of duty would ever have induced me to think, for one moment, of leaving you. You are well aware that the path of duty is the path of happiness, and will readily believe me, when I assure you that I was never more happy than now. At times the thought that I am so very, very far from all my friends, makes me feel rather sad; yet when

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I remember that our Friend above is equally present with you, as with me, and that he is abundantly able to supply all you need, I cease to be sad.

We left Constantinople, Aug. 19, in the Shah, an English vessel, bound to Trebizond, with fine accommodations, and an excellent captain, from whom we received every possible kindness and attention. The cabin and state-rooms are fitted up in a style not unbecoming any packet. We had a state-room, eight feet square, with two windows, two berths, and plenty of room for our trunks, &c. The cabin, furnished with sofas, contained a table large enough to accommodate eleven persons, with sideboards, &c. &c. Two English gentlemen were fellow passengers, Mr. Burgess, a merchant at Tabreez, and Capt. Johnson, his friend, travelling in Persia for pleasure. They were very kind to us.

After a tolerably pleasant passage, we arrived at Trebizond on the 30th ult. Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, American missionaries resident there, received us with much kindness and cordiality, and we passed three weeks very pleasantly with them. My experience proves the Euxine to be rough and stormy indeed. Trebizond I think decidedly the most beautiful place I have seen since I left America. Situated directly on the sea, its houses embosomed in fruit trees present very much the appearance of an American town. We formed acquaintance with the French, Russian and English Consuls. From the English Consul our friends receive every attention. They open their house for public worship on the Sabbath. We were also favoured with an introduction to, and some acquaintance with, his Excellency Mr. Ellis, ambassador extraordinary to Persia. He was exceedingly kind to us, and repeatedly offered his assistance in any way we might desire. He would be most happy to do any thing in his power to further our object.

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We were detained some time at Trebizond for want of horses, which are unusually scarce this season, owing to the great amount of goods for the Persian market. We at length succeeded in obtaining the requisite number, and left Trebizond, Sept. 17th. Our company consists of Mr. Merrick, the doctor and myself, Nicholas our interpreter and servant, three Nestorians, one of whom acts as our servant, the other two walk beside us for our protection, and assist in pitching our tent, &c. &c. Sixteen baggage and five saddle horses, with their drivers, compose our party.

Three hours or nine miles from Trebizond we pitched our tent, and spread our mattresses, in a valley enclosed in the mountains, near a little stream here. After commending ourselves to our Father in heaven, as a family, we sought repose, and were lulled to sleep by the murmurs of the stream.

18th. Rose at 5, refreshed; after partaking of our simple breakfast, consisting of coffee, eggs and quail soup, eaten from a chest, standing, we again mounted, and began to ascend the mountain. The rain which had fallen during the night, and continued at intervals during the day, rendered the rocks very slippery, and my horse would frequently slide some distance. With the assistance of the *katirgu* who led my horse, and of the Nestorian pedestrians who walked each side of my horse, to keep my saddle safe, my fears were allayed, and we ascended the mountain in safety; arrived at Chairlu about 5 P. M., having rode eight hours. As the rain still continued, we did not pitch our tent, but took up our quarters at the *khan*, or mountain hotel, consisting of one room with a ground floor, the roof of which is, on three sides, even with the ground. A cheerful fire greeted us on our entrance, and was very grateful after our long exposure to the cold mountain air. Here, on the fern

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beds, in each corner of the room nearest the fire, we spread our mattresses, and seated ourselves in Oriental style. After our supper of eggs, dried beef which we brought from America, and *yog oort*, or curdled milk, a favourite dish of the natives, of which I am very fond—the milk is soured artificially, and the flavour of the dish resembles our buttermilk—we again recommended ourselves to God, and lay down to sleep.

19th. Rose very early, expecting to start, but were told that some of our baggage was still far down the mountain—the katirgus who had come with us had gone back for the rest. They did not return until after nine, when it was too late to start, as the next stage was eleven hours with no stopping place. One of the horses had rolled down the mountain, and was only saved by a tree from going into the torrent below. There was now no alternative but to stay quietly, not only this day, but the next, which was the Sabbath. We felt very grateful that we had such comfortable quarters, and that our health and spirits were so good. We passed the day in reading and writing alternately, talked about our friends at home, &c.

20th. Passed a pleasant, quiet Sabbath. Mr. Merrick gave us a sermon from Romans viii. 15, accompanied with the usual exercises. We thought and spoke of the "assembly of the saints," of "the great congregation."

21st. Rose early, breakfasted, and started at six, in the rain which continued nearly all day. Our path led up the steep side of the mountain, sometimes so near the brink of the precipice that I was obliged to exert every nerve to retain my seat on the horse. We were enabled to attain the summit in safety, when we found ourselves far above the clouds, probably four thousand feet above the sea. The summit of the mountain was level to a considerable extent, but entirely destitute of trees. The general features of the country reminded me of Scottish

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scenery; high mountains, deep glens, mountain-torrents, shepherds with their flocks, engaged in spinning and knitting—all resemble the ideas I have of the highlands of Scotland. The lands on the mountain were cultivated in every spot which the hand of industry could reach. As we descended the other side we found dry weather, and in the valley there appeared to have been no rain. Our stage of eleven hours was accomplished at four P. M., and we stopped for the night at the village of Tagli-moor-derrah, or valley of rain.

As the village contains no khan, and the weather was too cold for our tent, a cottage was vacated for our accommodation, and we slept admirably in the room with the cows, horses and servants.

I am aware this sounds strangely to American ears, and will probably call forth sympathy and pity for our comfortless situation. But I assure you these things seem far worse in *story*, across the Atlantic, than experience really proves them to be. I never slept more comfortably in my life than this night. This illustrates one happy fact in the constitution of our system,—the power of accommodating ourselves to circumstances: however unpleasant and disagreeable in prospect, we can find much that is amusing and comfortable.

22d. Rose at four, breakfasted, and mounted again at eight. We were favoured during our stay with calls from all the inhabitants of the village; especially the female part. They seemed to take a great fancy to me, as I was probably the first Frank lady ever at the village. They examined minutely every part of my dress, and made such remarks as suited their taste and convenience. They all assembled to witness our departure, and assured me of their affection for me by repeated "choke severims," much I love you—"khosh gelden," glad to see you—"choke salam," much peace go with you. Some of them

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came down the mountain to have the last farewell. I was amused and affected with this simple display of native kindness of heart from these poor degraded Turkish women. O that the blessed gospel was read and its principles practised by them! My feelings and sympathies were strongly enlisted in their behalf. A copy of the New Testament was left there with which they seemed much pleased: we hope and pray that its precious truths may prove the savour of life unto life to these souls. After a ride of eight hours over the mountains, where the thermometer fell to 42°, (the day before to 39°,) we descended into the valley of Balla Hor, where signs of cultivation and civilization began to appear. The region through which we had passed was entirely barren; rugged rocks covered the tops of the mountain, and gave to the whole scene a desolate and cheerless aspect; but here we were greeted with the sight of flocks and herds, wheat-fields and threshing-floors, and carts loaded with grain drawn by buffaloes. An hour brought us to the village of Balla Hor, and we gladly took up our quarters at the khan—a room raised four feet above the stable, with an open railing around it. We had scarcely seated ourselves on the cushion, brought for us from a neighbouring house, when we were surprised and delighted by the arrival of our dear Dr. Perkins. He had heard of our arrival at Constantinople, and for my sake had come on from Tabreez to meet us, that we might be spared trouble and inconvenience on the road. He had already been at Erzeroom three weeks, and had started the day before by Tartar for Trebizond; fortunately we met here, and thus saved him the trouble of going all the way to Trebizond.

We are very, very glad to see him. You can imagine it, I think, a great object to have him with us, as he is acquainted with the road and with the language.

23d. Rose at three, breakfasted, and started at six. A

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delightful ride of four and a half hours brought us to Baiboot. For the first time I took the reins this morning. It was rather dull work to have my horse led; on the mountains it was necessary; but our road to-day led over a delightful plain. Pitched our tents at eleven, on the flat beside the river Ioroke, which runs through the city of Baiboot. Dined on mutton-soup, mutton-steak, and water-melon. It was a comfortable day of rest to us, and at night we hung our curtain, spread our mattresses, and sought repose.

24th. Much refreshed this morning, mounted at half past six—pleasant, but cold. Our road led along the banks of the river for several hours. We then crossed it and followed a tributary for some distance. We met a party of boys and men, headed by a Turkish officer, who had been out into the country and forced these into the service of the army. They were on their way to Constantinople. This is a wretched system—no better than the slave-trade. On our way we passed a mineral spring, the waters of which resemble in taste the Congress water of Saratoga.

25th. Passed the night comfortably in our tent, and crossed the mountain, from the summit of which we had a distant view of Erzeroom, at the eastern extremity of the plain of that name. Descended into the plain, and stopped at the first village for the night.

26th. Rose at one, breakfasted, and started at four, to avoid the heat of the day, which would be oppressive on the plain. This plain is perfectly level for a space of twelve miles square, exceedingly fertile, nearly destitute of trees. We visited the hot springs, twelve miles from the city. The temperature is about 106°, and the water boils up very prettily from the ground, and they are much resorted to for bathing. We crossed the Euphrates, which rises in Erzeroom, and were kindly received by

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Messrs. Abbot and Zohrab, English merchants here; they insisted on our stopping with them, and offered every assistance in their power.

Mr. Perkins preached there yesterday, Sabbath. I find myself very little fatigued; indeed I am confident that I could have made a journey of 189 miles in no other manner with as little fatigue. I attribute it to my saddle—a chair with back and arms, and a board for my feet; so it is like sitting in a chair instead of a saddle. We have engaged horses, and intend to set off to-morrow for Tabreez, in company with Mr. Burgess and Captain Johnson.

Tabreez, Persia.

My last letter, dated Sept. 26th, left me at Erzeroom, where we remained until the 29th, experiencing much kindness and attention from our English friends, to whom we feel much indebted and attached. Our journey from thence to Tabreez was prosperous and delightful beyond any thing we had dared to anticipate. As the incidents of the journey can best be given in the form of a journal, I will, with your permission, continue in the same manner with former letters:

Sept. 29th. Left Erzeroom at half-past twelve, rode twenty-four miles, over the plain of Hassan Kulaah, (fortress of Hassan, pronounced Hassan Colly,) and stopped for the night in a stable—our tent having remained behind without our consent, through the carelessness of our muleteer.

It was after dark when we arrived, and I was exceedingly fatigued. By the light of the moon, which shines very brightly in this country, we selected a place for our tent, but were obliged, after waiting some time, to adjourn to the stable, which had been engaged by some English friends who had preceded us. It was a loft, eight feet above the stable, with a railing around it. In the stable

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were six horses, four donkeys, three buffaloes and their calves, altogether a most musical company. As I entered the chamber, eight feet by twelve, the stench from the stable, and the tobacco-smoke, with which the room had been filled for our accommodation, as an antidote to the other perfumes, well nigh suffocated me. I was nearly out of breath, from walking some distance, and the smoke irritating my lungs occasioned a violent fit of coughing. From this I soon recovered, and became quite reconciled to our narrow quarters. Our supper consisted of boiled milk and bread, and hard-boiled eggs, which we ate without any other apparatus than a wooden spoon for each, from one wooden dish, placed in the centre of our Oriental table. The spirits of our party seemed to rise in proportion as our comforts diminished, and we ate our meal in high glee and with a fine relish—after which we all addressed ourselves to sleep.

30th. We awoke at three, somewhat refreshed—partook of a breakfast similar to our supper last night—and mounted our horses at six. This place, once celebrated for its strength, is now neglected and in decay. The fortress, built on a rock, seventy-five feet in height, is capable of sustaining a tremendous siege—were it only manned, and kept in repair—but so much is the place neglected, that not even the gates of the town are closed at night. We this day crossed the river Arras (ancient Araxes) on a fine stone bridge, somewhat out of repair, seven arches of hewn stone—and the bridge was five hundred feet in length, according to our estimation when we crossed it. Tradition says, this bridge was built by a wealthy shepherd, who having thus immortalized himself, passed the rest of his days as a hermit, on the summit of a precipice, which here overhangs the river. Some are of opinion that it is of Roman architecture—but all is conjecture concerning it. We stopped at Amra Khoy,

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twenty-five miles from Hassan-Kulaah, or, in Turkish reckoning, six hours and twenty minutes.

Oct. 1st. Left Amra Khoy at four, and reached Delly Baba at twelve, travelling seven and a half hours, or thirty miles, over a pleasant, undulating region. We pitched our tent beside a pleasant stream, and remained until ten in the evening, when we again mounted, and reached Mollah Solyman, on the other side of the mountain, at one the next day, riding fourteen hours, a distance of forty-five miles. Our object in thus travelling in the night was to be under the protection of the caravans, which we joined at Delly Baba, belonging to Mr. Burgess, an English merchant at Tabreez. He was also in company, together with two other English gentlemen. The caravan consisted of six hundred horses, several mules and donkeys, and eight or ten camels; they were attended by a Turkish officer and ten horsemen, as a guard against the Kurds, who were at this time in a disturbed state, having only a short time before ravaged several villages near Kars, in retaliation for unjust exactions, made by the pasha of Erzeroom. The road we took over the mountain was considered the most unsafe—but we found no difficulty or danger by the way.

3d. Left Mollah Solyman, and fairly entered the Kurdish country—consisting of immense fertile plains, used entirely for pasturage. We felt a little apprehension, but nothing occurred to disturb us. We passed several Kurds whom we took for spies. They eyed us very closely, and passed on. We stopped near Kara Keloseh, (black church,) pitched our tents in a fort made of the boxes, for protection, and slept securely.

6th. Left our encampment this morning at half-past two, visited the Armenian convent at Uch Keleeseh, said to be the largest church in the Armenian nation. It is a venerable pile of hewn stone-work, built by King Dittub,

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soon after his conversion to Christianity. It is situated on the bank of the Euphrates, near the spot where the king was baptized by St. Georgio, 1535 years ago. The convent is now occupied by eight ecclesiastics, one bishop, three priests and four deacons. We were kindly received by the bishop, who invited our whole party to behold their morning devotions in the church. They consisted of a series of unmeaning prostrations and signs, with occasional repetitions of prayers, and passages of Scripture in the ancient Armenian, a language wholly unintelligible to the common people. These ecclesiastics, especially the bishop, bore evident marks of intemperance—we were told that it was their custom to beg spirits of travellers, to satisfy their own depraved appetites. Melancholy indeed is the state of a church whose bishops and priests are guilty of such meanness. The intemperance of nominal Christians is proverbial among Mohammedans, so much so, that it is a common saying among them when a man is seen intoxicated, "that man has left Mohammed and has gone to Jesus!" Horrid, horrid blasphemy! And then (I blush to say it) the great quantity of spirits brought into the country in the shape of *New England rum*, and other kindred poisons, tends constantly to increase the evil. Well may the American churches multiply their missionaries to Persia, if it were only to repair the injury and relieve the misery occasioned by their NEW ENGLAND RUM!

The sun was just rising as we left the convent, and we had a splendid near view of Mount Ararat, as it lifted its hoary head, white with eternal snows, far above the clouds. We also saw several tents of Kurds at a distance, perhaps two hundred. They are covered with a coarse kind of black hair-cloth with six, seven, eight and ten poles; about a foot from the ground, they place a network of reeds to admit the light and air. Usually two

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or three families occupy the same tent, and their household furniture consists of a pot, in which they cook their dinner, a few wooden spoons, and perhaps a few earthen bowls—together with their blankets, which serve for beds, and the few articles which compose their family-wardrobe. We saw several families removing from their tents on the plains, to their winter quarters in the villages under the mountains. They use oxen as beasts of burden.

The women always drive the animals, and the men and older children walk beside, while the younger are carried in sacks swung over the back of the animal. It is really laughable to see the heads of the children peeping out of the sack, two or three in a row. Diddeen, a Kurdish town, was our next encampment; thence to a Kurdish village under the mountains, opposite Bayesend.

9th. Started about two o'clock this morning and crossed the ridge of mountains which separates Turkey from Persia. My horse, for some reason, took to kicking this morning. For a while, I retained my seat, but at length the arms of my saddle broke, and I was precipitated to the ground. Fortunately, however, I was not in the least injured. My saddle was transferred to another horse, and I reached Keleeseh, the first village in Persia, in safety.

10th. Left Keleeseh at an early hour, and came to Kara Aineh, a long and tedious ride of seven or eight hours. To day we notice some characteristics of Persian scenery—every village is surrounded by a grove of trees, and every field and garden by a mud-wall, with the appearance of which I am quite pleased. In Turkey, there are no trees, or fences, and the men all appear very indolent. In Persia, the men manifest far more activity and enterprise.

11th. From Kara Aineh we came to Zorabah, and encamped near a beautiful grove of trees. The poplar and

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silver-leafed willow, which bears a fruit similar in appearance to the date, are the principal shade trees. A pretty stream ran beside our tent and turned a flour-mill at a little distance. The sound of the mill, and the murmuring of the wind through the trees, made us think of home, and led us to talk about dear America, and the loved ones we had left there.

12th. Left Zorabah at one; crossed the mountain and descended to the plain of Khoy, twelve miles in extent, exceedingly fertile, and interspersed with beautiful gardens. The plain is watered by canals, which carry the water in all directions. Here, we saw fields of melons, with a little house for watchers to be in, which reminded us of the Scripture expression, "a lodge in a garden of cucumbers." *Cucumber* in the original signifies *melon*. The appearance of Khoy is indeed enchanting. Here we first saw the distinctive features of Persian scenery; namely, immense fertile plains stretching to the very base of mountains, which are the personification of sterility. We reached the city at nine o'clock, and pitched our tent outside the walls; did not go into the city. The cholera had just commenced its ravages there, on its way from Tabreez, where it had been making dreadful havoc, carrying off 200 per day. Mr. Perkins, as well as ourselves, felt exceedingly anxious, as Mrs. Perkins was alone in Tabreez. Left Khoy at three, and reached Aly Seid at nine, four hours distant; a delightful road, broad and level, enclosed by trees, extends two miles from the city to the bridge, which crosses Khoy river, the principal river which waters the plain. Through the whole country from Trebizond to Tabreez, a wheel carriage would run with little difficulty a greater part of the way, with the exception of the high mountains, and these could easily be made practicable. I used often to wish that you were with us, to enjoy the delightful scenery, and see the fine

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places, and to make roads. Indeed, I do hope that you will some time or other see this delightful country. You would be surprised and delighted with the comforts that may be had in a mud-walled house; the *name*, I know, sounds rather dismal, but could you see the regular outside, and the beautiful inside, you would no longer talk about mud hovels.

We met this morning a large company of pilgrims, from the interior of Persia—Kermanshaw—among whom were seven ladies. They were going to Mecca, by way of Erzeroom and Damascus—a distance of two thousand miles, which, with the return, will be increased to four thousand!—a long journey, indeed, to make for the sole purpose of visiting the birth-place and tomb of their prophet; and by this they think to secure eternal happiness. Vain hope! sad expectation!—how will they find their fond hopes disappointed!

This morning Mr. Perkins left us to hasten to Mrs. P., and we hope soon to follow.

13th. Crossed this morning the last ridge of mountains, from the summit of which we had a fine view of the lake of Ooroomiah, and the plain of Tabreez, by moonlight. About sunrise, we came on to the plain, and saw the lake to good advantage—encamped near its bank. The water was perfectly smooth, and appeared truly delightful. Aly Shah was our next encampment, and the last, Dezeh Khaleel, is the most beautiful village we passed on our whole course. The abundance of trees about it gave it the appearance of an American forest.

15th. Rose at one, and rode twenty-four miles to Tabreez. The plain is not so fertile as that of Khoy; immense tracts are rendered barren by salt incrustations on the surface. We found Mrs. Perkins in good health, and had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Dr. Beach, physician to the English embassy at Teheran.

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He is a Scotchman, a talented man, and fervently pious. He has been a firm friend of Mr. and Mrs. P. ever since their arrival in Persia. His Excellency Mr. Ellis, ambassador extraordinary to this court, whom I mentioned in my last as having seen at Trebizond, made many offers of aid, and of his own accord proposed that we should apply for British protection. He manifested much sincere interest in the success of our mission. Mr. P. has applied, and received a passport in Persian and English, and the doctor will do the same soon.

Thus, you see, our dreaded journey is at last accomplished, and that speedily; twenty-eight days from Trebizond to Tabreez, four of which we did not travel—a distance of six hundred miles—a much shorter time than it was ever known to be performed in by a lady.

About a week after our arrival, the doctor went to Ooroomiah for the purpose of securing a house, and making other arrangements preparatory to our removal thither. After an absence of two weeks, he yesterday returned, delighted with his visit and reception by the governor, and success in obtaining a house. He says the house is pleasantly situated, and can easily be made comfortable. The governor expressed much satisfaction at his coming, and assisted him essentially in procuring a house. The Nestorians are all waiting with open arms to receive us, though we feel that much allowance must be made for Oriental figures. Physicians in this country carry with them a passport which procures access to all classes of people. We expect to remove thither in one week.

Ooroomiah, Persia, June 1, 1837.

My dear Maria,—

I cannot forbear adding something to you, as my husband is about writing to William; but my communication must of necessity be brief, as the packet is to be despatched

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this afternoon, and I have much to occupy me this morning.

From my husband's communications you will learn that amid all the darkness which encircles us in this benighted land, we are occasionally cheered by bright spots in our horizon. We cannot but regard the establishment of this school by the Prince, as a great era in the history of Persia; and we cannot but hope that it is the harbinger of better days. May the rulers of this people become nursing fathers and mothers to the church of Christ! We are favoured with unbounded access to the people—and to the Nestorians are able to proclaim truth as plainly and pointedly as in America. Besides our teachers' and village-schools, we have on the Sabbath a Sunday school and Bible class, both conducted in the language of the country, and taught by Nestorian bishops, priests and deacons. Mr. Perkins superintends the Bible class, and the *doctor* the Sunday school. Our labours among the Nestorians become every day more and more interesting. We observe manifest improvement almost daily in those around us; and with the aid of the Holy Spirit are led to expect and hope for great blessings for this dear people. As you doubtless read the Missionary Herald, and from that learn of the progress of our mission, it is unnecessary for me to go into particulars.

I have learned with much pleasure of the establishment in your city of a female monthly concert of prayer for missions. Do you attend it? Nothing is more cheering and grateful to us in our seclusion than the assurance that we are remembered in the prayers of Christians at home, and especially of those whom we have known and loved in our native land. I have noticed, too, with much interest, the general establishment of Maternal Associations; and I hope that mothers in America, when they come together to implore blessings on their own little

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ones, will not neglect to put up a petition for those children and those mothers who are far from them—among the Gentiles. My dear Maria, what an overwhelming responsibility is that which a mother has to sustain! Without aid from on high, human nature cannot properly discharge the important duties of this relation. Among the many blessings which the gospel confers, its due estimate of parental obligation is by no means the least. In this land, where the restraints and motives of the gospel are unfelt and unacknowledged, children are left to grow up wholly unrestrained—all the evil passions of our nature have their full and perfect sway. I often wonder that under such circumstances people here are no worse. May this land speedily enjoy the blessings of the glorious gospel!

Perhaps you would like to know what are my views of a missionary life. I might say, much as when I left America, though somewhat modified. As it regards temporal things, I find far fewer privations, and many, *many* more comforts than I expected, even in my most sanguine moments. The climate has not been very favourable to us, particularly in the summer. My health, and that of all our circle, is good at present, though we are subject to occasional attacks of fever and ague, which however soon yields to emetics and quinine. We have suffered much from ophthalmia, a very common disease. I write now but with difficulty, as my eyes have not recovered from a severe attack in the beginning of spring. I think I can say sincerely, that the two past years are the happiest years of my life; and nothing but imperious necessity would induce me to leave Oorroomiah.

With much love to William, and all my friends who may inquire for me,

I remain yours, truly and affectionately,

JUDITH S. GRANT.

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P. S. You are probably aware that we have a little Henry Martyn. He will be a year old the third day of this month—is a strong, healthy child, and very fond of play. He has six teeth, and almost goes alone. I suppose Miss Helen is almost a young lady now: please kiss her for me and also for Henry. Marianne I hear has a little Julia. May these precious treasures be preserved, and may they all belong to the Saviour's fold!

In haste, yours,

JUDITH S. GRANT.

Ooroomiah, Persia, December 26, 1837.

MY DEAREST FATHER,—

Permit me to offer you my congratulations on the return of your birth-day. May it be a happy day to you, and may you live to witness many returns of it. May each succeeding year find you happier than the preceding,—happier because nearer the end of your pilgrimage, and when the *last* shall come, may it find you "ready to depart," and prepared to enter with joy into your eternal rest.

On the opposite page I send you a map of the plain of Ooroomiah, which I copied partly from the latest English maps, and partly from our own observation. You will please receive it as a small token of remembrance for your birth-day. It will give you a better idea of the plain and our locality, than can be obtained from other sources. The plain, as you will see by the map, is well watered. The streams which run into the lake are mostly fresh, and abound with *fish*, particularly the *Nazloo* river. In summer the beds of these rivers are quite dry—the water being diverted into other channels for purposes of irrigation. It is also carried in canals through almost every yard in the city. The water we drink comes from the Shaher river, (*shaher* means *city*,) and in winter is very good; in summer it becomes very warm from exposure

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to the rays of the sun in its long course; but even then, by securing it early in the morning, and keeping it in a cool place, we obtain palatable water. The plain is very fertile, and produces almost every variety of fruit in great abundance, particularly *melons* and *grapes*—apples are far inferior to ours. We have just received a fresh *kish* or present of a basket of grapes, and they look so tempting, I really wish I could send them to you. Immense quantities of wine are made, similar in quality to our cider. Intemperance is fearfully prevalent, though it is rather uncommon to see a man really *drunk*.

There are about three hundred villages on the plain, and about two hundred in the mountains belonging to the province of Ooroomiah. These villages contain from one hundred to one thousand inhabitants each. *Gavalan* is the village of Mar Yohanna; *Ada*, of Mar Toosaph; *Geog Tapa*, of Priest Abraham and Mar Clias; and *Ardishai*, of Mar Gabriel. We have schools in the villages of Oola, Ada, and Geog Tapa, besides the teachers' school on our premises. These are all in successful operation. My husband has the care of the village schools, which require to be visited very frequently. Mr. Perkins is engaged in translating "Parley's Geography" into modern Syriac. I am preparing a series of maps to accompany it. The scholars are quite delighted with the geography and maps. I have a class in Woodbridge's Geography, in English, consisting of Mar Yohanna, his brother Joseph, Priest Abraham, Mr. Perkins's boy John, and a promising Nestorian deacon, together with a young Mussulman, Meerza Asaad Oolah. I find it very pleasant to teach geography in this way, though I sometimes find difficulty in selecting the proper words to express my meaning, as I am obliged to translate all into Turkish or Syriac. I am not yet able to speak Syriac as fluently as Turkish. The other members of the mission have each a class in English, and three times a week we have an exercise in Syriac and

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English, in which each individual is required to bring a *written sentence*, the Nestorians in English, and *we* in Nestorian. We find it very useful in assisting us to acquire the vulgar Syriac, which, you know, is very different from the ancient. We have, also, meetings for prayer and meditation on the Scriptures every Monday and Saturday evening, when the natives are present; a meeting of the *mission* on Thursday evening, and a singing exercise with the natives on Sabbath evening, besides three exercises on the Sabbath, one in English and two in Syriac. Thus, you see, with all these duties, together with the further study of the language, the care of my family, visiting the people, &c., my time is fully occupied. My health is *very good*, so that my duties are a delight. My dear Henry Martyn has been suffering for a week or two from the climate, something like fever and ague, but is now better; he has *twelve* teeth, and can *almost* run alone. He is a great comfort to us, and I often wish you could see him; I am sure you would love him too. My dear husband and master Henry unite with me in kindest love to you and all our dear friends in America.

Your very affectionate daughter,

JUDITH.

P. S. *Shishawan* is the residence of the Prince Melik Kassim Meerza. Mr. Merrick is now spending the winter there, at the urgent invitation of the Prince. We recently received a visit from Col. Wilbraham, an English officer, who had spent some eight years in America, and had travelled through New-York and New-England. It was very delightful to see one who had *seen* our dear country. It is not unlikely you may see our friend Dr. Beach in America, before long—you will like him. J.

Ooroomiah, (Persia,) Dec. 26, 1838.

MY VERY DEAR FATHER,—

The return of this season brings you, my dear father,

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again to my recollection in a strong and interesting light. "A happy Christmas" I trust you have enjoyed—may you also have a happy and delightful "*New Year.*" I was rejoiced to learn by your letter of last October that although you have already reached the period allotted to man—still you were yourself so insensible to the infirmities of age, as not to know that you were an old man, except when you caught a glance of your "*phiz*" in a looking-glass. May your intellectual and bodily faculties long retain their youthful vigour, and may your soul be like the souls of those who wait on the Lord. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

Jan. 2, 1839. I have been very deeply affected in view of the dealings of God with us as a mission during the past year. Within this period every one of us has been violently, some repeatedly attacked with illness, and several of us have been brought to the very verge of Jordan's cold stream. But through the infinite mercy of our heavenly Father we are all spared—and are alive and well this day to the praise and glory of his name. Five children have been added to our families during the year—all born within the space of two months—and in two instances two in a day. Perhaps you would like to know something of our associates. With Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, who were the pioneers of our mission, you are already acquainted. Mr. P. was a native of Springfield, Mass., was graduated at Amherst College, and received his theological education at Andover. Mrs. P. is a daughter of Dr. Bass, of Middlebury, Vermont. They have a little son William, two months older than Henry; and Justin, now five months old. In June, 1837, we were joined by the Rev. A. P. Holladay and wife—and Mr. and Mrs. Stocking. Mr. and Mrs. Holladay were

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from Virginia; Mr. H. had been professor of languages in Hampden and Sydney College. They have a little daughter Catharine, six months old. Mr. Stocking was from Middletown, Conn., Mrs. S. from Colebrook, in the same state. Mr. S. is teacher and superintendent of the seminary and free schools. They have a son Charles, now five months. We all live in the same enclosure—*our* house is next the street. The three other houses are on the opposite side of the court in the same range. Back of these houses is our common garden;—here are the seminary buildings, well, bath, and out-houses. Here we raise our potatoes, beans, peas, &c.; though they are beginning to cultivate the potato on the plain to some extent. We feel it a great privilege to live so near each other, as it enables us the more easily to keep alive the social principle, and allows us to afford and receive relief in sickness, to which we are all so frequently subject. Some one of the mission is almost constantly under medical treatment, and not long ago the doctor prescribed for *ten* of us in one day. We meet together almost every evening for religious or other purposes; twice a week we have a linguistic exercise, when we each repeat and analyze a Syriac sentence, previously written and committed; the Nestorians also repeat an English sentence in the same manner. We find these exercises very interesting and profitable, and in this informal way we are enabled to bring much truth to bear upon the minds of our people. On Monday evening we have a Bible class—Thursday evening a prayer meeting—and on Tuesday evening a meeting of the mission to consult together as to the best measures to be adopted for promoting our great work. Thus our social privileges are many and various, considering our great distance from our dear native land, for which we would desire to be grateful.

Mr. Stocking is cousin of Mr. William C. Redfield, of

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New-York, whom you may know as the author of several articles on scientific subjects: "Observations on the hurricanes and storms of the West Indies, and the coast of the United States;" "Remarks on the supposed connexion of the *Gulf Stream* with opposite currents on the coast of the United States;" "Some account of two visits to the mountains in Essex county, New-York, in the years 1836 and 1837, with a sketch of the northern sources of the Hudson," &c. He now lives 179 Chambers-street, New-York. He is a warm friend of our mission, and has made us some very valuable presents—such as maps, books, &c. He furnished Mr. Stocking's outfit to the amount of five or six hundred dollars. I have thought you would find it agreeable to make his acquaintance; he communicates frequently with Mr. Stocking, and we should thus be brought nearer together. You will be happy to learn that we do not wholly neglect the improvement of our own minds in our efforts to improve others, though, of course, the time devoted to this object must be limited, owing to the multiplicity of engagements which occupy us. We have read, of late, with great interest and pleasure, "Reed's Visit to the American Churches," which I think altogether the most just and impartial book on America I ever saw. "Williams' Missionary Enterprise in the South Seas" is an uncommonly interesting work. I would venture to recommend them both to you, if you have not already read them. I have a great desire to see Miss Martineau's book on America, please tell me what you think of it. I see by the papers which we receive a great many new books advertised. In the medical line we have recently read "M'Cullock on the diseases of Malaria," a work which will interest you, as giving you some idea of our climate, and of the diseases to which we are exposed. The Board are very good in supplying us with papers and periodicals, &c. We receive regularly the New-York Observer,

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MRS. JUDIT

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(which I always hail as an old friend,) New-York Mercury, and Boston Recorder, with the Biblical Repository, Quarterly Register, Silliman's Journal, and other periodicals of minor importance. So we are not quite so much shut up to the necessity of becoming barbarians as we used to fear we should be in America. We usually receive communications from America once in two months, and it would much rejoice my heart if I could be oftener favoured from the hand of my dear father.

The aspect of the political horizon in this country is dark and dubious. She Shah and the English ambassador have "*broken*," and the latter was at Tabreez on his way to England at our last accounts. As the doctor is writing a more particular account of *politics* to cousin William, I refer you to his letter for information on this subject. We find it very comforting, in this time of doubt and uncertainty, to be able to cast all our care on Him who "doeth *all* things well," and without whose notice not even a *sparrow* can fall to the ground. Our labours were never more encouraging than they are at present. We receive almost every day new proofs of the confidence of the people in us and our object; and as the Russian authorities here kindly offered us protection, we apprehend no interruption to our labours from the departure of our English friends, though it is, of course, matter of great grief to us.

I am happy in being able to say my health is now quite re-established, and I am able to take care of my family and attend to other missionary duties, to some extent. My eye remains the same as when I last wrote, Nov. 5th, and I fear will always do so. My right eye still continues strong, so that I am enabled to see, read and write as formerly, though I become sooner tired. Were both my eyes alike affected I should be blind to all intents and purposes, but, through the great goodness of God, one eye is still preserved. O for a heart to praise him!

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Our three dear children are well. The little girls have enjoyed uninterrupted health from their birth, and are daily improving in strength and intelligence. Judith weighs eleven and a half pounds, and Mary eleven and three-quarter pounds. Judith, they say, is the picture of her mother; Mary is much lighter-complexioned and, I think, handsomer. I often wish that my dear father could see these dear little ones, especially Henry, who, to the eyes of his fond mother, seems a *smart boy*. Within a week he has begun to learn his alphabet, by means of letters pasted upon his play blocks. He knows A, D, and O, and is very fond of displaying his knowledge. He has a good memory, is social and affectionate, though sometimes obstinate and disobedient, and requires severe discipline.

I had intended to have sent the meteorological tables at this time, but find I can send four months as easily as two, and so must beg your patience a little longer. The snow is now about six inches deep. The mercury has as yet sunk no lower than eight. But we think it good *winter* weather. We are very comfortable within our mud walls. Our mercies are "new every morning, and *fresh* every evening."

Jan. 25. Thus far had our beloved *Judith* written on the second, and they are her last lines! On the third she was seized with a violent bilious remittent fever, combined with hepatic and bronchial disease, which baffled every effort to save her, and terminated her valuable life, on the 14th inst. at seven o'clock in the afternoon.

I write you particulars of her sickness, especially the exercises of her mind during the last few days of her sojourn on earth, on another sheet, which I send across the continent, and hope to write you again erelong. In the mean time I remain your deeply afflicted, but very affectionate and sympathizing son,

ASAHEL GRANT.

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A SERMON,

Delivered to the Members of the Nestorian Mission, January 17, 1839, *at the funeral of* Mrs. Judith S. Grant, *who died at Ooroomiah, Persia, Jan.* 14, 1839, *by the Rev. Justin Perkins, Missionary of the A. B. C. F. M.*

She hath done what she could.—Mark xiv. 8.

The worthy and unworthy dead have often been the subject of the world's panegyric. Poets and orators have tasked the vocabularies of language to find words and figures to lavish in encomiums on their favourites—the great, the learned, the patriotic and the brave, whether really such, or only thus esteemed by their respective admirers. But never did the men of this world receive an eulogium so enviable, so exalted, as that recorded in my text.

She hath done what she could. This brief, but beautiful and comprehensive commendation, was awarded by our blessed Saviour to the woman of Bethany, who came to him, having an alabaster box of ointment, very precious, and broke the box, and poured it on his head. The superior and enviable nature of the commendation becomes readily obvious, from two considerations, namely, the character of its author, and the subject matter of the commendation itself.

I. Its *author* was none other than the Lord Jesus Christ—he who seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart. The encomiums of this divine eulogist are always in strict accordance with truth. They never savour either of flattery or extravagance. His pure mind can be influenced by no sinister motive in bestowing

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praise, and his omniscient eye can be dazzled by no appearances, however specious or imposing.

The deeds and qualities, too, which he selects as the subjects of eulogy, are intrinsically excellent; such as have for their object, not self, nor party aggrandizement, but the best good of mankind and the glory of God and such as have a bearing not merely and mainly on the transitory interests of time, however worthy, but more especially on the enduring concerns of eternity.

This divine eulogist is he also who has the future destinies of all in his hands. Those whom he approves in this world, he will approve and acquit at the final judgment. The commendations which he awards in the present life, are virtually pledges of the benedictions of welcome to be pronounced at the great day; and which are to usher the objects of his approbation into the possession of their glorious inheritance in heaven. How, then, do the most laudatory encomiums that can be uttered by human tongues, dwindle into insignificance, when contrasted with the eulogium that falls from the lips of the *author* of the commendation we are contemplating!

II. The *subject-matter* of the commendation embraced in my text, also testifies its enviable superiority. The deed referred to, was that of respectful and heartfelt homage to him, who requires, and is worthy of supreme adoration. To honour and glorify Christ! How does this object transcend in dignity, in merit and importance the loftiest earthly enterprise! How do the ordinary concerns that engross the attention of men—the pursuit of pleasure, the acquisition of wealth, fame, power, or knowledge—nay, the loftiest of mortal aspirations, the military conquest, or the political or moral sway of kingdoms, empires, or even a world—how do they all fade and vanish away as objects of life, when

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laid by the side of advancing Christ's kingdom, and exalting his name! These, and these alone, are the objects that rise above the trifles of the present fleeting state, and reach up to the high and enduring realities of eternal scenes.

The woman of Bethany who performed the act that received the approval composing my text, may, like the poor widow who could raise but two mites to cast into the treasury of the Lord, have been indigent; and in the box of ointment, very precious as it was, she too may have devoted to the honour of her Master "all she had, even all her living." But whatever may have been her private circumstances, it is clear, from our Lord's specific declaration, that she did for his glory *all* that she could. To do all in one's power, in spheres however humble, for the promotion of the glory of the divine Saviour, and to be declared to have done this by the Saviour himself—what an object of desire and effort! And how does such a commendation, in reference to such an *object*, as well as from such an *author*—how infinitely does it surpass the most reasonable encomiums that are ever pronounced by the men of this world! O, it is but the prelude of that plaudit in reserve for the righteous at their final account: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

This solemn occasion renders it proper, that I dismiss, with these few brief remarks, the general consideration of this subject, and dwell particularly on the afflictive visitation which has befallen us. "For death is come up into our windows," and suddenly borne from our midst a beloved missionary sister. The golden chain that bound our little circle together, in this dark and remote land, is broken; a precious link has fallen! Fallen? No—it has *risen!* It is, we trust, taken up to heaven! And while we deeply mourn our loss, we have

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also great occasion to be comforted. The king of terrors came not to our sister in frightful habiliments. He was, we believe, the welcome angel, commissioned of the Lord to convey her happy liberated spirit through the portal of its mansion of rest, and joy and peace in glory. And the chain of affection which has now been sundered, and the breach of which causes our hearts so tenderly and deeply to throb and to bleed, will, we trust, soon all be transferred, link by link, perhaps in rapid succession, purified from all alloy, and re-united with our beloved sister, and with all the redeemed, and with the angels, as component links in that bond of sweet and irrefragable attraction which binds those happy spirits together, and to the throne of God and to the Lamb! "I would not," as says Paul, "have you be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others, which have no hope."

She hath done what she could. How diffident our departed sister would have been to select the text for her funeral sermon which I have chosen, we fully understand. We know her humble and modest opinion of her own services in the cause of Christ, and were strikingly reminded of it while she lay on her death-bed. When the speaker, in the prospect of her speedy departure, to sooth her feelings reminded her that the good seed which she had been toiling to sow among the perishing Nestorians, though she had not with her own eyes been permitted to witness the ripening harvest, would in due time spring up and bear precious fruit. "O," she replied, "my past life—it looks like a blank—how little I have done!"

It is not my purpose to stand here and *eulogize* the dead, in the common acceptation of that term. I have, however, regarded the passage of Scripture which I have selected, as not unsuitable to aid us in duly contem-

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plating the uncommon excellence of the character of our departed sister—in admiring the grace of God which made her what she was, and thankfully recognising his favour in giving to us, though but for a little season, such a missionary companion.

Precious as her memory is to us all, and deeply as we love to embalm it in our minds, it will not be unwelcome to us to notice some incidents in her earlier life, as well as her missionary labours, and the circumstances of her last sickness. And while we would by no means pronounce of her or any other mortal, absolutely, in all respects, *She hath done what she could*, we believe that her character and efforts furnish a remarkably striking illustration of this expressive declaration of our Lord.

Mrs. Judith S. Grant was the adopted daughter of the Hon. William Campbell, of Cherry Valley, New-York. She was born January 12, 1814. She was bereaved of her mother when only three days old. Her mother was a sister of Mrs. Campbell, and in the near prospect of death committed her infant daughter to this sister, who received, reared and educated her as her own child. The excellence and truly maternal character of this foster-mother, had so controlling an influence in the formation of Mrs. Grant's character, that it may be interesting briefly to advert to that lady in this connection. In a published* Missionary Address delivered on the occasion of Mrs. Grant's marriage, by an excellent friend† of her and of Zion who has also recently gone to his rest, are the following remarks: "To one whom I have known from early infancy (our departed sister) I wish to say a few words. One, who we trust is now in heaven, prayed over your infancy and riper years. She prayed

* New-York Observer, Vol. XIII. No 17, for April 25, 1835.

† The late Judge Morse, of Cherry Valley, New-York.

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that God would give you grace to become a missionary. We trust that prayer was heard and is now answered." In a note to this allusion are the following statements: "The person here alluded to was Mrs. Sobrina Campbell, who having no children adopted Mrs. Grant as her child, when the latter was an infant. Mrs. Campbell died about five years ago (then 1835). She was a native of Pomfret, Connecticut; but her parents came to Otsego county, when she was quite young. She was a woman of much reading, and in early life, as she frequently related, her mind became tinctured with some of the sentiments of the more prominent infidel writers, although she never fully adopted them. About twenty years before her death she embraced Christianity, and was made an instrument in the hands of God of doing much good. Her husband was formerly a practising physician, and she, the better to qualify herself for usefulness, by reading medical books and frequent visits to the sick, became well versed in many departments of the medical profession. Her frequent gratuitous visits to her sick neighbours were invaluable, and some of the most respectable physicians had so much confidence in her, that they always consulted her when she was found at the sick beds of their patients. Her services in this way, and particularly to the sick poor, were worthy of all praise. Whenever there was suffering and misery in her vicinity, she was always found in the midst of it trying to alleviate or remove it. It may be well questioned whether any female of her age ever visited more sick families. She imbibed deeply the missionary spirit, and entered with zeal into most of the benevolent enterprises of the day. She watched with intense interest all efforts making in the world to do good, and fervently wished and prayed for their success. Her adopted daughter, (Mrs. Grant,) who was her niece and an orphan, she educated with sedulous

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care, in the hope that she might be qualified to enter the service of the Saviour as a missionary. We have not room for any thing more than a brief sketch of *some* of the traits in the character of this excellent woman.—She was indefatigable in the pursuit of knowledge, that she might be a more efficient labourer in performing good works. She was eminently an *industrious* woman in the discharge of all the duties which devolved on her, whether those duties related to her family, her neighbours, or the church. Few females ever performed a greater amount of both bodily and mental labour. She was uncommonly active in promoting all the moral and religious charities of the day; so much so, that it is believed that if all the female members of Christian churches were thoroughly imbibed with her spirit, and possessed of her Christian energy and action, the evangelization of the world would be wonderfully accelerated."

I have quoted this brief description with the greater pleasure, as the character here given of the mother is so vivid and true a mirror of that of the adopted daughter. How strikingly have we beheld almost every trait here mentioned developed in our departed sister! In both, how delightfully—I would not say *absolutely*,—yet delightfully is the declaration of our text illustrated: "*She hath done what she could.*"

The prayerful desire of this mother, so long cherished, that her daughter might become a missionary, is a deeply interesting and instructive exemplification of the readiness of the great Head of Missions to accept such parental offerings. But in connection with this prayer and desire, there was also corresponding effort for the promotion of the same object. I have often heard Mrs. Grant allude to the little sacrifices which she was early taught by her mother to make for the purpose of contrib-

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uting something to the advancement of missions, and from the time of her beginning to make these little sacrifices her interest became deep and fixed in the great cause. Our deceased sister ever cherished the most tender and lively gratitude, as she had so much reason to do, to this excellent mother. In her last sickness, on one occasion she said, "I can never be grateful enough for such a husband and such a mother. O what might I have been if I had not had a *pious mother!* Under God I owe every thing to my mother."

In the address delivered on the occasion of Mrs. Grant's marriage, from which I have quoted above, and in the same connection, the author remarks: "You are now about to bid us farewell, probably for the residue of your life; and while we extend to you the parting salutation, we beg to remind you of the immense responsibility which devolves on you. The culture of your mind has been more than usual for persons of your age and sex; but you must consider yourself only a beginner in science." We also have been associated with the subject of these remarks, and add that her mind was, *naturally*, one of a very high order, as well as enriched by extensive cultivation. It possessed much strength and compass; and its powers were all symmetrically and early developed. She was but little more than twenty-one years of age when she was married;—at that early period she possessed a maturity of mind which qualified her to adorn any circle and fill any sphere of female responsibility. But much as we have seen to admire in the cast and culture of her mind, we have beheld still more to love in the qualities of her heart. Frank and artless as a child, she was still discreet; cheerful in all circumstances without levity; remarkably patient and submissive under trials; possessing a kindness of disposition that seemed to know no bounds; social to an extent that charmed all who knew

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her; tender and sympathetic in a high degree; and these and other qualities of a kindred nature, too numerous to mention, all sweetened and hallowed by warm religious affections. We are not aware at precisely what period she cherished the hope of personal salvation. She made a public profession of religion, April 5th, 1831; "which," she says, in her Journal of that date "was one of the most delightful days I ever experienced." Her piety was silent and unostentatious, but at the same time strikingly active and practical. It was deep, operative and uniform; but never officious or obtrusive.

The heroic promptitude with which she decided to embark on this mission, just after hearing of the trials and perils which Mr. Perkins had encountered on the way, has ever tended to endear her to our hearts; and if we mistake not, our solitary situation in this distant land, was one circumstance which plead tenderly in her feelings, inclining her as well as her husband to hasten to our relief and assistance. And when it has been her lot to suffer a great amount of sickness and some other missionary trials, in common with the rest of our circle, she has not regretted the temporal sacrifices which she made in engaging in this enterprise. On her dying pillow she said, "Tell my friends at home that I have never regretted that I came to Persia as a missionary. I don't know that I ever seriously doubted my duty in this respect. Certainly the indications of Providence which decided my coming here, were very remarkable, and as clear as they could have been."

My first acquaintance with our departed sister, was on the occasion of meeting her, her husband and another* missionary brother, in the autumn of 1835, on their way to this country. I found them encamped in a stable, in

* Rev. Mr. Merrick.

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a small village among the snow-capped mountains of Asia Minor, just midway between Trebizond and Erzeroom. Having seen no American save Mrs. Perkins for the period of about eighteen months, the meeting could not fail of being to me one of tender and grateful interest. But I have distinctly in mind, as though it were but yesterday, the very pleasing impression which Mrs. Grant's cheerful, artless, kind, intelligent countenance made on my mind at that time; and that impression, more than three years' acquaintance, in the very intimate relation of missionary fellow labourers, situated in the same yard and almost in the same dwelling, has tended but delightfully to confirm. O, how often have we all been comforted, assisted and sustained under the pressure and trials of our arduous work, by that mild and cheering voice, and those amiable features, which are now silent and motionless in death. !

To introduce us to her missionary labours, permit me again to refer to the above-named address, delivered on the occasion of Mrs. Grant's marriage: "You are going," said the author, "to a country, where the degradation of your sex is extreme. Great, however, as is their degradation, they possess and exert a powerful influence. How important, then, that female education be commenced there ! If you can be the means of educating only ten females, or even *one* in that country, you may do more good by it than can now be calculated." * * * "But you must do more than merely teach them human learning; you must try and teach them heavenly wisdom which cometh from above. Be careful to teach as well by example as by precept."

Under a deep and abiding influence of principles and purposes like those here inculcated, Mrs. Grant entered with ardour upon her missionary labours. And though, as already suggested, she, like the rest of us, has suffered a

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great amount of sickness, which has necessarily interrupted her work since she came to this country, still, *She hath done what she could.*

A few of the natives, particularly the bishop and the priest, who had lived several months in my family at Tabreez, had commenced learning English before her arrival; and she was thus enabled *to begin* her work, in instructing them, without waiting to acquire a native language. She was by no means negligent, however, in relation to the language of the people; and she has discovered uncommon skill and ability in their acquisition. Of the Turkish she readily acquired a competent knowledge for colloquial purposes with very little study. The ancient Syriac she became able in a short time to read with readiness; and in the modern, the spoken language of the Nestorians, heterogeneous and difficult as it is, she had become able to read with fluency, to speak on common topics, and to write it to some extent. She has from the first performed a great amount of English instruction, and with peculiar acceptance to the higher ecclesiastics and the older members of the seminary, as well as to our Mohammedan Meerza. She has ever manifested the deepest solicitude for the instruction and elevation of the native females. The incipiency of our operations seemed, in this land where female education is almost unknown and a strong prejudice exists against it, for a time to require us to defer opening a school exclusively for females, until the way might be in a manner prepared by the establishment of schools for males, against which no prejudice exists; and subsequently our want of pecuniary means compelled us still to defer. Thus not until less than one year ago, were we enabled to open a female school. Previously, however, Mrs. Grant had done all in her power to enlighten and benefit the native females. She taught some of her domestics to read, and cultivated

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extensive acquaintance with both Nestorian and Mohammedan females, by all of whom she was much beloved. When our female school was at length opened, we all remember with what ardour and interest she engaged in its instruction. When the state of her health would not allow her to go to the school, she was accustomed to receive and instruct the girls an hour or two in a day at her room. And *thus* was she occupied, as well as in constructing geographical maps for the use of the seminary, when her last sickness came upon her. Her influence on the girls of this school and many other native females will not be in vain; numbers of both sexes will, we believe, cherish her in lasting remembrance.

She hath done what she could. Nor this merely in direct missionary labour. In sickness, who of us has not often been tenderly affected by her soothing presence, by the constancy of her kind attentions, and by her unwearied efforts to mitigate our pains and hasten our recovery! Perhaps no singletrait in her character was more conspicuous, than her promptness, ability, and delight in administering relief and comfort in the chamber of sickness. Her medical knowledge was very considerable, and in the necessary absence of her husband, she has in a good degree supplied his place as physician. In this capacity she seems peculiarly to have resembled her excellent mother. How like mercy's angel have we beheld her hastening from house to house and room to room in the mission, when several of us have been sick at the same time! Like her blessed Master, she "went about doing good."

But, competent and indefatigable as was our departed sister as a missionary and a friend, she was no less interesting in her domestic relations. Shall we speak of her as a wife? Ah, it were sacrilege to approach that hallowed ground! He from whose bosom she has been taken knows well that the heavings of silent emotion are

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far more adequate than words to tell the loss he has sustained, in being bereaved of one whose presence and whose toils had such power to sweeten and bless his *home*. Of late, we have almost unavoidably been led to notice her in the capacity of a mother; her maternal cares having become so multiplied and pressing. Nor can we have noticed her in this capacity without unaffected admiration. With her little son two and a half years old, her infant twin-daughters, and three children who are natives of this country on her hands, each received its due share of attention; nor did her nursery and fireside ever give indications of embarrassment or confusion. Her motherless little ones can never realize the extent of the loss they have sustained in this bereavement.

Grateful as it would be still to linger around her memory in this and other relations, we must forbear, and hasten to the consideration of the most solemn and mournful, and at the same time delightful part of her history—her last sickness and death. In her last sickness, too, we shall be reminded, in proceeding, *she hath done what she could.*

I know not that I can better approach this topic, also, than by quoting again from the address to which I have repeatedly referred. The closing paragraph of that address is as follows: "Finally, my friends, fear not temporal death: if your faith is strong you will not fear it:

> 'For what is death, my friends, that you should fear it?
> To die! why 'tis to triumph: 'tis to join
> The great assembly of the good and just,
> Immortal worthies, heroes, prophets, saints!
> O! 'tis to join the band of holy men
> Made perfect through their sufferings.
> * * * * *
> 'Tis to see
> Michael and his bright legions, who subdued
> The foes of truth; to join the blest employ

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Of love and praise; to the high melodies
Of choirs celestial to attune our voice,
Accordant to the golden harps of saints;
To join in blest hosannas to their King,
Whose face to see, whose glory to behold,
Alone were heaven, though saint or seraph none
Should meet your sight, and only God were there.
This is to die;—who would not die for this?
Who would not die that he might live for ever?"

Thus we believe our sister viewed death. She was not afraid to die. Mrs. Grant was taken sick on the third instant (Jan. 1839). Her disease was a violent bilious intermittent fever, accompanied with more or less hepatic and bronchial affection. Medicine in the early stages of her sickness appeared to operate well, but it failed to remove the disease, which at times seemed to abate, only to return with renewed violence. From the commencement of the attack, she seems to have regarded her recovery as uncertain and rather improbable; and she accordingly set her house in order. Indeed, during the last few months, she has appeared unusually weaned from the world and ripening rapidly for the society of heaven. In the course of the evening of the sixth instant, which was the fourth day of her sickness, she spoke very feelingly of the importance of entire consecration to God—of our aiding each other in the Christian warfare, having our conversation in heaven. Her disease had already prostrated her system, and she adverted to her own situation, and asked her husband's views of her prospects. And it was in this connexion that she made the tender allusion to her mother, and the declaration that she had never regretted her consecration to the missionary work, which I have already mentioned. On Monday the seventh, she spoke with deep feeling of the prospect of leaving her beloved children, and especially her two helpless infants, who so much needed a mother's care. But she said she

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believed she had given them to the Lord, and if she were removed, he would take care of them; she could leave them with confidence in his hands. She spoke of her past life with feelings of deep self-abasement, regretting that she had lived with no more of a single aim to the glory of God. She said her life, particularly since she professed Christ, appeared so odious and black that she could not bear to look at it. As I remarked above, she was far from feeling she had done what she could. Her husband spoke of Christ's righteousness as being all-sufficient for her. "Yes," she said, "he is my *all—my all.*" At her request, her husband read the 23d Psalm; and as he repeated the fourth verse, she said: "What a precious support to lean upon Christ while we pass through the dark valley." She then repeated herself: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Being in great pain for a short time, she said: "This is nothing to what Christ suffered for me." And when her fever was raging, in allusion to her intense thirst, she said: "One drop of water! 'that he might dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame.' Oh, the suffering of the wicked!" Again, when in much distress, she repeated with great emphasis the lines:

> "I can do all things, and can bear
> All suffering, if my Lord be there;"

and added, "O the presence of Christ, it is every thing, it is *heaven* to the Christian; and the Lamb is the light thereof." On Tuesday the eighth, speaking with much tenderness of her prospective separation from her husband, she said: "It will be but a very little while before we shall be re-united. What a happy meeting that will be! All tears will be wiped from every eye; and there

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will be no more death; neither sorrow, nor crying, nor pain." At another time, after speaking to her husband of the death of his first wife, which was peaceful and transparent, she remarked: "You will have a great deal to draw your affections towards heaven: O that we could go together." At the height of her fever, feeling that nature could not long encounter such commotions, she repeated with deep feeling the stanza:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;"

laying peculiar emphasis on the lines,

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past."

On Wednesday, the ninth, her strength continued to fail, but her soul seemed quietly stayed on God. She said she desired to be entirely resigned to his will. She would not dare to choose for herself. To think of dying, and being freed from sin and suffering in the presence of God was most delightful—it was rapturous. On Thursday the tenth she felt that her earthly tabernacle was fast falling into ruins, but rejoiced that she had a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens. "But," said she, "it is all through *grace—grace—grace!* I renounce myself entirely; it is through the riches of God's mercy in Christ Jesus, that I shall enter heaven." Early in the forenoon, she showed such indications of approaching dissolution that all the members of the mission were called into her room. As we stood around her bed, she said she desired to say much, but her strength would not allow her to do it. Her respiration had now become quite difficult. She said that she desired particularly to express to us her deep sense of the importance of more entire consecration to the cause of God. She had a desire to live, if at a only that she might labour more faithfully for the salva-

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tion of the perishing Nestorians. Yet in reference to this, she also rejoiced to say, "the will of the Lord be done." I asked her if she felt calm in the prospect of death; she replied, "Yes." She requested that some one of us should repeat the 23d Psalm, which Mr. Holladay did; and when asked at the close if she could appropriate those precious assurances to herself, "Yes," she said, and then repeated, "Though I walk," &c. She then said she had thought frequently, since her sickness commenced, of that *dark* valley, and it had sometimes appeared rather frightful, but little so now. I reminded her that she must lean implicitly on the rod and the staff of the great Shepherd, and he would strengthen her to pass through that valley; and in the same connection I referred her to Payson's triumphant language in his last sickness, relative to the stream of death; that it appeared as he approached, "but as an insignificant rill, that might be crossed by a single step whenever God should give permission;" at which she smiled, and expressed a delightful acquiescence. She affectionately commended her babes to our care, and her afflicted husband to our sympathy, but expressed no distressing solicitude on their account. I reminded her of their kind Guardian in heaven, and she expressed full confidence that he would take care of her beloved family. She said to me, as I stood by her bedside, "Since my sickness commenced I have often thought of your sermon at the close of the year, on the text, 'How old art thou?' the last sermon I have heard: I said at that time the *youngest* of our circle may be taken first, and so it is likely to be; I was the first to be affected by this climate, and am the first to be cut down." I reminded her that she had been permitted to *suffer* for Christ's sake, and inquired if she did not account this a privilege. "O, yes," she replied; "O that I were worthy to suffer for him." I remarked, You do not regret that you embarked in this holy work,

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though you may so soon be cut off. "O no," she replied. She had expressed herself fully on this point in the early part of her sickness, as I have mentioned above. In alluding to her brightening prospects beyond the grave, I quoted from Pollok's description of the dying mother:

> "They set as sets the morning star, which goes
> Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
> Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
> But melts away into the light of heaven."

She expressed great delight at this thought; said it strikingly represented the death of her own mother, and quoted herself, from memory, some of the preceding lines of that description. We all felt that it was good to be there. As, however, she now appeared likely to remain longer than we had apprehended, and might become exhausted by further conversation, most of us retired. Not long afterward, looking up, and apparently alluding to the heavenly Jerusalem, she said, "Those walls look brighter—those walls look brighter!" And again, "What songs are those I hear? What song is that? O, how sweet!" She then spoke of its being "*very light.*" About four o'clock P. M. we thought her dying, but she soon revived a little, and at our suggestion requested that the bishops, priests and deacons, who are connected with the mission families, might be called in. They all came to her bedside, and in her name I delivered to them her dying message, which she had given to me in a whisper. She said she had wished to see them, that she might bid them farewell. She now expected to leave them and go to heaven, and earnestly desired them to meet her there. If she had one desire to live, it was only for their sake, and the sake of their people; for herself, she was ready to depart. She had no fear of death. And why? On account of her own

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good works? O no; only through faith in Christ. She trusted solely in his righteousness. *Christ* was all her hope, and they too must look to him for salvation, if they would hope to meet her in heaven. Thus, when no longer able to speak, she still did *what she could* to bring them to the Saviour. The scene was one of most affecting solemnity and interest. Every eye was suffused in tears—some wept aloud—and every bosom heaved with deep emotion. Most of these ecclesiastics had been Mrs. Grant's pupils. They had witnessed her efforts and fervent desire for their welfare, and felt tenderly grateful for them. As they were about leaving, the eldest bishop proposed to have special prayer offered by his people for her recovery; and accordingly, as little John, with his accustomed artlessness stated, after their usual evening prayers in the church, "they all kneeled down, and *prayed from their hearts* that God would spare her to their people." In the evening about a dozen members of the seminary and the teachers were called in, and Mr. Holladay addressed them in the name of Mrs. Grant, in language similar to that used in her taking leave of the ecclesiastics. By them also her dying message was received with deep solemnity. After the natives retired, she requested that for *our benefit* the description of the *Christian armour* be read, which was done; and she exhorted us to keep it on. Thus, with her last breath, *she hath done what she could* to make us *faithful* in our missionary labours. We afterward read and repeated from memory other passages of Scripture, particularly such as refer to the death of the believer. She listened with delightful satisfaction, and at the close of one quotation said, "The Bible is full and overflowing of comforting passages, and each passage is enough for every one." She seemed to revive in feeding on this celestial food, and with sweet composure repeated:

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"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

Prayer was proposed, and on being asked whether she had any specific petition which she would like to have offered, she replied, "that my faith fail not." Did not our hearts burn within us, and we all feel that that place was verily the gate of heaven? After prayer, all but her husband retired. Our departed sister, beyond our expectation, still continued four days. But during most of this period she was delirious; sometimes, in imagination, with the playmates of her childhood, sometimes in her family, and anon wrapped in contemplation of eternal things. As is common in delirium, almost every subject to which her mind wandered was beset with difficulties. But in her partially lucid moments all her difficulties vanished away. Her house had been previously set in order. In several instances, during this time, she seemed to be dying, and the members of the mission assembled to witness her departure. But she as often revived, and her stay was protracted until 7 o'clock P. M. of Monday, the fourteenth inst., when, with scarcely a struggle, she fell sweetly asleep in the arms of her Redeemer, at the age of twenty-five years and two days. She hath done what she could, and her Saviour has said to her, "Enter into thy rest." "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." Yes; and *we* too, while we prayed, and desired to be enabled cheerfully to acquiesce in the will of God—we still did *all we could* to restore her to her family, her work and our missionary circle. Medical skill and conjugal love united did all in their power, and this little band of deeply afflicted and sympathizing missionary

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brethren and sisters have done all in *their* power, by their efforts and their prayers, to have her restored;

> "But we sought to stay
> An angel on the earth, a spirit ripe
> For heaven; and Mercy in her love refused;
> Most merciful, as often, when seeming least,
> Most gracious, when she seemed to frown."

Yes, mysterious as it may seem to us, that one so young, apparently so much needed in her family, and so well prepared for extensive usefulness in this important field, should be thus suddenly removed; and deeply bereaved as we may feel by this visitation, we may still rest assured that it has been ordered in *mercy*.

May we not hope that it may prove a merciful visitation in ripening us for heaven, and quickening us to more fidelity in our responsible work? How often, and how earnestly during her sickness did our departed sister express her prayerful desire, that her death might be thus sanctified to us! O! let us beware that we lose not the benefit of this solemn dispensation. We believe, also, that this providence will also prove a vehicle of mercy to her family. For this she most earnestly prayed. Her afflicted husband had objects* of strong attraction in heaven before, but he now has stronger. And his affections, we trust, will henceforth more constantly and firmly fix themselves there, than they have ever done hitherto. Nor will her tender little ones, in the end, be losers by this bereavement. Her dying prayers will be repeated to them, if they live, here on earth, and they will make an impression; and these prayers, we believe, have been heard in heaven, and will be answered. A few days before her death, when her little son had been carried in to see his mamma, she said, "I hope to meet that little child a sainted spirit in heaven;" and but an hour or two

* A former wife and other relatives.

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before her departure, when this son and her infant twin daughters were brought to her, she gazed upon them with an expression of the most yearning tenderness, imploring for them,

> "With look that seemed to penetrate
> The heavens, unutterable blessings—such
> As God to dying parents only granted,
> For infants left behind them in the world."

We believe that this event will also prove a blessing to the people for whose benefit she toiled, and among whom she has fallen. It was perhaps the greatest burden of her desires, during her last sickness, that her death might be made an instrument of promoting their salvation. We hope and trust that this prayer may be answered. More general and extensive sympathy would scarcely have been excited by such an event, in any community in our own land, than has been manifested by the people among whom we dwell. To the deep and tender interest felt in her case by those connected with our mission, and the members of the seminary, allusion has already been made. But this interest was by no means thus limited. Mrs. Grant was extensively known and greatly beloved among the natives, as we have had abundant evidence during her sickness, in the scores that have from day to day come to our gate and into our yard, and, with weeping eyes made inquiries respecting her. A venerable Nestorian bishop, resident in a village some miles distant, came and stayed on our premises several days and nights, so deep was his concern and interest in her case. The Mohammedan Meerza, above named, who had been under her instruction, has repeatedly wept like an infant under the apprehension of her death. In his own simple language, he could not sleep at night, and had come to the house three times in a day to know how she was. And when told she would probably not recover, as the

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last consolation, he said, "She has very much righteousness." And numbers of the Mohammedans, particularly of the higher classes, have sent and come to us both before and after her death, to express their deep interest in her case, and tender to her husband and the rest of us their heartfelt sympathy. Her death, when it came, like the trump of an angel, sent an unwonted thrill through every bosom, and seemed to lay all hearts open to our influence and admonition. At her funeral exercise, in the native language,* a large congregation was assembled, larger than we have ever before been permitted to address, at one time, on the subject of their salvation. Among them were three bishops, eight priests, and many deacons, and all seemed deeply affected, alike by the solemnity of the occasion, and the truths which were presented. The Mohammedan Meerza, above named, was at that service, and no one present manifested more tenderness and depth of feeling. And after the service, to console the bereaved husband, he said to him, "Mrs. Grant has gone to paradise."

A peaceful and happy death is a phenomenon which these people have seldom if ever witnessed; and this one has made a very deep impression on their minds. A religion which has power, not only to control and hallow the life, but also to impart joy and triumph in the hour of death, is something which they but little understand: it excites their marvel, and constrains them to acknowledge that it is a religion which comes from heaven, and leads to heaven. O! may we not fail duly to improve this precious opportunity, these golden moments, for impressing divine truth on their minds. And thus may we be consoled with the hope that the death of our de-

* At her burial. This sermon was delivered to the members of the mission the day following her funeral.

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parted sister, as she prayed might be the case, will contribute far more to promote the salvation of this perishing people, than a long life of labour could have contributed.

To our bereaved brother I need say nothing. He knows in whom he has believed. The Lord is his comforter. And repeatedly have we heard him say in this affliction, "It is the Lord, let him do to me as seemeth good unto him."

May we all, my brethren and sisters, in our deep affliction adopt this language, and imbibe this feeling! Let *us*, too, *do what we can*. Let us tenderly heed the dying exhortation of our sister, that we be faithful in our Master's service, and lay to heart this solemn providence, which so impressively admonishes us, that what we do we must do with our might. Let us also rejoice in the will of the Lord, and in the blessed hope of soon meeting her, who was so early removed from us, in that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. When our summons shall come, may we all, like her, be found ready. In the midst of life we are in death. Let us, therefore, be sober, watch unto prayer. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace!

Tabreez, Persia, Jan. 30, 1839.

My dear Sir,—

When you gave the last parting hand to my dear wife, as we were leaving the wharf at New-York, you parted expecting to see her face no more this side of the eternal world. You knew the zeal and ardour which urged her forward in the glorious enterprise in which she had embarked. You knew that she had long looked forward to the missionary work, with an ardent and growing desire to devote to its holy and self-denying employments

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all the talents which God had given her—counting it her highest privilege to toil, and suffer, and even to lay down her life for the cause of Christ.

The desire of her heart was granted her. She was permitted to labour a little more than three years in one of the most interesting fields of missionary enterprise; and after sowing much precious seed, and presenting to hundreds of the dear Nestorians, and many of the Mohammedans, a most lovely exemplification of the religion of Jesus, she rested from her labours, on the 14th inst., two days after she had completed her twenty-fifth year. She has sealed her warm attachment to the cause of the Redeemer by her prayers and toil, her sufferings and death. Her mortal remains repose amid the sepulchres of the Nestorian Christians, in the city where the renowned Zoroaster once lighted his sacred fires, or bowed in adoration to the heavenly hosts. Her happy spirit, arrayed in robes of light and love, rests in the radiance of her Saviour's presence, in the resplendent city of our God. For her to live was Christ, but *to die was gain.*

Mrs. Grant's missionary career, though short, was full of interest. Her situation, as the wife of a physician, opened before her a very extensive acquaintance, both among the Mohammedans, and the native Christians;—and the ardour with which she entered into their interests, enlightening their dark minds, or administering relief to their sufferings, secured the affections of all who knew her. Whether imparting instruction to the bishops, priests, deacons, and the Mohammedan Meerza, or teaching the ignorant of her own sex, and endeavouring to raise them from their deep degradation; whether visiting the harems of the rich and great, entering the cottage of the poor and wretched, or imparting relief to suffering, and joy to the disconsolate around her own domestic fireside; her characteristic ardour in doing good, and

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her affectionate concern for the happiness of others, won the confidence and opened the hearts of all who came within the reach of her influence.

Under such circumstances, you will not wonder that the most lively interest was manifested, by all classes of the natives, in the mournful event which has deprived them of their much loved teacher, benefactor and friend. Never have I seen such concern, through this whole community, as was manifested for her recovery. And never did the truth fall with such weight upon the heart and conscience of this people, as did her parting admonition and affectionate entreaty, delivered to numbers of the high ecclesiastics and others on her dying pillow. Her death has most strikingly evinced the truth and value of what she taught in her life. Her calmness and peaceful serenity of mind, and her joyful anticipations of heavenly felicity, which raised her above all fear of death, and made her dying chamber seem like the verge of heaven, has taught a lesson which we could never teach.

Said an intelligent Mohammedan Meerza, who had long been her pupil, and knew her worth, "I shall never forget the words of truth she has taught me. She had very much righteousness. She has gone to paradise. I know why she did not fear to die; she had faith in Jesus." Thus, as the followers of Mohammed were led to inquire what it was that buoyed up the spirit of this tender female in the hour of dissolving nature, and filled her whole soul with joy and triumph, while with them the stoutest heart ever quakes at the approach of the king of terrors, the answer given by one of their own number is, "*She had faith in Jesus!*"

But, perhaps the most beautiful testimony which could have been given of her character, was that of the three oldest of the four Nestorian bishops in the province. The morning after the death of my dear wife, these

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three venerable-looking bishops assembled in my room to express their heartfelt sympathy and sorrow, and to propose measures for the performance of the last solemn rites to her remains. Said one of them, "We will bury her within the walls of our church, where none but *very holy men* are buried; and as she has done much for us, we wish the privilege of doing something for her; we will dig her grave with our own hands." As I remarked that the youngest of our number had left us: "Yes," said Mar Yohannan, "she was the youngest in years, but the oldest in wisdom." Often had he admired, and wondered, as he had seen her acquiring a knowledge of his own language through the medium of Latin lexicons and grammars; and especially when she has turned to her Greek Testament for the meaning of some difficult passage of Scripture. These two bishops became members of our family, soon after we first entered this city; and, having eaten at our table, and united in our family devotions—enjoying the intimacy of a fraternal relation—they felt her superior worth; and her memory will long be embalmed in their hearts.

Her example and influence have done much to break down the wall of prejudice which has existed here against female education—a work in which our dear Judith was engaged with all her accustomed zeal, when her last sickness commenced. Indeed, such an impulse has of late been given to public sentiment, that one little girl in our schools has been placed by the village-priest among the young deacons, to chant the psalms and their prayers at the public services in the church. Much of this change of sentiment, if not the whole of it, has been brought about, by God's blessing, through the enlightened example of intellectual and moral culture, which has been placed so directly, and in such attractive forms, before the highest ecclesiastics.

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But I must refer you for other particulars of the last sickness and death of my dear wife, and the deep and solemn impression left upon this people, to the sermon preached at her funeral, which I forward to you for her father. While we mourn that she has fallen so soon, let us seek more of that grace which appeared so lovely in her character, made her so eminently useful in life, and so triumphantly happy in death. Let us rejoice, and bless God that she was permitted to enter the missionary field and do so much for the honour of her Saviour; and, though sorrow and anguish fill our bosoms now, let us rejoice in the hope of meeting her, a glorified spirit—the image of Jesus—in that world where parting shall be no more.

I have adverted to the early and continued desire which our departed Judith ever cherished, to become a missionary of the cross—a desire which she owed, under God, to the hallowed influence of her *mother*. And perhaps I cannot better close this hasty letter, than by quoting her own language on this subject. It is an extract from a letter to a pious lady in New England, but which she suppressed on account of the modest reluctance she ever cherished of saying any thing that could be construed as commendatory of herself: "I like to see children begin early to contribute to missions from their own little stores. I well remember an incident of this kind which occurred when I was seven years old, and which made a deep impression on my own mind—indeed, to *it* I trace my present engagement in the missionary field. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were about to depart for the Sandwich Islands, from an adjoining town. A box was provided by the ladies of our village, (Cherry Valley, N. Y.,) and the things were mostly prepared and packed at *our* house. My mother, to encourage benevolent feelings in me, desired me to put into the box a pair of mittens of

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which I was very fond. After a little struggle I gave them up, and from that moment felt a deep interest in the Sandwich Island mission. I always hailed the arrival of the Missionary Herald with joy, and eagerly seized it to find the accounts from that station. I was accustomed to regard those islands as the probable field of my future labour—for I anticipated, even from that early period, with much pleasure, the time when I should engage in the missionary work." * * * * * *

Yours very affectionately,

ASAHEL GRANT.

Ooroomiah, Persia, Jan. 1, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,—

Your favour of June 30th, reached me five or six weeks ago, among the wild mountains of central Koordistan, in ancient Assyria. My tour through Armenia and Mesopotamia, amid the violent convulsions which have agitated the Turkish empire, was attended by some trials and perils, of which you may have heard; and my route through Assyria, which lay among a lawless and sanguinary people, was not devoid of danger. But in all my way the angel of the Lord encamped round about for my deliverance, and on the 7th ult. I arrived safe at my former abode in Media, after an absence of a little more than eight months. As some of the regions I have explored had never been visited by any European traveller, as well as for other reasons, I found it expedient to adopt the Oriental costume and habits, and so changed was my appearance when I arrived here, with a long beard and in a mountain garb, that I passed the streets without being recognised by the natives with whom I am familiarly acquainted. For six months I had not sat in a chair, and knives and forks seemed quite out of place.

The countries I have visited are interesting as being

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the oldest in the world; but though I often crossed the rivers which watered the paradise of Eden, and gazed upon the mountains of Ararat, on which rested the ark of Noah, after tossing five months upon the restless flood, I saw little of the innocence, peace and happiness that once reposed in these cradles of the human race. Every thing reminded me of *the fall*, and even the ruins of "that great city Nineveh," and other places which figured upon the theatre of the world in the days of her infancy, came up before me as so many mouldering monuments of the triumph of sin. Dread tyrant! How long wilt thou wield thy cruel sceptre over the fairest portions of the earth—filling them with tears, and misery and blood? But thy triumph will be short. The last great battle will soon be fought, when the trump of victory shall echo and re-echo through the earth, and all heaven hear the glad acclaim: "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever."

In ushering in this glorious era, the Nestorian Christians, I doubt not, are destined to act an important part. To prepare the way for this end, and to aid in marshalling them for the conflict, was the object of my visit to their mountain-fastnesses, and I trust the time is near when these strong-holds will be entered by the heralds of salvation, and a host of these hardy sons of the mountains be enlisted in the armies of Immanuel.

As you may well suppose, my visit to this heretofore inaccessible region—to this wonderful people—to these lost sheep of the house of Israel—was full of exciting interest. It seems as though God had, for some great end, raised around them walls of adamant, and kept them as in the pavilion of the Most High. Here in their mountain of rocks they have found a safe retreat from the sword of persecution, the rage and clangour of war, the

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strife of contending nations, and the bloody revolutions which have overturned empires and swept away millions around them from the face of the earth.

Churches which have stood more than fourteen centuries testify that the standard of the cross was planted here at a very early day, and render plausible the traditions of the people, that they received the gospel immediately from the apostles and primitive disciples of our Saviour. Certainly they received it long before the days of Mohammed. The mountain Nestorians are an exceedingly brave people, always carry their rifles when they go out, and are a terror to the surrounding tribes of Koords, with some of whom they are brought in frequent collision. The mass of them are quite independent, while the smaller tribes are partially subject to the independent Hakary chief. This chief, who resides in a strong castle at Inlamerk, is the same who put to death the unfortunate Shultz, and you may wonder that I visited him, or in any way put myself in his power. But I did so, and received from him the kindest treatment, and an urgent invitation to return and reside in his country. I attribute my safety in this and other cases, under God, very much to my professional character, of which I never felt so much the value as in my late tour in Koordistan. I was everywhere welcomed as a benefactor, and even in the farther extremity of the Nestorian mountains I was met by a young man, bearing in his hand a small present of honey, in testimony of his gratitude for the restoration of his sight.

ASAHEL GRANT.

Ooroomiah, Persia, Jan. 14, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,—

It is just a year to-day since our dear Judith exchanged the habiliments of mortality for the bridal robe of the Lamb

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of God, and now she is joined by the youngest of her twin daughters, our sweet Mary, whose lovely form we are about to deposit by the side of her mother's remains, where they will await together the resurrection morn. What a weary, changing world is this! 'Tis not our home. But O! what attractions has heaven, when the dearest objects of earth are added to the effulgent glories of the Saviour's presence, to raise our affections on high; and how interesting is the little spot of earth where repose those loved ones with whom we shared that ardent affection which will receive its full perfection in those realms of bliss, where parting is no more! But around the grave of our Judith are strewed charms of peculiar interest to every friend of that blessed cause to which she devoted her life in this far distant land. It is the grave of the first Protestant missionary who has rested from her labours in Persia—the first seal of love to the Nestorian church.

The lamented Henry Martyn, whose memory sheds a sacred halo over this land, ended his weary pilgrimage among another people. The grave of Mrs. Grant is a monument of what American Christians have attempted for Persia, and a pledge that the cause of Zion in that land will never be forgotten in their prayers. The interesting character of the Nestorian Christians, and the consequent promise of the field in which she laboured; the zeal and fidelity with which she toiled for their welfare, and the cordial affection with which her memory is cherished by all who knew her, and especially by those who received instruction from her lips or relief from her hands in the hour of suffering; are circumstances upon which I need not dwell. The place of her sepulture is within the outer enclosure or court of a Christian church, where for many centuries the lamp of truth, if not of vital piety, has been kept burning, though with a dim and flick-

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ering light. It is the church of Mary, the mother of Jesus; and you may be interested to learn the tradition of the Nestorians regarding its history. They are confident of the truth of the general belief that Qoroomiah was the residence of the renowned Zoroaster, the reformer of that primitive system of idolatry which found a God in the sun, moon and stars, and the unextinguished fires on their holy altars. Zoroaster, say the Nestorians, was a disciple of Jeremiah, and having learned from him the promised advent of the Messiah, he taught it to his followers, assuring them that directed by his star they would be the first to pay him reverence.

As their tradition is remarkably corroborated by Abulpharagius, I will quote his language: "Zeradusht (Zoroaster,) the preceptor of the Magi, taught the Persians concerning the manifestations of Christ, and ordered them to bring gifts to him in token of their reverence and submission. He declared that in the latter days a pure virgin should conceive, and that as soon as the child was born a star would appear, blazing, even at noonday, with undiminished lustre. "You, my sons," exclaimed the venerable seer, "will perceive its rising before any other nation. As soon, therefore, as you shall see the star, follow it whithersoever it shall lead you, and adore the mysterious child—offering your gifts to him with the profoundest humility. He is the Almighty WORD, which created the heavens." "It came to pass," continue the Nestorians, "as Zoroaster predicted. The Magi (wise men) of Persia were the first to discover the promised star: and in obedience to their prophet they hastened to pay their devotions to the new-born King. They took with them gold as a suitable present if he were an earthly king; but as they had been apprized of his celestial character, they also brought frankincense and myrrh, which they were accustomed to burn as a perfume in their re-

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ligious adoration." On their return to the native abode of their prophet at Ooroomiah, they brought with them some of the swaddling clothes of the incarnate Divinity, which were subsequently used as a sacred relic in consecrating the first Christian church of this land, which they named in honour of the blessed mother Mary, (Nana Mariam,) where now repose the ashes of our much loved Judith; whose exemplary life and triumphant death may yet be blessed in rekindling a sacred light in this sanctuary of the living God. On one side have been deposited the remains of the youngest son of the Rev. Justin Perkins; on the other we have now interred our lovely Mary. Over the grave is a solid oblong block of white marble, with the following simple inscription in English and Syriac:

MRS. JUDITH S. GRANT
DIED JANUARY 14, 1839,
Æ 25.
"She hath done what she could."—Mark 14: 8.

THE END.

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